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Yours Truly.
Lizzie E. Miller.

THE TRUE WAY.

LIFE AND EVANGELICAL WORK

—OF—

LIZZIE E. MILLER,

(OF FAIRVIEW, WEST VA.)

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

——o——

"AS YE GO, PREACH."

——o——

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

——o——

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1895.

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PREFACE.

By urgent request of my dear spiritual children, Christian friends and good workers, I submit these pages to the public, and feel in so doing that I am not addressing strangers, but talking to dear ones I have truly learned to love and appreciate. In referring to my past life and daily work in the ministry for nearly a quarter of a century, I have been compelled to omit a great many very interesting and important events. However, I could not send this book forth to aid the cause of truth and righteousness, had it not been for the teachings of the Holy Spirit, who prompted me to seize every unoccupied moment from constant duties of a world-wide call for my blessed Lord and Savior. Therefore I have not been permitted to give up my evangelistic work to go aside and prepare these pages for the public, but have done so when weary, tired and worn, hoping that my example, warnings and teachings would prove to every reader that what had been done for others could be truly done for them, through faith in Jesus Christ, the Victor.

Should my faith and trust in Jehovah be the means of encouraging the weak, saving the sinner, sanctifying the believer and encouraging the saint, I shall feel that my most earnest wishes in gratifying loved ones have been fulfilled, and to Almighty God I shall feel grateful that my feeble efforts have been awarded a blessing to perishing souls. I leave with you a few letters from dear converts, which are encouraging to all classes; also a few sermons, which I feel will not only benefit and strengthen the aged and middle aged, but also help the young people to have a higher and greater appreciation of the Trinity.

To the true God, the everlasting King I commit

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every page of my book, desiring it may show forth His honor and glory. Amen. Thou who art the Giver of every good and perfect gift, take knowledge of this work and add to it thy blessing, that the Gospel truths given therein, may be earnestly and faithfully enforced to the mind of every sincere inquirer, who may need "line upon line, precept upon precept," that they may be perfect in holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord." Glory! Hallelujah!!

LIZZIE E. MILLER.

WITH RESPECT AND LOVE

THIS BOOK

IS SINCERELY INSCRIBED

TO MY

DEAR SPIRITUAL CHILDREN

IN

CHRIST JESUS

BY THE AUTHOR.

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The True Way.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY CONVERSION—SCHOOL DAYS—DEATH OF BROTHER—REMARKABLE DREAM.

FOR SEVERAL years I have been particularly requested by my spiritual children, co-workers and warm friends, to give a history of my life and how I was called to work for Jesus. But my shrinking nature recoils from saying so much about myself and the many revivals in which I have been engaged, in the United States. It is for this reason I have declined and could not write until directed to do so by the Lord. I shall only give a few interesting facts of my life and work, for more than a quarter of a century.

I cannot remember when I did not love God, as my parents were devoted Christians, having family worship morning and evening and a blessing at the table, taking their family always to church and Sabbath school.

My mind was wonderfully impressed by the Holy Ghost, when nine years old, to accept Jesus as my Savior. On my way to school, one morning, it came to me very distinctly: "You had better settle the matter now, tomorrow may be too late." Instead of going on I returned home praying and weeping bitterly. My earnest desire was to be a true child of God and for this I prayed daily. On going to bed at night I would often wake up in a great fright, feeling that if I should die before morning, Jesus would not take me to Heaven.

One morning as I was going to school it came to me, "Why not decide now, to be a Christian." I was so sad and un-

happy that I began weeping, saying to myself: "Dear Jesus do teach me what I shall do to be thine." Something appeared to say to me: "Believe and receive Christ now." At that moment, being very near the school house, I stopped, saying, "Yes, dear Lord, accept me now and I will be your child forever." Instead of entering the school I went home to be alone with my God; for my grief was so great that I thought it would not be possible for me to live long, when these words came to me: "Ask and it shall be given you." On bended knees, with bowed head, I cried, moaned and confessed that I was lost without Christ, my Savior.

I do not know how long I was in prayer when these words came to me: "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." I took God at his word and then and there deep peace came over me, unspeakably great, so much so that I became perfectly calm and joyful in the Savior.

On the following day at school everything appeared changed. I was not cross nor unkind when my schoolmates differed with me, nor disobedient to the teacher, but kind and gentle to every one, realizing the importance of improving my mind immediately for future usefulness.

I did not—could not—doubt the presence of my Savior with me all day and when returning from school could not eat much supper, nor did I sleep but very little that night, I was so happy and thankful that Jesus owned me as his child.

After many months of this great happiness, I began at times to feel sad and lonely but when going to God in secret prayer I would again be very happy and joyful. But when disobedient to my parents and teachers or unkind to any one I would feel very sad; at such times I would ask Jesus to help me, but not getting instant relief it often came to me not to seek help of the Lord, so I heeded the promptings, not knowing that to be the whispering of satan, and thus spent many sorrowful hours.

I lived my early girlish life without understanding anything

about full salvation. I do not remember the time, but not long afterwards there was a sweeping revival in the church, at which time I knelt in secret prayer, for God to restore unto me the joy of His salvation. I arose with thanksgiving that my request was answered, for I had a sweet peace and rest that was wonderfully great. In this happy condition I was called to dinner but could not eat. I asked mother at once if I could join the church? Before answering my question, she began catechising me according to the confession of faith of the Presbyterian church, to which my parents belonged. Weeping with joy I answered the questions to her great surprise and satisfaction, as I also did the pastor and elders, the following morning, who took me into the church.

I returned home with the love of God filling my whole being, feeling that I should always be happy in Christ. But to my utter astonishment it was not long until the Lord was grieved with my short-comings, when I would weep bitterly and feel as though my heart would break.

In this sad unhappy state of mind I would disobey the teacher, become angry with my schoolmates and unkind to my brothers and sisters. Oftentimes I did not pray as I should and when I did, it would come to me: "There is no use in your trying to be good, for you know that you are really wicked and sinful and Jesus does not love you." I did try and wanted to be good and earnestly desired to do right, but always failed, because of not knowing how to live by faith in Jesus.

At times the anguish of my soul was indeed inexpressible, but I did not know how to get into the beautiful, narrow way in which my parents or friends would have led me had I made known to them my unhappy state of mind. In my spiritual ignorance I was wonderfully perplexed and confounded at being so often sad and cast down, making good resolutions today. and breaking them tomorrow. I appreciated Christian friends

and desired to follow their example but it would soon be forgotten. I never doubted my conversion, however, had wonderful joy in my soul for many months, feeling I was all the Lord's then, and would be the rest of my life. I did not know then that I was just at a point where satan would baffle and overrule my serving God.

When converted there was truly a change in my whole being and I felt that the victory was lasting and the triumphs of such wonderful peace would continue forever. I cannot describe the sting of conscience when the joy had gone and in the best attempts to serve God my thoughts were sinful and worship imperfect. Often I desired to tell my parents, or pastor, of the secret troubles and ask them if they ever felt as I did and then it would come to me: "How foolish for one so young to speak to any one of feeling unhappy."

I went alone in secret prayer and would tarry for hours, not rising from my knees until I knew that my peace was again restored with the Lord, which would very often continue for days and weeks. Then again with pleasure and perfect delight I would read the Bible, but, like Martin Luther, it was so often to me a sealed book. My young uncultivated mind could not grasp its truths understandingly.

As I grew older my earnest desire was to be a true, devoted Christian, but the consciousness of repeated failures greatly troubled me. I prayed and wept and wept and prayed before God in secret, who only knew my burdened heart. My sins of omission and commission were repented of and pardon obtained, when I would be "brought into a large place" and have much of the love of God in my heart and that continued for days and weeks at a time.

But all of a sudden I would be thrown off my guard, not knowing that it was satan tempting me to do things displeasing to the Savior, when the thought would come to me: "You are not good and what is the use of trying any longer?"

Oh, how sad my poor heart was. I could only seek a solitary place at such times and weep.

It was at this time that my lovely, interesting brother, James Harvey, who was a bright, cheerful Christian, of thirteen years, was thrown from a horse one morning, receiving injuries from which he died before noon. How sad it was to part with such a loving companion. It made our house a place of grief and sorrow for many long days. My mother fainted away as fast as life could be brought to her again and my father could not be comforted. The younger children wept and we who were older, crushed in heart, would go off alone, read our Bibles and pray that God would not permit other members of the family to be killed and that our mother, who had been sick in bed since the death of our brother, might not be taken from us.

I attended the district school until sufficiently advanced to enter the Academy in Fairview, which I then attended several years. Not being satisfied with my advantages I desired to attend the Female Seminary in Steubenville, Ohio. My parents not having the means to defray the expenses I laid the matter before God in secret prayer for over six months, not having the least idea how the Lord would answer.

It came to me when rising from prayer one evening: "Write Dr. Beatty, principal of the school, and ask if you cannot defray your expenses by being librarian or monitress in the Seminary?" I obeyed the voice and in a few days received an answer to come at once. This indeed gave me great joy, which continued for weeks and even months. I found favor with both the principal and his wife; and was delighted with the surroundings and with the school. I was pleased with the teachers who gave me the necessary information in regard to my duties, as monitress.

With joy and thanksgiving I accepted the position and entered my classes believing that everything came from the Lord.

When my class-mates felt sad they came to me for assistance. I would often feel so burdened for them I could not rest until I went to Jesus in secret prayer.

Sabbath afternoons I often sought the class-room and prayed two or three hours at a time, weeping bitterly. In every instance when these seasons of prayer came upon me I prevailed with God. The souls seeking Christ were blessedly saved.

I had been in the Seminary but a few months, when a very remarkable dream left upon my mind a deep and lasting impression. It was as follows: I was beside the Atlantic ocean, sitting on a cane-seated rocking chair, facing the north. The water was of a greenish blue cast, just as I saw it many years after. My chair was on the very brink of the water and there was not a breaker on its surface to disturb its quiet beauty. It being so clear and somewhat shallow, I could see all the beautiful shells and bright stones in the water. Oh, how much I admired the mighty deep with all its grandeur! Delighted with such magnificence I did nothing but enjoy it, as I sat alone in my easy chair. Suddenly a clear voice whispered in my ear: "Look this way." I turned my face immediately westward and to my utter astonishment the entire beach was one vast, clear, sheet of shining silver. My delight and surprise were so very great that I exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!" Overcome with ecstatic joy, my cry was, "Oh, Lord, I am not worthy to behold all this grandeur of thy creation!" I clapped my hands and praised God for the wonderful joy in my happy soul. To the left, which was all covered with the bright silver, I saw my mother approaching, until she stood close to my left side. After her came thousands and thousands, rushing to me as fast as they could come, until the beautiful sheet of silver was all covered.

The young and old came, great and small; the little children came so close as to put their tender arms around my neck, and others who were larger laid their hands on my shoulders. Oh, how many, so many middle-aged, as well as

gray-haired men and women, came and touched me giving way to others who were coming so very fast. I looked to the right again, wondering if they were pushing my chair into the water, which was so calm and clear. To my utter astonishment there stood at the edge of the great ocean, a being so lovely, gentle, tender and kind that I was instantly reassured. His form was comeliness itself, and his face beautiful beyond all description. His hands clasped tightly the back of my chair; when I looked up into his heavenly face he said: "Never mind self, you have nothing to fear, I am here to be with and protect you."

Oh, what comfort and rest his words gave me, although I made no reply. Turning my face immediately to the vast audience, I cried: "Look up!" pointing my finger to the sky which was as clear and beautiful as the waters beside me.

In the distance, far as the eye could see, was a small speck of dazzling brightness. Every one present looked up and saw the great glowing light as it came down very near to me. I still sat on my chair in great happiness telling every one to look up. The people came nearer and nearer until I should have been put into the deep had not the strong hands protected me. I continued constantly to cry aloud: "Look up! Look up!" The dazzling brightness came closer and closer, until it could almost be touched by those who beheld it, with glowing and delighted faces.

I reached out my hand to hold it, for the people, saying: "Take it, take it," but they did not raise their hands, when to my great astonishment it began to recede and went back, until it was again a mere speck in the distance. I said often: "Will you look, will you look!" and kept urging them to do so, if they wanted it to return. When they all looked up this beautiful light again descended with greater rapidity, much larger, and with glittering brightness. Then the people dropped their eyes and looked at me. The very moment they took their eyes away it quickly began to recede again and like

a flash it was farther away than ever. I cried aloud, saying: "Oh, it was so beautiful, why did you look at me?"

Again I pointed their eyes upward, when it came in the brightness of a ball of fire and as it returned faster and faster I said: "Look, look, do not let your eyes fall." Then they all cried out, clapping their hands, even the little ones saying: "I see, I see. Oh, how grand, how beautiful." When every one had realized the brightness it came down to my side, when a voice said: "Arise, take thy flight." Instantly I obeyed and immediately it arose from among the people. Slowly ascending I waved my hands saying: "Good bye, good bye, I will meet you all again."

Arising in mid-heaven, I looked down on the vast assembly who were all overwhelmed with ecstatic joy and uttered rapturous shouts of rejoicing. Leaving the great company, I arose with songs of loud praises on my lips and true hallelujahs in my heart, saying to the multitude: "How very precious, dear ones, will be the happy home above, where you will be satisfied with good things, when you are redeemed from destruction, and crowned with loving kindness and tender mercies. 'Bless the Lord with me and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.' Dear souls, observe these things and understand the kindness of the Lord."

As I narrate this after so many years, there is still a sweet peace and joy in my soul, as there was for many weeks after this wonderful dream. Since I have been baptised with the Holy Ghost and fire, it looms up before me, how God was preparing me, a young school girl, to win souls for His kingdom.

CHAPTER II.

GRADUATION — TEACHING SCHOOL — SCHOOL — SERIOUS ILLNESS — SANCTIFICATION — CALL TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

MY GREATEST desire was to be filled for future usefulness but I had no idea what God wanted me to do. However imperfect and ignorant of Divine knowledge, I was fully aware that in Jesus was all wisdom and liberty, but not until I was brought into the light of Christ, by the power of the Spirit, did I understand His calling.

The last term at the Seminary, before graduating, I was taken suddenly ill and for many weeks I could not be present in my classes. In this affliction I was brought very near to the Lord, so much so that in profound silence I praised and glorified the blessed Savior, and was willing to accept everything as coming from Christ, which resulted in great peace and joy in my soul.

In my class of twenty-three young ladies I graduated with honor and returned to my home happy in Jesus, with the determination to do what I could for the Lord.

I was soon requested to teach our district school and assume the charge of a Sabbath school class. The day school I always opened with the reading of God's word and prayer and also closed with prayer, always impressing my pupils with the thought of accepting Christ while young. Today I have the pleasure of knowing that many of them are Christian parents, teaching their children to serve the Lord. My leisure time was given to reading the biographies of Hester Ann Rog-

ers, Elizabeth Fry, Susannah Wesley, Whitfield, Knox, Huss, Luther, and others whose holy lives stimulated me to do good and be useful every day.

In this occupation of teaching week days and Sabbaths, I continued several years, engaging in public entertainments with young and old, particularly in all the worldly enjoyments by which I was daily surrounded. Sometimes joyful and happy but more frequently sad at heart because I did not live as near to Christ as I should.

At this time I was taken suddenly ill with inflammatory rheumatism, which prevented me from engaging in the public entertainments of the season. My parents did everything to have the disease eliminated from my system, and being young and kindly cared for by the best medical skill, I soon recovered from this attack, but my spiritual sorrows increased as I entered again, with many friends, into the pleasures of the world. As winter approached the disease re-appeared and I cried to God for help, who heard and answered my prayer. However, I was a great sufferer and at times the pain was so intense that had not the Lord helped me I could never have borne it and lived.

The winter passed and when spring appeared I was better. In the month of May I accompanied my mother to the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, which proved very beneficial to my health. Remaining a few weeks in the east we returned westward, stopping first in Columbus, Ohio, and from there to Indiana, where we spent several months with my sister and two brothers. On this journey there was a decided change in my health and great peace with God, to whom I daily gave thanks and praises, for His merciful kindness.

We were the recipients of marked attention from our loved ones, their friends and acquaintances, which kept us completely submerged in gay festivities and public entertainments. With such constant attentions I often forgot to kneel before my blessed Redeemer, who had done so much for me, but al-

ways accepted worldly pleasures, which proved a detriment to my spirituality ending with deep anguish of soul, when I realized my short-comings and unworthiness before the Lord. I think my suffering more intense because I did not reveal the sorrow to anyone, but would go aside and weep and pray, wondering if any other person was ever so unhappy. It seemed to me that no other one ever thought of offending God, which greatly troubled me.

The Holy Spirit was constantly wooing me, saying: "This is the way; walk ye in it," and satan, through the world and its pleasures, was calling me in another direction. I was wonderfully perplexed, but did not understand the spirit. Yet I sought the Lord in secret and plead before a throne of mercy, often for hours before finding relief, but with the assured consolation that I was still a child of God. In after years I saw that the Lord was gently leading me to consecrate all to His keeping, as I so earnestly sought, and watched for the "Day-star" to rise on my clouded sky and direct me to the object of my search.

In early autumn we returned to the home of my childhood. This was a beautiful spot, shaded by lofty trees on the east and west; roses and trailing vines on the north, with a sweet-scented jessamine and grape vines on the south. In this beautiful home I wept and prayed in every room for the sweet messenger of peace to bring me word from the King of Glory, that I was all the Lord's. I read the Bible, kissing the pages with tears falling from my eyes, imploring God to hear me. Arising from my knees I had sweet peace with God. Lying down to sleep I dreamed of seeing a wonderfully large field which I was expected to plow, harrow and roll for wheat. In a very short time my work was done, leaving the ground smooth and beautiful. I sowed the seed throwing it broad cast with my hand upon the prepared earth, and wherever the grain fell it sprang up immediately, the green blades coming up as quickly as sown until the great field was covered

thickly with the young grain. Beholding the beautiful green with much delight I found the wheat to be one foot high. When I awoke I was clapping my hands in joyous laughter. I never realized the significance of the dream until the Lord said: "Preach the gospel." I was greatly comforted when reading in God's word how often he disclosed his most holy will in dreams and visions to his children in ancient times.

Abimelech was told in a dream that Sarah was the wife of Abraham, Gen. 20: 3. Jacob dreamed of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven; Jehovah standing above saying I am the God of Abraham and Isaac, Gen. 28: 11-19. Joseph was a youth and was divinely instructed to give Pharaoh council in regard to his dreams. Daniel had not only dreams but visions as well. Joseph was not only warned about Christ and his mother, but was instructed how to keep the infant from the wrath of Herod, Math. 2: 12-23. Peter was taught in a dream to preach the gospel to the Gentiles, Acts 10: "Your sons and daughters shall prophecy; your old men shall dream dreams and your young men shall see visions." Bless God.

One year before I was sanctified, my sorrow, grief and unhappiness were almost beyond description. I did not have peace or joy at home or abroad, notwithstanding I had every comfort. My Christian parents were gentle, kind and loving; my brothers and sisters good to me. No temporal comfort was denied me and yet my soul was exceedingly sorrowful. Every leisure moment was engaged in reading the Bible, or in secret prayer. I would arise in the still watches of the night to read God's word and pray.

The Bible was my daily companion; I slept with it under my head for years, but even all this did not avail me anything, however I spent much time both day and night alone with God. On the second day of August, 1872, before the sun was up I rose after a sleepless night my soul filled with sorrow and distress. Looking out upon the beauties of nature every-

thing told me of joy and happiness and yet I was *so* miserable.

There was not a cloud in the sky as the sun pursued his course from below the eastern horizon shedding his beautiful light on everything around me, I could not but exclaim: "Behold the power of God." The little birds were singing their morning songs as they flitted from branch to branch on the trees that stood near my windows. Everything I beheld gave evidence of joy and happiness. As I thus stood alone at the window beholding nature's beauty, I said: "Dear Father in heaven, when all nature tells me of true peace and happiness, why is it that I am so cast down and miserable?" An audible voice whispered in my ear: "Fast and pray today." It was so distinct that I looked around to see if it were possible that anyone could have entered the room unobserved. No one being present, I at once realized it to be the voice of God and immediately obeyed. The day was spent in fasting and prayer. Oh, how I wept and prayed, wringing my hands as I walked the room, covering my weeping eyes with my hands and often lying prostrate upon the carpet sobbing aloud in prayer. I knelt at my bed-side, bowed at every chair and prayed, then laid my tired, weary body upon the bed and prayed; again I knelt at the windows in prayer, but found no relief. Ah, me! as I write of that sad day all its bitterness arises afresh in my memory as though it were but yesterday.

I felt such a longing for the presence of my Lord, that I would not let the Savior go until he blessed my soul. It seemed to me that death itself were preferable to the bondage I endured. But it was not until the sun, I had seen rise in the morning, was sinking from view that the Son of Righteousness appeared to me as never before. The veil which hides the visible from the invisible appeared to me almost removed as I knelt at the window in prayer for the last time begging the good Lord to give me liberty or give me death before the natural sun should hide his face from my view.

Oh, with what rapturous delight the Son of Righteousness appeared to my soul, in all His beauty and grandeur; and with what glorious tenderness He listened to my confession of past failures, both in commission and omission, without one upbraiding word. It was as if He said to me: "Poor, tired child, I have seen your tears; have heard your prayers and now come to give you rest and set you free."

How much I felt my utter unworthiness before the infinite glory of the blessed Redeemer. In the light of that hour I became convinced as never before that I was nothing and I bless God, the conviction grew upon me that I know my nothingness, and that Christ is all and in all to me. Immediately I said: "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" when these questions were asked: "Will you stand up for me in your church? Are you satisfied to be misrepresented and not understood by your friends and have them speak reproachfully of you as one of the sanctified?" I answered: "Lord if thou wilt change my heart and take my heavy burden and great unrest from my sad soul, I will do anything for Christ's sake." At once I heard this answer, again in a clear audible voice: "You are accepted and are now mine." A marvelous peace came over my soul; oh, such happiness, such joy as I had! Words fail to express it. At that moment I was conscious of heing cleansed from all sin.

I had not even taken a sip of cold water that long August day until God spoke heavenly peace and brought me out of bondage into liberty through Jesus Christ.

I was conscious of his saving power as never before; the things that I once loved I cared for no longer. I had no more desire for worldly pleasures and gay amusements, there was no more disquietude nor unrest in my soul. My happiness was too great to describe. I was now fully resigned to the will of God, constantly praying: "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" I wanted the Lord's leadings lest this unspeakable rejoicing should pass away and I again get into darkness.

As I moved about the home and walked in our beautiful yard, with my hands crossed over my breast, fearing the wonderful happiness would leave me, I said: "Oh, my great and blessed Lord, please keep me always as I am now." Again an audible voice said: "As long as you trust me as you do now, you shall have peace with God." I truly thanked and praised my blessed God and Savior, giving Him the glory and honor. The Holy Spirit bore witness that my only desire was to obey the Lord and do His holy and blessed will.

Many nights I could not sleep because of the joy of the Lord in my soul, my whole being was entirely changed. The great sorrow that had crushed my heart for so many years had passed away as quickly as a flash of lightning.

My love for God was intense and caused me to thank him every moment; the still small voice was my constant prompter and I desired none other. My joy was so great that I did not want anything but of Christ; nothing upon earth could compare with the love I had for Jesus Christ; my will was swallowed up in the will of God. My desire was to live only for the Lord and obey His commands in all things. The Holy Ghost, sweet whisperer, my inner guide, taught me everything.

I arose hours before the family to read the bible and pray. It was my delight to be alone with God for private instruction.

When friends called and engaged in worldly conversation, so closely was my mind centered upon Christ that I did not hear what they said. Jehovah's throne was truly set up in my happy soul.

My eyes were closed to everything contrary to the plan of righteousness through Jesus Christ. When I was not praising God I said: "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?"

I was answered by that still small voice saying: "Preach the gospel to every creature; tell sinners to come to Jesus and be saved. Now is the accepted time; the day of salvation is

at hand." I answered: "Jesus, do you desire that I shall speak for thee?" The answer was: "Yea, to do my bidding." I said: "Oh, Lord, my God, I cannot speak, I cannot speak!" Then these words came to me: "Did you not say that if I would take your heavy burden and remove your great sorrow that you would do anything for me?" I answered: "Yes, Lord, not my will, but thine, be done." From my early youth I had been taught that it was really wrong for women to speak in public, but in a moment my mind was changed and I said: "Not my will but thine be done, O, Lord."

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO INDIANA—FIRST SERMON—WORK IN TEMPERANCE CRUSADE—INCREASING CALLS TO WORK—EVANGELISTIC WORK—WORK IN HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS—OVERTURES FROM SPIRITUALISTS TO JOIN THEM—LABORS IN WHITE CO., IND.—DEATH OF MOTHER.

ON AUGUST 26th, 1872, very unexpectedly, without solicitation on my part, I left home in company with my sister, to visit a sister and two brothers in Indiana. I had been there but a few weeks when I was called to the southern part of the State to speak in the Presbyterian church on the importance of the true Christian witnessing for Jesus. The rich, the ignorant, and indolent, are eagerly seeking for such knowledge. The frequenters of saloons and the ball-rooms, gambling dens, and all places of vice and crime, want to know about pure and undefiled religion. The street-walkers, busy-bodies, and evil-doers, are anxious to know that God is the Lord and can save them from all sin.

This is what the world wants today, and it is what you want, dear sinner, above all things else, for let me tell you, I was once wretched, miserable, sad and unhappy before I knew that Christ was a perfect Savior. He does not only justify but also sanctifies the believer. Will you not accept Christ now and be made every whit whole?

I only refer to a few passages of my remarks at this meeting, showing what Jesus will do for us when we will trust Him. After closing a lady said to me, with tears in her eyes: "I know that I am so sinful;" and her husband who stood by

her, said in the same tone of voice: "I am a sinner, will you pray for me?" "What if you were to die in your present condition?" I asked. They both said they would be lost. "As your conscience has given me a prompt reply so can the Holy Ghost teach that your only help is from God. Kneeling before me in the presence of the good Lord, I made known to Him their requests, which were granted, and they were soon happy in Christ.

At this meeting the Holy Spirit made known to me that I should not return home, as I desired. My sister went at the appointed time, realizing that my call to remain was from God. As the Lord led I followed to do his bidding, speaking in hotels, on the cars, steamboats, at stations, to individuals and in private families, my efforts resulting in great good. My mind was stayed upon God in constant prayer. I was not strong in body but strong in the Lord.

Separated from loved ones, (no child was ever more fond of home and tender associations than myself) yet I felt no sense of sorrow or loneliness in my heart, as I gave Christ to all mankind. In every instance when addressing sinners, some would be immediately saved. The Holy Spirit taught me what to do each day, which gave me constant happiness.

Often I have gone to places not having more money than enough to defray my expenses at the time. In some places I did dot tarry longer than ten days or two weeks, nor did I ever accept a call until I went to God in secret prayer, never at any time conferring with flesh and blood, but feeling that the work was the Lord's and he would lead me to the right place, and teach me about His own work. Oftimes I knew not the way I was going, but well did I know my Guide who taught me to walk closely by his side.

I had been working but a few months when my calls became so numerous that I could not accept them all. Shortly after I entered upon my mission as an evangelist, the temperance crusade opened, in which I engaged from the very be-

ginning. I have often entered saloons alone, with the assurance of their being closed, and many sinners saved. In one place a saloon keeper became alarmed and desired to see me alone. I heard his sad story and accepted his invitation to dine at his home the next day. Not understanding the drunkard's life, I did not understand his true condition and was left with a burden that almost crushed me. When I attempted to pray for him I could do nothing but weep and moan aloud, and this agony lasted for hours. Not finding relief I went into the open air, but could not get rid of the great burden. Going to my room I prostrated myself upon the floor, but could do nothing but weep and sob aloud. I then arose, bathed my eyes in cool water and again went out into the street.

Words fail to describe my agony of spirit. I walked and walked until I became weary, without finding relief. Returning to my room the third time, I fell upon my knees, begging God to have mercy for Christ's sake. I arose with the assurance that he would find God upon giving up his drinking and wicked business. After this travail of soul I felt perfectly calm and wonderfully happy. I dined with him at the appointed hour and before leaving the house he was blessedly saved. He gave up his saloon, went to another city and is today an honorable Christian. When I met him he had a wife and three beautiful children, who have since been converted and are happy in the Lord.

I was in this public work for several months before I heard a woman speak. When first called in the work my delight was to speak to souls privately, because of my natural shrinking disposition to avoid publicity, also my early teaching that woman should not speak in public. Hence, with Bible in hand my way was made to the cellars and garrets to find the poor and needy. Notwithstanding my timidity and great love of working privately I became known publicly, and was called to work in the largest cities and towns in the State.

All my time was occupied, but being so young I never thought of its overtaxing my strength, even when my body would become so exhausted as to prevent my resting at night. But in all this, the Lord was constantly my strength and shield.

One of the crushing sorrows which came to me, when absent from home a year, was the death of my dear mother. I was stopping with Dr. Harvey's family, in Indianapolis whose kind treatment and tender care soothed my sad heart, though I was unable to sit up or leave my room for many days.

The past scenes of my childhood rushed to memory's fond recollections one by one, recalling the affectionate embraces and tender care of a loving mother, whose goodness was uniform and unceasing, really a part of her character. Her forbearance, kindness and love were always maintained as she taught us that in humble obedience we should accept Christ in youth, love and study the scriptures.

She was always contributing to the wants of her household and those around her, but the grace of God, that sustained her through life, robbed death of its sting.

Notwithstanding the kindness of dear sister Harvey, I was unable to leave my room, until I could say by the help of God: "Thy will be done." I was not permitted to return home at the time, but with great peace of mind, having my soul stayed on Christ, though not strong in body, was soon again, able to go about the Father's business, who taught me to work in the Spirit, pray in the Spirit, and not grieve the Spirit of God who protected and led me.

When in this city I was invited to tea at the home of an infidel, who requested me to ask a blessing. When blessing he food I was wonderfully led out in prayer for his soul. From that day salvation came to his household. I have always heard good things concerning them since. It was nothing new for me to be wonderfully burdened for souls. I would groan and weep alone, but in every instance my pray-

ers were answered, when I would feel as though I was nothing before God. It was a very great delight for me to meet with the sanctified and God's blessed saints, who always strengthened and encouraged me in the Father's service. You who may read these pages and not understand what it is to be out and out for God, seek Christ at once to have your sins forgiven, and then go on, until you are sanctified, which will remove carnality and fit you for the Master's use.

In every place I gave the pure gospel, sinners would be saved and believers sanctified. I had no remorse of conscience, but gave my health, life, reputation and influence to Jesus. I visited a sad mother who had no Bible. Her husband had left her with five little children, whom she was trying to support by washing. She was a Roman Catholic and very miserable indeed. I read the promises of God from my Bible, prayed with her before leaving and promised to call again. Three days afterward I found her weeping on account of her sins. I taught her how to let Christ save. She was not long in giving up self to get the Savior. I gave her a Bible and showed what portions of it were for her. She not only proved faithful but taught her children the way to God.

There was another mother who was crushed with sorrow and said that she was not fit to meet with Christians. My first words were to tell of Christ and His wonderful love; that He would accept her now if she would believe. I never saw one more easily taught. She rose from her knees saying: "Jesus is mine, all mine." She united with the church and is faithful to God.

When in Terre Haute, Ind., I called to see a sick man, who was taking lunch when I entered. As he drank of the cold water from the goblet in his hand, I read from the Bible: "He that eateth and drinketh of Christ shall never thirst any more." He immediately expressed a desire to eat of the bread of life and taste of the living water from God's fountain,

which proved the true food of his soul. A dear old lady who became sanctified was for the first time in her life enabled to pray publicly and speak to sinners in behalf of their perishing souls, notwithstanding she had been a professing Christian for more than a quarter of a century. When her soul was perfected in love she became a worker, being wholly resigned to the will of God.

At this time I had not seen my name in the public print, and when I did, was too ashamed to read the article. It grieved me to think of reporters and editors. Numerous requests were reaching me every day, to work with the ministers. Having been in the state more than a year, October, 1873, I was led to accept the call from Eavansville, Ind., a beautiful city situated on the Ohio river. My first work there was in the Home for the Friendless. I took charge at this institution for more than three months in the absence of the president, Miss Johnson, who had gone to make a visit to her home in Kalamazoo, Mich.

This being my first work in an institution of the kind, my sympathies were soon enlisted in behalf of these poor fallen creatures, who were a constant prey to sin and crime. By secret and open iniquity they had become shameful and very degraded. I was led by the Holy Spirit to converse and pray with them often. I could never have accepted the position had it not been bearing seed for the blessed Master, to whom be glory and honor.

One of the greatest evils before the public today is that of prostitution. It is a subject that demands Christian thought and should be looked into by every one who loves the Lord. It is far better to have this evil placed before sons and daughters by friends of holiness, purity and virtue, than by friends of secret sins, open vice and crime. This is not the day for parents and true children of God to sit with folded hands and do nothing for fallen humanity.

As we stand today we are a ruined nation, unless God

rescues the fallen and cares for the unfortunate. As we look upon sin around us, there is no other way, there is no other hope, there is no other help but for Christians to take a firmer, bolder stand to suppress evil and crime than they have ever done before.

When I made a full surrender to God, I waited to know his will concerning me, whether in the public congregations, on the street, up in the garrets, down in the cellars, in the highways or hedges. I went at my Father's bidding, led by the Spirit's power, praising the Lord, and giving Christ the glory. But not until this new door was opened to me, did I know of the great sorrow which results from a life of shame and degradation among the fallen. I had often heard and read about the wicked and ungodly of large cities but had not any accurate information on the subject.

The first girl gaining admittance when I took charge of the institution was the most unhappy, God-forsaken looking creature that could possibly be, in the form of woman, and today, as I recall the sad scene, it is still painful to my memory. She asked me if I had any room for another outcast, as I seated her with the other girls, who uttered not a word. I spoke to her of the importance of accepting Christ as her Savior. She acknowledged her sin as she wept bitterly and not one present but wept with her. This was my first interview with one so very degraded and yet I saw that she still retained a woman's heart. I had her cleansed, hair combed, dressed in clean apparel and gave her food, then took her to my room when this conversation took place:

"Where are you from?"

"The country," she replied.

"When did you leave home?"

"Two years ago."

"How did you become so degraded?"

"I was walking in the street with a lady friend; I was visiting in a village ten miles from my father's home. We met a

finely dressed woman, who asked us some questions about the town and where we lived. She talked to us very kindly saying that she lived in the city and would be glad to have us call and see her. I told her my home was in the country and I could not go to the city. She smiled saying: "I was the very one she wanted and if I would come she would keep me a lady, and I should not work as country girls do." At this point she was completely overcome, covering her face with her hands weeping bitterly.

"Did you go?" I asked.

"No, not at that time, but I did afterwards when she sent me the money. When I arrived in the city she met me at the train, conveyed me to her home, which was very beautiful. She got me elegant clothing; took me out driving and showed me everything that was fascinating in the city."

"How long did she treat you in this way?"

"I was there nearly two weeks before I knew I was in a house of prostitution."

"Who informed you?"

"She told me all about it herself."

"Then why did you not leave her?"

"She locked me in and would not let me go."

"How long were you with her?"

"More than a year."

"How did she treat you all this time?"

"Very kindly, when she was not drinking, so long as I was well."

"Did you ever have intoxicating drinks of any kind?"

"Yes, all the time. When wealthy men came they would send out for drinks and if they did not the mistress furnished them and they paid the bills."

"How many girls had she?"

"With myself, there were ten,"

"Did she ever attend church?"

"Oh, no, no, we were not allowed to go to church."

"Did men visit the house on Sabbaths?"

"Yes, indeed, more frequently than on any other day of the week."

"Did you have a Bible or any religious books to read?"

"No, ma'am, nothing but novels and wicked reading, with the newspapers."

"Were you happy?"

"Oh, no, no, no, I was miserable and never had such feelings in my life. I thought of my humble happy home and what my dear mother taught me, when she was living."

Again she broke down, with tears and sobs, unspeakable. When she became calm, I said: "Why did you leave this wicked woman?"

"When I became sick and diseased she turned me out and would not have me any longer."

"Who told you to come here?"

"A policeman on the street."

"Would you like to go to your people?"

Moaning and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed as though she would go into convulsions. When she could speak, she said: "I fear they will not receive me. I have disgraced them and am ashamed to ever meet them again."

"Do your people know where you are?"

"No, ma'am, when I found out where I was the mistress kept watch over me and would not permit me to write home and now I am ashamed to let them know my condition."

She gave me her father's address and I wrote him at once. A reply came immediately, saying he had looked for and advertised his daughter's disappearance but could never hear from her and if she would return he would receive her gladly. I wrote him to send her money or come and take her home. The next week but one, her sister, who was a fine, noble looking lady, arrived. I had the poor prodigal brought into the parlor. On entering the lovely sister gave a loud scream, caught the

poor outcast in her arms, saying, "Oh, my sister, my poor lost sister, is this you?" She paused, moaned aloud, they embracing each other and weeping. This wonderful scene of sorrow is not possible to describe. When the lovely sister could speak, she said: "Emma, dear, will you come home with me?" The poor prodigal could do nothing but bow her head in assent. As I bade her adieu I could not but shed tears of joy over the two sisters whom the Lord had permitted to meet, although in such sadness and shame.

I relate this tale of heartfelt misery that you may know how innocent unsuspecting girls are decoyed into a life of sin. If there is one thing blacker than another, in this life of vice and crime, it is that of enticing young and helpless girls into degradation and disgrace. During my stay in this institution there were beautiful, fair and cultured young girls coming in for protection, who were blighted in hopes and blasted in confidence forever. They had been apparently snatched from their mothers' arms and cast down to be trodden under foot. Unless you are in this work and know something of the evils perpetrated, and the snares thrown in the path to entrap the the young and innocent, you cannot understand their sorrowful stories. I have often felt to exclaim with Jeremiah: "Oh that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night for the daughters of my people." There was not one came who did not desire to abandon a life of shame. There were all classes, from the lowest servant girl to those who had occupied the highest positions in society. Some would come today in the finest apparel, while others would come tomorrow in the rags of a beggar, and yet in their bosoms they retained a woman's heart. It is not possible for me to portray the sorrow, shame and degradation which make up the history of the fallen women of the land, when God is not their daily companion.

Could we but see the shed tear, the loss of self respect, the days of anguish, the extinction of all the noble and true

affections, of fraternal ties, the spectacle would be too alarming for daily thought—our better judgment could not endure such things. Yet, all this indescribable anguish exists, not the less because the shame is hidden from the public. This se cret shame is terrible in reality, and often the hidden source of an after life of habitual sin. I feel that only in the name of God can fallen humanity be lifted up and christian workers should not become weary in well-doing, but be on the alert for all classes, at all times that many may be yet redeemed, who are apparently beyond hope. The loveliest girl we had in the institution, had passed through scenes of great sorrow, being shamefully and cruelly treated. She was well reared and had received a good education. Her mother died when she was very young, and her father being poor she was compelled to earn her own living. A .wealthy brother of the gentleman in whose home she was living, under solemn promise of marriage, seduced her, and then cast her off. Her parents were dead, and not living near her relatives, she did not know what to do. The man she loved and truly trusted, in whose possession she placed her character, purity and future happiness, heartlessly deserted her and sent her out unprotected into the cold and careless world. Could a man so coward-like abuse the confidence of pure love, and then desert the child he should cherish and shield for life? This poor, innocent young girl became a mother before she was seventeen years old, went to a home of infamy, fell a prey to disease, cast out by her mistress, and in this condition we took her in. On this sinful man rests the responsibility of her downfall. Her virtue gone she felt deserted could, not get employment in good families, her happiness and hopes for the future crushed, she became a victim at one fell stroke to be forever destroyed. Woe to such a creature who could coward-like lay off the semblance of manhood and adopt the fiend-like spirit to destroy a pure, innocent orphan forever and ever.

The third one so very degraded who came for protection, I took by the hand, saying at the same time: "My dear child, why are you so sad and unhappy?" Without answering she burst into a flood of tears. As soon as she could control her feelings, she said: "My mother died when I was partly grown; father afterwards married again and met with a reverse of fortune. I was put out to earn my own living. I lived two years with a very good Christian lady, who was very kind to me and gave me every attention, as though I was her own daughter. This lady left the place and I went to a friend of hers who kept a boarding-house, where I became a Christian, united with the church and lived very happy for several years. In the meantime I had good opportunities to marry, and was loved and respected by all who knew me. After remaining with this lady three years, there came a very fine appearing young man to board at the house who, from the very first acquaintance appeared to admire me and I loved him dearly. Very soon he proposed marriage and I accepted. He told me that his father was a wealthy merchant in the far west and I should not work as I had done any longer, but to get my things in order to go with him at once, as it would not be possible for him to go without me. He would get me suitable clothing for marriage, and to keep my wages, which I did. I left my happy home with glowing anticipations of a bright future, when I should be a happy bride with the wealthy man of my choice. We took the early train and traveled until evening, when he said his business would keep him in the city for a week or two, but he would stop at a good house where I could have rest and comfort. I was so happy that I believed my faithful lover as I believed God, to whom I had given my young heart's purest and most devoted affections. He said: 'We are just the same as married and that he did not want the ceremony until he got me everything that was beautiful, to be married in the church in grand yle, as his parents would not want him to do otherwise.'"

"After two weeks I foolishly consented to what has proved to be my ruin, shame and sorrow, for I have not had one moment's peace since he ruined and then deserted me forever."

Again she covered her face with her hands and tears ran over her fingers, sobbing aloud as though her heart would break. Gaining her self-possession she continued: "I would not have Mrs. Grundy know my great sorrow for anything."

"Why?" I asked.

"It would almost kill her; she was such a devoted Christian, and we had such precious seasons in prayer together."

"Did he get you the clothing he promised?"

"He did not, but took me from one place to another, and when he left I learned that I was in a house of ill-fame. Deserted by the only man I ever loved, after basely ruining and leaving me in a house of prostitution, in a strange city, separated from everybody I ever knew, it was more than I could bear."

"When the mistress of the house learned my condition, she said that if it were possible to find him she would have him exposed. She searched for him but could get no clue to his whereabouts, and I have never heard of him since. In such a miserable situation I had no heart to seek my friends, but continued in shame unknown, until I became diseased, sick and cast out, not caring whether I lived or died."

You can see that this innocent girl was sinned against by a basely designing, licentious young man, who first won her affections and then broke her heart. In like manner, others who are good and pure, at one fell stroke are snatched from a true, noble life into sin and left to perish in iniquity and degradation.

Putting my arm around her I said: "Can you not return to Jesus who is mighty to save?" She replied: "Do you think God could save me when I have been so wicked. I have not opened my Bible in all these years, which is lying in the bottom of my trunk?" I told her that Jesus came to

call just such creatures, and was anxious that she should turn to the Lord and live.

"Will you accept Him who is able to save to the uttermost?" I then read from my Bible: 'If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land, but if ye refuse and rebel you shall be devoured, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' "If you believe this with all your heart and confess your sins, Jesus is just to forgive and wash away every stain from your heart with His precious blood." We knelt together, I prayed and then told her to ask the dear Lord for what she desired.

She prayed earnestly for wisdom and divine aid to live a new life and truly she was delivered from sin. Three years afterwards, at a time when I least thought of the sad, broken-hearted girl, in company with a kind, noble husband and a sweet infant daughter with them, she called to thank me for leading her into the light of God again after leaving Him and living in so much sin and iniquity. She told me her husband was a good Christian and that they were both members of church, asked a blessing at their table, held family worship morning and evening in their beautiful, happy home, which was their own.

In this institution, it appeared to me, there were new scenes of sorrow every day and they all were thankful, like big, confiding, grown-up children with unbounded confidence in everything I said and did for them. As I talked about Jesus, the tears would fall thick and fast, and as I recounted the blessings that were multiplied upon them since they had been at the Home, oh, how they would come and lean their heads upon my shoulder, saying: "I can never thank you enough for not only being kind to me, but for teaching me the beautiful lessons of Christ." Their sayings brought to my mind the great importance of not neglecting any duty with them, while we have perishing souls to save on the shores of time.

To save the fallen we must mingle with them, and not fear

to be seen in their presence, anywhere. I sat at the same table with them, walked on the street with them, took them to church and sat in the same pew. Many have been reclaimed by so doing, have married respectable husbands and are living virtuous lives.

With patience, energy and perseverance being kept by the Spirit of God, I taught many to accept Christ, who, otherwise, in all probability, might have been lost. It is only by following the example of the blessed Savior, who went about doing good, that we can win souls for His kingdom.

While women of fashion will pass away unregretted, the good and benevolent will continue to be remembered with grateful recollections by all who knew them. Have you, dear parents, done your duty to the children God has given you? Have you ever been off your guard and permitted the enemy of all righteousness to degrade and ruin your offspring? Should such be the case, when it is too late you will weep over fond anticipations and glowing prospects which might have been theirs, had true piety, constant prayer and daily watchfulness been brought to bear upon your children as God requires.

I not only had charge of this institution, but also spoke on temperance in the churches and addressed the Sabbath schools. I spoke in the Methodist church one Sabbath evening, and early Monday morning one of the greatest and most noted spiritualists, a physician, called to see me, saying that he with some friends had attended the meeting the previous evening and he was authorized to have an interview with me to solicit my presence in their society; that if I would accept and join in their meetings they would give me seventy-five dollars a night for lecturing. I told him that I never had and would not attend a spiritualistic meeting, hence could not accept his invitation. After urging and making earnest appeals in behalf of their society, he left, appearing very much disappointed. The next morning before I was through early break-

fast, the servant girl called me to see a gentleman in the parlor. I was surprised to find the spiritualist awaiting my presence. He arose extending his hand, saying, "We are not going to let you off as easy as you thought. We had another meeting last night, and I am authorized to say that if you will accept our proposition we will give you two hundred dollars to begin with and every lecture will pay you the same amount." I answered it was not possible for me to accept, loving God as I did, and that from infancy I was taught by my parents that the whole work was nothing more than the "dashing waves on the ocean's brink, showing the shallowness of life" and not the pure, holy influence of the Lord Jesus Christ.

He referred to my work and complimented me kindly, saying: "You have a very bright future and will mount up the ladder of fame as rapidly as the eagle soars above the smaller birds; if you come with us your progress will be very rapid." I did not notice his remarks personally but simply repeated my first objections, saying: "You need not speak further on the subject." Looking sad with disappointment he replied: "You will regret this offer." I could not but think it was an inspiration from satan himself. Going to my room I fell upon my knees, crying: "Oh, God, look upon thy child, aid, keep and hold her from the enemy." I spent most of the day in prayer but retired without having prevailed. When I awoke in the morning my first thought was to beseech God again concern him. I had only spoken a few words when the darkness gave way and the whole subject opened to my mind. It is the work of the devil to buy you from God; had it been an audible voice it could not have spoken more distinctly and heard more clearly. I was perfectly calm and arose from my knees with my soul filled with gratitude and my heart overflowing with joy and peace.

I was immediately summoned to the parlor to again find the spiritualist doctor. He went through the whole field of debate again and expressed the greatest concern lest I should not ac-

cept this faith. I believe that he had the strongest convictions I would yet yield when his desire was stated in the brightest light of their teachings. His mind appeared made up that I should not resist his arguments, hence he took greater pains than ever to portray their beautiful methods and profound doctrine, saying: "I am authorized by our society to offer you three hundred dollars a lecture and as you become better acquainted with the work we will allow you more. Surely you can not resist such an offer, and furthermore you will never again be successful unless you embrace our doctrine."

I replied that the Lord was my teacher and I did not believe what was not taught in the Bible. At this point we had a prolonged discussion, in which he became greatly depressed and discouraged; finally he said that the doctrine of endless punishment was unjust, cruel and absurd, God is love and could not punish men endlessly and I would soon learn of the God he loved when becoming better acquainted with their doctrine and for me to no longer resist their kind offer and urgent request. Rising to my feet, walking towards him saying: "I do not accept your doctrine, sir, because it is not taught in the Bible. I again repeat, the third time, what I said in the beginning: 'I believe in God, my Father; in Christ Jesus, my Savior; and in the Holy Ghost, my Comforter.' Jesus satisfied public justice by honoring the law, both in His obedience and death, thus rendering it safe for God to pardon all who would believe in Christ, His Son." "But," said he, "will you not let this all pass now, and accept my offer?" I told him what my God had revealed to me alone. Walking a little closer to, and pointing my finger at him I said: "Get behind me satan. If you were to offer me three thousand dollars a night for lecturing it would be no inducement for me to leave my blessed Lord and Savior."

He arose to his feet, appearing startled at my boldness in affirming his call was a mere trick of the devil. As he took

leave he appeared subdued, saying: "I did not think you were such a positive character." He left, and I was never again troubled with the spiritualists. I thank God from my heart that I have been saved and kept from temptation. At the time I was in great need of money for my work for the Lord.

When I was in this institution I had fine opportunities for reading character among fallen humanity. Oh! how I appreciated God's goodness, therefore spent much time in reading the Bible and in secret prayer. The family was fluctuating, the house filled at times and again not so many. I had a blessing at the table, family worship morning and evening. Lord's day I had sabbath school; through the week prayer meeting, being always directed how to hold each meeting by the Holy Spirit's illuminating power. Often the meetings continued with great interest over two hours and with all present there appeared to be a conviction, however their past lives had been spent in open and secret shame. I met their objections and needs with God's word, showing them "they that being often reproved hardeneth the heart shall suddenly come to destruction and that without remedy." Closing my first meeting many of these poor creatures said: "We see our condition as sinners according to the Bible; will you pray for us?" Before the next public service several came in, who took exception to the meeting. I heard every day, to my great sorrow, of their blasphemy. They refused to attend worship or any religious service, making every excuse possible.

I read to them the rules and regulations of the institution, and told them that I would not suffer their blaspheming the name of the blessed Redeemer. Then they became gentle and submissive. During my stay it was their first and last opposition to our christian worship. Many appeared to enjoy the meetings. Weeping bitterly they would ask my personal prayers for their salvation. I had them read the Bible aloud with me, and commit every day several verses of God's promises.

After an absence of three months Miss Johnson returned, very much rested and refreshed. I then went to the house of God, taking all who were able to go with me and Miss J. took care of those unable to leave their rooms. I daily explained to those poor creatures the necessity of a change of heart and that now was "the acceptable time with the Lord."

This work was so adverse to my better nature that I constantly asked the Heavenly Father to release me in His own time. I became perfectly reconciled to my calling, should never have left had not the Spirit whispered: "Your work is finished." My waiting maid packed my trunk and assisted me in getting ready to spend a few weeks with Sister Moore, in Green County, Indiana. After a few days' rest I accepted a call to hold services at the Presbyterian Church, in White County, Indiana, in the absence of the pastor who was attending presbytery in Indianapolis.

Rising very early Sabbath morning I was wonderfully led out in prayer, to meet the demands of the people, having been informed that they were in the habit of going out and in, eating and drinking during public service. Not getting relief in prayer I opened the Bible to read but could not, and knelt a second time to pray, the burden increasing. I rose and walked the room praying. I fell upon my knees, saying: "Oh, Lord, do tell me what Thou wilt have me do and I will obey." A clear voice said: "Rebuke the people." I arose calm and happy in Christ. Arriving at the church I found it filled; there never had a lady spoken in the church before. When opening the service two men arose to go out. I detained them, saying: "Are you here to worship God or not? If you now leave this house you cannot return until I am through preaching. This is the Lord's order and I must obey." God so wonderfully baptised me with the Holy Ghost power that I wept with joy. My custom has always been to demand respect for God in His own house. I have never

courted favor nor desired popularity, but have always sincerely requested that sinners should find salvation.

I addressed the Sabbath school and preached in the evening to a larger congregation, if possible, than in the morning.

There was perfect order through the entire services, and at times a stillness of death in the audience, and persons wept all over the house. Many said as they took my hand: "I thank the Lord for sending you this way." The still small voice whispered: "Your work is done in this state for the present; return to your father's home," from which I had been absent two years.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMP MEETING IN BEAVER COUNTY, PA., MOUNDVILLE CAMP MEETING—VISITS WASHINGTON COUNTY, PA.,—FAIRVIEW, W. V.—W. C. T. U. WORK IN PITTSBURG, PA.—ALLEGHANY CITY—DEATH OF FATHER.

ON AUGUST first, 1874, my sister accompanied me to the homestead in West Virginia. The first work I accepted afer returning to our own state was at a camp meeting in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, conducted by Rev. J. C. Pershing, of Georgetown. I had great joy in pointing sinners to Christ, both publicly and in private. In a few weeks afterwards I was prompted by the Holy Spirit to attend the camp meeting at Moundsville, West Virginia, being directed to take the early train, but was awakened in the morning by the rain pouring down. When rising I said: "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" No answer came. I knelt the second time saying: "Dear Jesus, settle the matter and I shall be satisfied." Before rising from my knees this passage came to me: "Master we know that thou sayest and teachest rightly." Arising I said: "Thy will be done." It continued raining very hard after we had partaken of breakfast and had united in family worship, at which time I again plead to be taught of God. In my room alone, kneeling before God in prayer, I said: "Jesus, if I am called of Thee show to the family that Thou sayest and teachest rightly, by letting the rain cease and the sun shine?" Before I entered the carriage, which was driven to the door, the rain abated,

the clouds dispersed and the sun shone. My brother said that this was truly the hand of God.

I arrived at the camp ground in the afternoon and not meeting any one with whom I was acquainted, went to the children's meeting led by the presiding elder's wife, Mrs. Riley. I was seated in the rear of the tabernacle, having entered as they knelt in prayer. When closing the leader said: "Let us continue a few seconds in secret prayer, after which will sister Lizzie E. Miller, of Fairview, West Virginia, pray?" I was surprised that any one present should know me, and especially the leader. Looking to God immediately these words came rushing to my mind: "I will hearken unto you when ye shall pray unto me." Christ interceding, I was greatly blessed and as soon as we arose from our knees, Mrs. Riley introduced herself and invited me to accompany her to the platform. I spoke to the audience in the demonstration of the spirit having great liberty. I was not on the ground but a few hours, however, before I saw the hardness of hearts and my Savior rejected. It came to me very forcibly that it would require much prayer with others of God's children if good should be accomplished.

Truly the spirit of prayer was upon me. I stood and prayed, walked and prayed, wept and prayed, could not attend the next public service, but felt that victory must come through prayer and fasting.

At this point of my experience another worker came to the tent saying: "I have a wonderful weight on my mind for a revival spirit in this meeting." I repeated the Spirit's promptings to my mind. We bowed together in earnest supplication for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon ministers and people. We had just risen with the assurance of prayer prevailing when Mrs. Riley called, saying: "I am authorized by the ministers to invite you both to meet us at the children's tent instantly. It was a private meeting of workers for prayer and self-examination. Many of the ministers related their exper-

iences referring to their work at other camp meetings. Before long I was on my feet telling how the Spirit had prompted me about the meeting, having a desire to see perishing souls saved and victory was certain, through prayer and fasting. Loud shouts and hallelujahs went up from many honest hearts. One minister said: "Let us fast this evening." Another suggested that we should divide into companies and go to the forest for secret prayer. We were divided into groups of eight to twelve ladies and gentlemen. As we went to the woods I had the assurance in my own soul that we had already gained the victory. Every one earnestly expressed a desire for souls. I had great liberty in prayer, and realized that we would have many justified and sanctified. The spirit so filled me that I both wept and praised God at the same time.

One of the ministers gave his experience of former sanctification. The Spirit of prayer came upon me to intercede for his restoration. The evening services told on both saint and sinner. I may have occasion to refer to this further on in my narrative.

God did not permit me to remain but three or four days after this meeting though scores came to me privately for instruction, not only the workers but many ministers. From the blessed Savior's instruction I received a direct answer for each one. How blessed to work for the Lord Jesus Christ and know that we are truly lead by the Holy Ghost!

One morning after rising from a protracted season of prayer for poor hearts that were sad and lonely, it came to me as if a voice whispered in my ear: "You leave here this afternoon." I enjoyed the work so much and was so happy in Christ that I felt it was the voice of the enemy and declined to obey, but it came to me constantly: "Leave today, leave today." At the morning meeting I was compelled to say that my blessed Lord did not desire me to remain longer, whereupon there was a rebellion against my going. My own unworthiness led me to remain and the voice of all the dear saints was, "Tar

ry." I went the second time to the Lord in secret saying: "Father, you see this work and know all about your child, what wilt thou have me do? 'Thy will be done,' I shall tarry on my knees until I know." It came to me: "Your work here is done, follow me." I arose happy, calm and self-possessed not having any desire to remain longer but the opposition to my going was very great.

From this place I proceeded to Washington county, Pennsylvania, where many souls were made happy through the blood of the Lamb. During the glorious work there I was called to Jefferson County, Ohio. I debated in my own mind as to whether I should leave this field of labor so suddenly. Going out for a walk I stopped to pray in a beautiful grove, a quiet spot where no human eye could see me. I said: "Lord decide this matter, I do not know what to do; upon thee I rely implicitly." Clear as the noonday it came: "Go and I will be with thee." Being persuaded it was the voice of God calling, I accepted, going to the meeting at once. On entering the grounds the first person I met was Rev. Manchester, for whom I was led to pray at Moundsville. He rushed to me, taking both my hands in his saying: "God sent you, sister Miller, to Moundsville for me. From the hour you prayed for me in the grove I have had great peace with God and am constantly teaching in my church the importance of sanctification, God bless His child."

I passed on when a lady called my name and came running to my side, clasped me in her arms saying: "I thank God for sending you to Moundsville for me." And so it was from many dear souls, giving me the same greeting, which brought from my heart thanksgiving to the Lord.

When first entering this camp ground it appeared to me that I was called upon to tear down the stronghold of satan in the heart of sinners, and to teach believers the importance of sanctification. At this meeting I met Miss B. with whom I became acquainted at Moundeville, and also Miss Stratten

who was a fine teacher and speaker, and ardent worker for the saving of souls. On Sabbath, we ladies were put on the outer grounds to speak to the indifferent who would not attend the public service. Not being far from my home in West Virginia, I saw many old friends and associates with my Presbyterian companions. They said they never thought I could be so bold and have the audacity to speak in public. However my preaching and manner of leading souls to Christ might be, I realized the Spirit's teaching and left results with Him, who said: "Preach the Gospel and I will never leave nor forsake thee." From my first work for Jesus He has honored Himself by the saving of sinners, and sanctifying of believers.

After a quarter of a century, preaching in every state in the Union, crossing the continent five times, my methods known to every denomination, I do not think it out of place for me to say here, that I have never been permitted to stop the work of saving souls to rebuke critics. I only refer, to it to encourage the reader to trust Christ, who saves and helps.

At this time I was called to Asbury Church, near Fairview West Virginia, by Rev. J. C. Pershing, to assist in a protracted meeting. It being in my own community, before every one I had known from childhood, my natural timidity prompted me to refuse so great a responsibility. Secretly I said: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" I was invited to fill the pulpit Saturday night and Sabbath. I did not feel led by the Spirit to accept until Saturday, about one hour before leaving for the services. I said: "Father, what shall I do?" and the answer came: "Lo, I am with you; the Spirit shall take of mine and show it unto you, and shall bring all things to your remembrance." I felt exceedingly happy, and was in my place at the appointed hour to do God's bidding. Not knowing what scripture I was to read, nor how to conduct the services, I tarried before the Lord some-

time, but nothing came to me until I was about to rise from my knees. These words recurred to me: "Ask and it shall be given you," and I read it from the blessed book. The Lord made his truth so clear to my mind everyone present realized God was teaching, and it so touched the hearts of sinners that many came forward and were saved. When the meeting closed Mr J., whom I had known from childhood, said to me: "What you say is very true, but I cannot accept it for myself." I said: "Do you pray?" "Yes." "What for?" "That I may be happy," he replied. I answered that was not the prayer of the Psalmist, who said: "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation and uphold me with Thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy way and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." His desire was not happiness, but to see sinners saved through his instruction. Souls were converted in every service, but Mr. J. would not accept Christ. I never saw him afterward, but was told he lived a Godless life and died suddenly without hope in God.

In October, 1875, I accepted a call from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to work in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The president, Mrs. Bruno, had the work mapped out and board secured in a certain part of the city. This was something new to me and I could not accept it until led by God. Rising from prayer I was impressed that I ought to visit her, and have a private interview and explain to her how the Spirit led me, and I could not work in any other way. She replied: "You are at liberty to do as you desire, but report your work to our meetings," to which I consented, meeting with them monthly. Every day I saw sorrow, misery and suffering, from yielding to temptation and sin. I felt encouraged, though often humiliated in my better nature, in this labor of love, when I remembered that the Savior went about doing good.

Every family I visited the first few days was in poverty and misery. I went into a filthy room on the second floor, where

I found four dirty, ragged children without shoes or stockings and the father a drunkard. The mother and children wept and sobbed when I talked and prayed. Across the way I found a Catholic sick, just out of the hospital, and an invalid mother. I asked permission to pray. He kindly said "No, the Catholic has the only true church, but would receive any temporal aid I might see proper to bestow." I have visited many Catholics among the poor and suffering, and sometimes have succeeded in reading the Bible and of fering prayer in families. The precious truths in some instances, appeared to gain entrance to their hearts.

Four doors beyond I saw a clean, neat looking house. I felt constrained to enter, saw the wife, as I thought, read and prayed and after conversing with her. She invited me to call again. The next week I learned that it was a house of prostitution. In Cherry Alley I visited a woman with five children, poorly clad, house miserable, husband a drunkard and licentious, and at that time living in Philadelphia with another woman. I asked her if she felt at peace with God. With tears in her eyes, she answered. "I fear not; but feel at times as though my trouble is more than I can bear." I read to her this passage, Psalm 50-15: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." I talked with her a few moments and then prayed. With tears she thanked me again and again, saying: "Though you do not give me food and raiment you have given me kind words and much comfort." Having been reared a Catholic, she had no Bible. I asked her if one were given her if she would read it. "I will," she said, "and so shall my children." As she took it from my hand, my silent prayer was: "May that Bible lead you to embrace the precious Savior, and call Him your own. In Mulberry Alley I witnessed a scene too sad for description. Five children and a mother had been driven out of their miserable hovel, at one o'clock in the morning, by a drunken father and husband. I did not enter

the house, for the atmosphere was unbearable and the dirt indescribable. As I stood at the door talking with the mother, the children were a pitiable sight clustered around me. The eldest daughter, eight years old, cried and sobbed, and when I left, said: "Do come again." I afterwards learned that the mother too was dissipated. In the same alley I found a brother who had been led astray by evil companions almost to a drunkard's grave, now dependent for maintenance upon two sisters, with whom he was living. They were good, pious girls manifesting deep emotion during conversation and prayer, though they were not members of any church.

I met with many who did not attend church, but were glad to have me read, pray and talk with them. A very interesting feature to me and one I am glad to speak of, were the colored people. In thirty families I visited, not one needed assistance. Most of them were church members, enjoying the Bible and religious conversation. They were comfortably clothed, cleanly and their homes well kept. In calling on a family very early one morning, the mother told me she had a hard day's work before her, but upon learning who I was said: "Come in, you will only do me good and strengthen me for my labor." The case of a young mother with a sick child, interested me deeply. She was so thankful to have me read and pray with her. I never speak with this people but my heart leaps with joy that I have been led to direct them to Jesus, always going, as I did from my closet, conscious of the presence of the Master, and returning go to thank Him for what He has done for me.

Entering Mulberry Alley, from Eleventh street, in the third story of a building I found a father, mother and three children; the latter ill and out of work, the mother not well, but maintaining the family. It was hard to reach them spiritually when their temporal condition was so distressing. In a garret of the same house I found a woman of German des-

cent. She was a widow with two small children. I directed her to the precious Father, whose loving words are: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." In Strawberry Alley several families told me that I was the first christian woman that had ever spoken to them of Jesus. They listened attentively and wept bitterly.

In drunkards' families I have found great sorrow and poverty, but notwithstanding their degradation, in every instance they received me kindly, and manifested much feeling during the religious exercises. I could not refrain from telling them that this is the world in which the children of men can become great, good and wise by self-denial and daily sacrifice, which will lead to success, gain victory over evil and future temptations. Every day I was grieved to behold the many scenes of poverty, which I had not the means to alleviate. Having received no pecuniary aid, I felt sometimes that the small amount I was able to give would not aid much in relieving temporal wants.

It is not possible, my dear readers, for me to give an elaborate detail of this work. I can give merely a brief and partial survey of that sad but essential duty. Never in all my life have I been so humiliated as in my few months' work in that city. Every day I saw new sorrow and misery; so many things to be learned in working with such a degraded class and so much to be done. It is impossible to describe the nature of this work in going from house to house beholding suffering humanity degraded in ten thousand ways because of sin. Oh, that the good Lord would raise up many who would be willing to work more in His service, that the fallen may be lifted up and the miserable brought into the light and liberty of the Gospel through Christ Jesus.

I held many cottage meetings where the power of the Spirit was so wonderfully felt that many at one time would cry out: "What must I do to be saved?" Prayer for those who were convicted of sin was the special request in those meetings.

Very often arrangements previously made were frustrated because of the stricken souls who would not leave the room until their burdens of sin were removed. I longed to get away from them, but my blessed Lord kept me loyal to His cause. My second and third visits would make a wonderful change, that was gratifying to my wounded heart. When returning to the different houses, instead of profanity I would hear them singing hymns I had taught them. Many very old men and women were saved at their homes, who never went to church or public meetings; some eighty and ninety years of age. Others were young, not exceeding eight, ten and fifteen years. Some families were exceedingly ignorant and of very low birth, others were educated and had filled the first positions in society. I taught many Roman Catholics to throw away their rosaries and accept Jesus as their Savior. A young man suddenly converted said he had been a great drinker, but the appetite had been taken away and he felt no desire to do wrong, that he had gained the victory through Jesus Christ. A young lady gave a startling and thrilling evidence of Christ's power to save her from a sinful, wicked life. At the close of her remarks the people were wonderfully startled by a sudden cry from a woman who with outstretched hands and a pale face presented an alarming spectacle. Her agony, moans and sobs were heart-rending. I immediately went to her and assisted her forward, when in a few moments she was forgiven and found peace with God. The first thing she did when rising from her knees was to ask my pardon saying: "I have said so many unkind things about you and only came tonight to please my friends never intending to return again. I said if you came to speak with me I would spit in your face. Oh! I am so sorry." As she was speaking she walked up to me putting her arms around my waist and lifted me off my feet saying: "Instead of despising you now I love you with all my heart and should enjoy being with you forever." I left her happy and doing good work in the Father's kingdom. It was

very evident that the breath of the Lord fell upon the dry bones in every direction, infusing life and light to hundreds who were raised from the death of sin to a life of purity and usefulness.

At this time I felt directed by the Spirit to ask God for some good sister to be given me as a co-worker, who could assist me in singing and public prayer. The following day I was called into the parlor and introduced to Mrs. Armstrong of Alleghany, who desired to see me. I felt at once, this is my worker in the name of the Lord, and enquired how she knew that I was in the city? She said Mrs. Collins, in a private conversation, had spoken of my being at her house the day before, when she was instantly impressed to call upon me. I informed her of my earnest cry to God for help, the day previous, and believed she was sent in answer to prayer. We thanked the Lord together and she took me in sections of the city I had not visited. From the beginning our labors were wonderfully blessed for the good of fallen humanity.

On November first I accepted a call to labor in Alleghany City in which place I was wonderfully led of God to win sinners for Christ, encourage and instruct believers. Laboring from day to day for a few weeks I felt divinely led to hold morning meetings in private families, being convinced from the first that the plan was heavenly instigation, even to the chapter I should read and the families to visit. The dear souls who met with me were not at all surprised to receive direct answers to our united prayers. The great God did wonderful things for us whereof we were glad. Never did I witness a more blissful appreciation and assurance of the Spirit's presence and power than at these meetings.

I was also directed to select the workers and where we should hold each meeting. My friend, Mrs. Armstrong, was a true co-laborer with me in every service, and with whom I left the meetings in charge when being unexpectedly called by telegram to the death bed of my dear father. His life was so

very close and near to Jesus that it was revealed to him, when out walking on a Saturday afternoon that his time had come to depart this life. He had a deep religious experience, indicating a prayerful study of the scriptures, which had been his daily delight for many years. His christian life was of that calm, serene type, which did not change but showed a constant abiding in Christ.

All ministers felt his house to be their home and his door was ever open to the poor, and needy and the suffering. He was a kind and devoted husband, a loving and tender father who was beloved and appreciated by all his household. Rarely is any one called from earth to heaven so greatly missed at home. In his last sickness he did not complain or speak of suffering pain, neither was he confined to his bed. The day he passed away he sat up three hours and knew every friend present. The day before his death he called the children around him and had us pray audibly, when he exclaimed "How sweet to rest in Jesus." He fell asleep in glory at ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, December 8th, 1875, in his eighty-sixth year. His pure, gentle spirit was withdrawn so quietly, we could scarcely but think that he was resting in a natural sleep. From the death of our dear mother, his desire was to depart and be forever with the Lord. His constan, remark was: "I am only waiting for God's call, to come up higher," and when the time came, it found him in readiness to enter the golden city and sit down forever with the Lord. It was many weeks before I could say: "Thy will be done." Jehovah was then my strength and comfort. The joy of the Lord caused the tears to stop flowing and the unceasing sorrow for the departure of a dearly beloved parent was forever removed, and from that day I have never shed a tear for the loss of my father or mother.

After the death of my beloved father, I was not permitted to resume my work in Alleghany. I received many letters from the dear converts and workers, giving me glowing and

delightful evidence that the meetings, which I left to be continued by them in my absence, were not held in vain. In December, 1875, a dear sister wrote:

"I shall always glorify my beloved Lord for sending you to our city. When I learned that you were gone, I fell upon my knees and thanked God for sending you to my home. If you could know what has been done for my poor soul, I am quite sure you would feel rewarded for ever having labored in the city of Pittsburg. Never, O never, in all my life has anyone been to me such a blessing. I can do nothing but weep and praise God. My soul is filled with hungering and thirsting for sinners who are perishing. The flame that was burning so bright when you left is still kept aglow. Oh, how much we miss you in all our homes, but we remember you daily in our prayers. I am so happy, having constant glory in my soul. May you be kept well to do great work for Jesus.

From your spiritual daughter,

KATE JANES.

December 19, 1875.

"I rejoice in saying, since you left I have been a daily witness for Jesus, and believe that many souls have been brought into the light; others have been strengthened and benefitted by the testimonies. I lead the morning meetings, which are exceedingly interesting. Everyone is faithful and we are doing much good. I am quite certain that you will be glad to learn that you have left abundant fruit in Alleghany, which will tell in eternity, because it was done in Jesus' name. The young man who was so deeply interested in the cottage meetings before you left, has been truly converted, and is not afraid to tell what the Lord has done for him. I am so happy in God that I feel like falling at the feet of Jesus and there tarrying.

ANNA ARMSTRONG.

CHAPTER V.

WORK IN PHILADELPHIA.—FLORENCE HEIGHTS, N. J.—SEVERE ILLNESS—PERSONAL WORK IN HYGIENE INSTITUTE.—DELAWARE WATER GAP.—TRENTON, N. J.—HULMEVILLE, PA.—TULLYTOWN, PA.—FALSINGTON, PA.

ON JUNE 12th, 1876, I was in Philadelphia, having been sent from my church as a delegate to the convention for the "Recognition of God in the Constitution;" also to represent the temperance work, as I was one of the first Crusaders. In company with my brother, we left home not knowing where we should go nor with whom we would tarry. Through prayer I was directed to the very home in which we remained during our stay in the city.

We were in the boarding house but two days when a Methodist minister called, saying that he knew me by reputation and wanted me to fill his pulpit on the coming Sabbath. I had great liberty speaking on the atonement of Christ; His divine mission, perfect life, resurrection and intercession. My next work was on justification by faith and sanctification by faith. I set forth salvation to the believer as forcibly as God gave me light on the subject.

In a few days afterwards a gentleman and his wife called to see me. They said: "Since your preaching in our church, we are reading the Bible together, and it appears like a new book to us. We never saw the beauty of sanctification before, as we see it in God's Word now." Many others informed me that their hearts were filled with joy, and that they were happy because of God's teaching.

My next work was at Florence Heights, New Jersey, on the Delaware river, twenty miles above Philadelphia. I spoke first in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was in a low state of spirituality. I stopped at Dr. Trall's Hygienic Institution, who though an infidel in his views, gave me permission to hold religious services in his home. I had been there only a short time when I was taken suddenly sick with nervous typhoid fever, which kept me confined to my chamber many weeks, during which time I asked God not to allow my meetings to be closed. It being Centennial year this large Institution was constantly filled with people coming and going. Many ministers came from different states and neighboring towns, taking part and expressing great delight in the public services. Every day I said: "Father send the right worker." And so the meetings continued, proving to me whether sick or well, if I took up the cross and bore it, looking to Jesus-it would become a fruit-bearing tree.

The days and weeks passed and still I was unable to raise my hand to take food, but had to be cared for and watched over like an infant by the doctor and nurse. Oh, how I longed for a change, that I might once more breath the pure, open air, but in the providence of God, my path was hedged in.

As I lay there with the fever raging and my brain throbbing, trying to get rest for my aching head and tired body, but find, ing none, I said: "Oh, my blessed Trinity! Thou will not leave Thy child alone." With flaming eyes He looked upon me in pity, and in His loving arms He lifted me up, remembering that I was dust. What peace, sweet peace filled my entire being as I praised the Lord and gave Him the glory.

Summer passed into autumn, and autumn gave place to winter's invigorating cold, before I revived and was strong again. When able to sit up I was often carried out into the beautiful sunshine, from which I drew fresh supplies of strength for my weak, emaciated body. How I enjoyed my

liberty again, in the beautiful shade of the stately pines, realizing more than ever that when we tarry in the pleasant shade of Elim's palms, as well as by Marah's bitter waters, that the Holy Father is in it all, teaching us by the Spirit to our profit. During my convalescence I was exceedingly happy and looked forward to the using of the strength, which was daily returning, all to the glory of Christ. Each day I felt soothed and invigorated as I sat or walked about in the autumn sunshine, with the balmy breezes wafted from the waters of the beautiful Delaware river.

Before being able to take charge of the public meetings again, I was permitted to do much privately for Jesus. Almost every day some one came to my room, or to where I was seated or lying in the hammock under the pine trees, in the grove east of the house. Many were professors seeking the higehr life. Some were the Lord's precious jewels and others were sinners, very wicked, not knowing what they wanted. According to their desires, God gave me the message. To the justified I opened the blessed Book and gave them the light which brought peace to their souls, and they went away satisfied and sanctified in the blood of the Lamb.

A gentleman called to see me and said in early life he had been a Christian, joined the church, was well-to-do and very happy for several years. In later years he had met with reverses, lost his wife and children, strayed away from God and Christian experiences. "Will you tell me lady, what I shall do to be saved?" "Kneel with me." I replied, "and we will see what Jesus says about your case." He appeared quite surprised that I should take him to the Lord. Before rising from our knees, I told him to ask Jesus for just what he wanted. In broken accents, with tears falling fast from his eyes, with sobs and moans, he cried: "God be merciful to me a sinner." He had not been kneeling more than half an hour when he became calm, and with a countenance clear

and bright rose to his feet saying: "God is all and I am nothing." I told him that Christ was the only one who could quiet the longings of the heart and give such tranquility as he now possessed.

One evening Mrs. H., a very beautiful and interesting lady called. I had intended to pray for her husband, who was addicted to the intoxicating cup, and so enthralled by the great curse that he was utterly powerless in himself to get deliverance. Otherwise he was a noble gentleman, of fine intellect, good business ability, refined in manners, of superior education and but for this evil habit, there never was a kinder husband or better father. One week after our covenant to pray for him, he and his wife came together to see me. I enquired into his condition as a poor, unhappy sinner. Said he: "I know my wickedness and feel that there is no hope for me." "But," I said, "as long as there is life there is hope, and you ought to have this matter settled at once." I opened the Bible and read: " 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? Look unto Me and be saved' The very moment you look to Christ with your whole heart, and receive him as your Savior," I continued, "you are regenerated," With tears in his eyes he said: "I know it, truly do I know it, but I cannot be good." "Yes, you can," I replied, "just now, and then you will not look upon God and His people as you do, but you will love your Bible and enjoy being with His children. You will love Jesus with all your heart." Sobbing aloud he said: "When could I have such a feast?" I answered: "When you turn from satan and come to Jesus. Then you are not your own but bought with a price. You are all the Lord's. When a soldier goes into the army, he enters for a certain number of years, but when you enlist in the army of God you give yourself to him forever. Pure and undefiled religion is not what you can have for a time, and then lay it down, as you would take off a garment. You need it in your going out and coming in

to your home, in your business transactions, in your duties, pleasures, your associations, and it must be the controlling principle of your thoughts, words and actions. Jesus says 'watch and pray,' which means talking with God, as the earthly child speaks to a parent. If you are tempted, go to Jesus, who was also tempted and knows how to pity you. If you are sick remember Jesus suffered pain and knows how to feel for and heal you. Whatever you do or wherever you go, ask Jesus to be with you. There is no need of your erring if you live constantly with Christ. Be sure to examine your heart and conduct by the light of God's word. Being a church member is not what saves you, but the saving power is to belong to Jesus. Do you now desire to have the Great King of Glory? If so you shall see the land where the sun never goes down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light.

He answered in tears and sobs indescribable: "I do want to be delivered from this bondage and be a true man." We knelt together and spent a short season in silent prayer, his wife praying aloud first, then I followed. We did not let go, but held on to God claiming the promise. Not, however, until he was willing to pray aloud did he get the victory, which came with such extolling power that he rejoiced in wonderful shouts of laughter and fits of weeping. The last news I received from them he was still faithful and stood firm for God, constantly holding on to Jesus for present help.

Every week I held two private meetings in my chamber and public services Sabbath afternoons in the parlors or lecture room of the Institution. Notwithstanding the quiet work in my room, a constant whispering rose up against the Sabbath services, by those who objected to God and His work of righteousness. Not by these alone but also by a Mrs. B., who professed to be a christian, attending the meetings when first opened and expressing great delight that I took a decided stand for Christ and worked for the Lord publicly. It was

not long, however, until she ceased to meet with us and used her influence against a woman speaking in public and said I had gone mad on religion and was trying to have others do likewise. I was privately informed of her whisperings and asked Jesus what was best to be done under the circumstances. I told my informants that we would make her a subject of prayer until we should see a change. The next Sabbath, but one, she was present.

I spoke with great liberty on the Spirit's power. She could not sit still, but winced under God's mighty convincing truth and wept bitterly. She afterwards came to my room, acknowledging her past conduct, not knowing that I had already been apprised of her secret exception to God and his work of righteousness. She told me that in the past week it had not been possible to shake from her mind the deep, sad impressions when she thought of my work for Jesus, and often when I was present in the public parlors she had to leave on account of her tears. She begged my pardon and asked me to pray for her. While kneeling she came and leaned her head upon my shoulder and cried aloud. Before rising she became calm and I believe never again doubted the blessed Savior.

A young man from Hartford, Conn., who was an invalid, having but little use of his limbs, received word that his only sister was dead, leaving the widowed mother alone, he being the only son. In his great sorrow he sent for me saying as I entered the room: "I am without hope in God." Seeing that he was stricken in spirit I pointed him to the Savior. Opening my Bible I read: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Then praying with him I took my leave, for he was almost in despair, refusing to eat, drink or sleep. Alone in my room I told the Lord to comfort, cheer and calm his troubled heart. In a few hours I returned and told him to rest in Jesus, who was his dearest friend. Together we told the blessed Savior everything. He told Jesus all his past life and found peace with God.

He became an eager inquirer about the Bible, and as he could not read, I spent many hours in reading and explaining the beauty of Jesus and his redeeming love. Being too short of means to remain longer in the Institution I secured aid in replenishing his ward-robe, bought him a railroad ticket and had sufficient money to defray his expenses to his home in Connecticut. Oh, how he wept and how thankful he was for what had been done for him, in Jesus' name. He was at home but a few days until he took a relapse and passed to Glory with songs and rejoicing. His mother wrote to me saying: "My son's last words were 'I am so glad that I ever met sister Miller, who taught me how to come to Jesus with my sins, and then to lay my gift afterwards upon the altar believing the altar sanctified the gift. Oh, that God would keep her long upon earth to give the true gospel that saves to the uttermost. Mother I am so glad to have this perfect love, this sanctification which is obtained by the simple act of faith, showing that "our old man is crucified that the body of sin might be destroyed." You must not only lay me aside, dear mother, but let every sorrow connected therewith be given to Jesus, who careth for you, when Christ will have full possession of soul and body. So accept Jesus before I pass away who will aid you in giving np the last child of your old age. He will teach you every day to do good that souls may be saved.' Oh, how glad I am to accept Him, who so bleesedly saved my only son. As you taught him so did he teach me I do thank you, dear sister Miller, for what you did for my boy and for what you have done for me through his teachings. I am sanctified and satisfied in Christ.

MRS. L. E. WILLIAMS."

Feeling assured that my work was done in Florence Heights, I asked the Lord for guidance. I was directed to go to the Delaware Water Gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains, Pa.

It was the same voice speaking and I promptly obeyed. Here my work was also of a private character. The Delaware Water Gap is quite a resort for invalids as well as the gay and fashionable class of society. I arrived at Dr. Hurd's on April 11th, 1877. I was received and greeted kindly by the proprietor who knew of my coming and had a neat room ready for me on the second floor. In four hours after my arrival an interesting young lady called upon me in my room. She was very graceful in appearance, refined in manner, possessing a soft, low voice and a sad, mild countenance. She said with tears in her eyes that she had heard of me and desired that I should know about her past life. She asked me to pray for her, which I did. On rising from our knees she appeared more calm and self possessed but quite unhappy. In conversing with her I found she knew but little about the Bible. Her rich and influential friends were against Christ and she thought all great minds, like her own kindred were opposed to Him also. I assured her of her great mistake and that her ideas were not correct. I pointed out many of our great statesmen. Such men as Pitt, Webster, Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln, Adams, Clay; the great poets, Whittier, Bryant, Tennyson, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Dante, Milton, who were all Christians. Also many of the inventors, Howe, McCormick, Watts, Morse, and scores of artists and musicians as well as our great women such as Lady Huntingdon, Madam Guion, Mrs. Fletcher, Ann Rogers, Lucretia Mott, were not only Christians but public workers for God. After some hours' conversation and earnest prayer she left, feeling some better but not at all satisfied. Two days afterward she came again to my room. I saw at a glance from her cheerful countenance and happy smile that she was no longer in doubt. Without any fear or timidity she told me the story of accepting Christ as her Savior, saying: "Let us thank Him together." She began at once to work for her loved ones, meeting me daily in secret prayer. The last words from her

own pen to me were: "I am still in the highway doing what I can for Christ Jesus."

A young Roman Catholic girl came to my room early in the morning saying: "I have been very unhappy ever since I heard you speak to the young gentleman who said he wanted to talk with you about his ideas on religion. Having been taught by the priest and my people that I should not converse with Protestants I have not known what to do. This morning I felt a desire to have a talk with you."

She told me of her great sorrow and how unhappy she was. I was not long in learning that her weakness, temptations and feelings had brought her into bondage and great darkness.

I told her that in Christ she could always triumph everywhere and be saved to the uttermost and it means "a perfect work." When the angel appeared unto Joseph in a dream about the birth of the Savior he said: "Then shalt thou call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins." Do you suppose that God, who hates sin in the sinner, will not hear your cry, relieve your wants, and grant your request? He who loved righteousness and hated iniquity six thousand years ago, bear s the same love to righteousness and hatred to iniquity still. But he desires a perfect surrender on your part, and a belief that He is able to mould you into a vessel to his own honor and glory. This is what is meant in being "swallowed up in God through Christ Jesus." If you were ever in a pottery you would have seen the beautiful vessels made out of a rough lump of clay, which is not done in a moment.

The clay is first put into the potter's hands to be used in whatever way he thinks best. The clay is passive. The potter's business is to grind it and then make it sufficiently moist. When he moulds it into the desired shape he turns it on a wheel to cut off superfluous material. After drying it is put into a furnace and if it stands the white heat it is turned

out of the maker's hands a vessel fit for use. Now, my dear girl, do you see the clay's part and the potter's part?

She replied: "I do, I do." "You see that God is the workman and you are the clay in this skillful worker's hand to be moulded and polished into a sound vessel, for the Master's use." "It is wonderful to see God in His beauty," she replied. Since you are able to appreciate the Heavenly Father's beautiful work why not allow him to begin now? You can never be changed as you desire unless you surrender all to the great Workman, who is able and willing to mould you after his own pattern. Do not think anything about your former teaching, or that you are too young, or not good enough. It is just such as you that Jesus came to save and we will ask him now to accept you, while your heart is tender and open to his call. As we continued our supplications for the work to be done now without any mistake, she clapped her hands, saying: "I do believe that God is my Father and I am firmly fitted to do His will forever, knowing now that it is not man but God to whom I am responsible." Rising from our knees she said: "I was taught that it was not necessary for me to read the Bible and when I did open it satan appeared to me to be in it. But now I shall peruse it daily and lay up its contents in my heart and practice them in my life." She was all given up to God and has lived a constant Christian life, using her influence to change the views of many of her Catholic friends and teach them the way of life.

The conversation between the married man and myself that led her to see me was this: He began by saying that he read his Bible, attended church, did not swear, drink nor play cards, dealt justly and honestly with all and did as nearly right as he could. He appeared very self satisfied indeed. "But," said I, "have you not often done things and had thoughts that you felt were not right, in the sight of God?" "Certainly I have," he replied, "and I supposed every other person had." Turning in my Bible to 1st John 3: 20, I read: "If our heart

condemn us, God is greater than our heart and kdoweth all things." I said: "Will you just note down your thoughts for one day only and multiply this by the number of days in your life and you will then have some idea how your account stands before a just God." Said he: "When a man becomes a Christian all his past sins are blotted out and are not on the book of remembrance any more." "Very well," I replied, "we are taught to love God with all our heart, soul and mind. Do you so love him?" "I think I do," he answered. "Do you love your wife and baby with your whole heart," I asked? "Yes, I do love them with all my heart." "Well, now, you can have some idea how much you love God by comparing the love you have for Him with that you have for your family. Which do you love most?" I asked. He did not answer. "Which letters do you most enjoy, those from your wife and friends, or these?" opening my Bible to God's epistles. He did not reply. "Do you pray every day, friend?" "No I do not."

"What would your family think if you allowed a day to pass without speaking to them? Could you love them as you ought and not have daily communion with them?" Turning to Eph. 5:33, I read that you must love your wife as your own life. "Hence your family according to God's word, should be dearer to you than anything else on earth. But he requires you to love Him more than all this. God is a spirit and those who worship Him must worship him in spirit and in truth. You tell me, my friend, that you are a moral man, attend church and read your Bible. All this, though it is right, will not save you. Opening the Word I read: 'If ye love Me keep My commandments.' This is our motive for doing right; because we love God, and desire to obey Him. Hear me, friend, your life says to God: 'I am good enough;" to Jesus: 'You need not to have died for me;' and to the Holy Spirit: 'I do not desire you to help me from doing wrong, nor help me to do right.' Do you see, sir, that your

plan cannot possibly take you into the city of God? The world, which sees your every day actions may commend, appreciate and call you a good man, but the Word says: 'No man can see the Father, only through the Son led by the Holy Ghost.'" He immediately looked upon the plan of salvation very different than through his good works. We knelt together. I asked the Spirit to help him to accept God's plan of redemption through his son Jesus Christ. When we arose he said with a bright countenance: "I see now how much I need the good Lord's way in saving me.' His last words to me were: "Sister Miller, I am so glad I met you and have been taught the way to God, and with His help I shall ever serve Him, and teach others that it does not pay to be a moralist."

It was a common thing for persons to be directed by the Spirit to me, and be converted before they left. Others who were not instantly saved would not give up seeking until they found peace with God. Before leaving Dr. Hurd's, I had my trunk packed five weeks, being wonderfully exercised in prayer and had a strange experience, because it was not plain where I should go, nor what the Lord wanted me to do. Very often a spirit of prayer would continue with me for days. I would very often pray myself asleep, wake up in the night, feeling the same desire to importune the Throne of Grace. I often went alone to the rippling brookside and told the blessed Lord I saw him in it, and as many times to the beautiful forest, fall upon my knees exclaiming: "Dear Lord, Thou art here and I do love Thee." Again, I would go to the mountains, asking the Savior to meet me there and tell me what my next work was to be.

Dr. Hurd had instructed me to take a rest from active labor and insisted upon my returning to my home in Virginia, and remain there at least for one year. I could not see my way clear to do so without my Father's direction. The last day of the fifth week of my great supplication, I went to a beauti-

ful grove to commune with God saying: "I am here to abide and not leave this spot, until you decide for me, my next field of labor." Very soon the answer came to me in this wise: "Would you remain until noon if you got no answer?" I said: "Yea, Lord, I shall remain until nightfall, neither eating nor drinking, until I know Thy will." Then these words rushed to my mind: "Thy will be done and not Mine." In a moment it came to me: "Take the the early train tomorrow morning for Trenton, New Jersey." I answered: "Dear Lord, what wilt thou have me do there?" These words came in an audible voice: "I will teach you." My whole being was thrilled to overflowing with joy. I arose from my knees with a song of thanksgiving and prayer in my heart. Going to the house I met many dear friends who knew I was awaiting an answer from God, and I told them my next place was Trenton, New Jersey.

The evening of the next day found me in that city. Alighting from the train I said: "Lord what wilt Thou have me do?" The answer came promptly: "Go to Mrs. Ashton's," the lady who had entertained me when I spoke there on temperance in the previous March. Directed by the good Lord I arrived at my place about sun-down, August, 1877. Mrs. Ashton was not at home, but her niece, Miss Stockton, received me very cordially. She informed me that a temperance meeting would be held at eight o'clock and invited me to accompany her.

The president of the meeting invited me to speak. Believing it was the will of God I consented, going to the platform without any preparation whatever. I said: "Lord teach me," and these words came to my mind: "Many are called but few are chosen." It was Christ who did the work. Everyone in the house was moved, many to tears. At the close of the meeting the president and people urged me to take charge of their meeting and speak every night for a week. I did not dare to refuse, realizing that the request came from my Father, and only speak of it to prove the Spirit's power.

This call was so sudden and foreign to anything I thought, I could not doubt the hand of God. Having labored with them a few nights, I learned there was a mighty conflict with the powers of darkness. Their society was called the Reformed Club and was composed entirely of reformed men. There had been some trouble between them and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, consequently they were holding meetings in separate halls. After learning the nature of the difficulty and believing it was due to a misunderstanding I took the matter to the Savior, desiring to be led only by Him. From the beginning we had wonderful meetings. I taught the true nature of depravity; that the lusts of the flesh are contrary to the gospel of Christ; that the spirit of God is persuasive and His work is to convict, convince and convert the sinner. Every one of the reformed men appeared to appreciate and accept the gospel of temperance as I gave it night after night. It was not long until I could see the Spirit's power in our midst and work being done for eternity. After meeting one evening, a brother said: "Sister Miller since you have been working with us I am looking upon God's word as never before. What I had known of the Bible appears to me now to have been a mere preface, compared to what is to be learned. I am so thankful you are here and I verily believe that you were sent of God. I do constantly thank him for your teaching and the implicit joy of Christ constantly in my soul. I cannot keep silent on the subject of true and pure salvation but want everybody to realize their present need of the Lord." Ministers of the different denominations came to the meetings and acknowledged that God was present. It was not only signing the pledge, which I presented every evening, but the earnest desire I felt to take the pledge of God in their souls, have their sins forgiven, and lead others in the path of righteousness. It was not unusual to see the most wicked and degraded drunkards come into the meetings, sign the pledge, give their hearts to God and lead respectable lives.

But during all this wonderful work the Woman's Christian Temperance Union did not unite with me in aiding, strengthening and building up those fallen men. None of the women but my dear friend, Mrs. Ashton, accompanied me to these meetings. Owing to my constant work with the Club I was not permitted to meet with the ladies in their Union as often as I earnestly desired. I was, however, exceedingly depressed and felt a desire to spend hours in prayer for the uniting of the two parties. After seasons of pleading with God, I was directed to attend the Woman's Union and by request led the meeting. I asked the officers if they would not consent to meet those of the Club and settle the matter as God should direct, the meeting to be held in Mrs. Ashton's parlors. To this they consented and I communicated with the other party who were very anxious to worship in the same building. Both parties assembled at the hour appointed and agreed to work and worship as God directed. The following evening all the members of the Union, met at our meeting, and what a meeting it was! The Holy Ghost filled my whole being. I could not restrain my tears when delivering His Divine message. As I wept so did the others and there was a general breaking down all over the house. During the closing prayer, led by Mrs. Allen, president of the Union, the impression came to me: "This is your last meeting with the club." Before announcing the closing hymn I told the audience of my Divine instructions and there publicly bid them adieu. Instead of remaining one week as requested, I was with them three months, though never permitted to meet either party after the night referred to. I was rejoiced to know that scores and scores were saved and became workers, continuing firm and dying in the faith. Others are living, sober, Godly men, letting their light shine daily for Jesus.

During my work there many ministers from neighboring towns and villiages in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, called to see me and invited me to speak in their churches on temperance. In company with a number of the converts and my organist, Miss Stockton, I spoke in many places before leaving Trenton.

The day following the close of the meeting in Trenton, I was called to a section of the city almost entirely made up of Roman Catholics. It was the most degraded, wicked place I had been in. Mrs. C——, a very earnest worker for souls, was deeply impressed to have something done to arouse the people and awaken sinners. After much prayer she called up on me and narrated the peculiar circumstances relative to the character of the people and their surroundings.

We went immediately and entered on our field of labor. From a gentleman who had recently failed in business we secured a large store room. In a short time we had seats, lamps, Bibles, song books and the room in perfect order for work. The first service was held on Sabbath. I impressed upon all minds that Christ would hear and answer prayer, provided we complied with the condition of His promises. I closed by saying that I had great faith in God, and if we stood united in faith and prayer expecting the immediate out pouring of the Holy Ghost we were sure to receive a present answer from the Lord.

The room was crowded at every meeting and as many more on the street who could not gain admittance. The room being on the ground floor we were obliged to get policemen to keep the sidewalks cleared. The power of God was so great that outsiders were as attentive listeners as those in the house. Every night some poor sorrowing soul found the assurance that the Redeemer of all mankind was a present helper in the time of need. There was a dear young lady who came out at the beginning of the meetings who soon came to the point in her experience that she was lost and tha

there was no salvation for her. She was a very beautiful girl, fond of dress and made a very fine appearance in society. There was nothing I could see as a stumbling-block in her way. I talked with and prayed for her repeatedly, as did other workers. Often I was fearful she would let go of God and allow satan to gain the victory. Daily she came to my room, sometimes twice a day, when I always prayed with and for her. Her constant cry was: "I am lost. I am lost. There is no help for me." It came to me very clearly that I must make a sudden change. Hence I said very sharply: "My dear girl, you knowing now what you do about salvation and still continuing in sin makes God a liar so it is not necessary for me to talk with you any more." I arose quickly, put on my hat and left the room. She was not at the meeting that evening nor the next. The third night she was present and the first one to greet me saying: "Oh, Sister Miller, I know. I know what it was. Nothing but my dress. I was ashamed to confess it when you asked me. Every time afterwards when praying, dress would come up before me. When you left me so suddenly in your room I thought surely my time had come to die and you would be sorry to find me dead on your return. Not until I said: 'Oh, dear Lord, take me just as I am and I will give up my dress and everything that is contrary to Thy will,' could I have the great joy welling up in my soul, thrilling me with happiness so great that I could shout aloud and tell everyone that I had found the pearl of great price. I am all the Lord's and shall serve him forever." When she returned to her home in Philadelphia she began at once to work in the church with which she united. She often wrote me of the great peace she felt in being a co-worker with Jesus.

Great interest was manifested from night to night, in the saving of many dear souls. In the midst of this meeting, Rev. Mr. Cook of Hulmeville, Pa., called upon me saying a protracted effort was to open in his church the following

week. But the work in which I was engaged prevented my acceptance. We organized here a good Sabbath school, before I left, and began plans for a lot on which to erect a church.

At the close of my work in Trenton, I was called to Brother Cook, beginning a protracted meeting December, 1877. My desire was to reach the hearts of the people in the first meeting and the presence of God was felt in wonderful, mighty power. The first night I preached the mourner's bench was filled. Many cried for mercy and found relief. A score of precious souls testified publicly to a clear, bright conversion and at once began working for others. The next morning I went to a beautiful grove, not far from the village, where all alone I poured out my soul to God, asking that there might not be any mistakes made, but as He had so wonderfully manifested Himself in the beginning, to so continue. The work increased. The house was crowded. Christian parents laid hold upon God for their unconverted children. Sabbath school teachers prayed for their classes, until everyone appeared to catch the inspiration of the work. The minister's wife had a class of twenty young men, who were all converted but two. Both old and young understood that I was preaching to sinners in the power of the Spirit's demonstration.

Many were grievously affected in their personality, when I knew nothing concerning their characters. In many instances they would accept the truth, realize their condition, be converted and become the best workers in the meeting. A dear young lady with the tears coursing down her cheeks, and her whole frame quivering, under sinful transgression, wanted me to explain conviction to her. Opening the Bible I read these words: "He that believeth not is condemned because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." "You see that conviction for sin is the first step in believing," said I. "When the Holy Spirit reveals the Son of God and your sins are made very plain, you feel wonderfully distressed

without the help of Christ and because of your heavy weight of sin, you are crushed, having to cry aloud for mercy, finding it nowhere but in Jesus. This is conviction brought to bear upon your mind and it will continue until you lay down the weapons of rebellion through the atoning blood of your blessed Redeemer, when your sins will be forgiven through faith in Christ Jesus." "But I am too wicked for Jesus to save me," she replied. "That is why He came into the world," I answered, "to work out your righteousness, to become a sacrifice for your sins, avert punishment, secure favor, by which you can be justified and accepted of God, as though you had not sinned. It is not because a criminal is pure, that he is acquitted in a court of justice, but in there not being sufficient evidence to convict him. You, as a sinner, are pronounced guilty before the court of heaven and the charges against you are not withdrawn because of your innocence, but for what Christ has done to meet the demands of your sins, at the court of the King's bench, that you are acquitted. Do you understand the meaning of justification, which shows the importance of entering in at the straight gate?" "I think it is very plain," she answered, "but why do you call it the straight gate?" "Because there is not room enough for your unrighteousness, and if you get to the Father, it must be through Jesus Christ, who says: 'Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple.' The original Greek text says: 'That forsaketh not the things of himself.'" The dear Lord was truly in our midst and that to save the poor fluttering, timid heart and keep her in the true and narrow way, when she consecrated all to His keeping. The second night I preached, ten persons united with the church and so the work went on with great interest until many rejoiced in the Lord. Hallelujah!

My next work was with Rev. Mr. Slack in Trelltown, Pa. The spirit of prayer for his people had been upon me from the time I first met the pastor. It appeared to me I had

real travail of soul, so much so I would feel almost crushed and exhausted, and could scarcely bear up under the heavy burden. I continued under this pressure and was in constant prayer for days. One morning after a prayerful night these words came to my mind: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." At that moment a wonderful peace came over me.

In this state of perfect rest and quiet assurance, I began to work with the minister in this protracted effort. From the very beginning, the word of God took effect upon the hearts of the people. The news went around the community. The work spread and the house was so crowded many were turned away, not able to find standing room. I presented satan as the ruler of sin and Christ as the savior from it. Such was the spiritual condition of the meetings that careless sinners would be convicted and converted the same evening. Ministers and others who came in, would say at once they felt a Divine influence and that God was truly in His own house A gentleman from Philadelphia who was in the town on business, came to the meeting, became alarmed about his sinful condition, sought the Lord, found Him, returned to his home, erected an altar, asked a blessing at the table, united with the church of his choice and became an active and efficient worker for the Lord. His last letter to me stated that he had been the means of doing much good and seeing hundreds of souls saved. I could not but exclaim, "Praise God!" from a happy heart which was running over with love to Him. It appeared to me at that moment, that Jesus said to to me: "Look at Me, daughter, and be satisfied." I answered: "Yes, blessed Holy Spirit, my daily Comforter, I love Thee with all my heart." Oh, how He talked about so many things which encouraged my faith to lean only on Him, who says: "I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest for your soul." Hallelujah to Jesus! who is my daily delight. Amen and amen.

A young lady under deep conviction, said she could not see her way clear and was in great distress of mind. I asked her if she did not love Jesus. "I do not know Him," she answered, "and it is utterly impossible for me to accept Him as my Savior." She continued weeping bitterly. "Do you read God's word?" I asked. "Yes ma'am, and that is why I know I am such a sinner." "Does not the Word say: 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest?' Are you seeking Jesus?" "Yes, but I do not have rest or peace either." "Are you heavy laden and sad on account of your sins?" "Yes, I know I am sorry for every thing I have ever done against God." "When does He tell you to come to Him?" "Now," she replied. "Have you come?" "I have." "Do you accept?" "I do, with all my heart accept Jesus." "You know He says: 'Look unto me and be saved.' Are you looking?" "I am," and at the same moment she whispered in my ear: "I see. I see. It is Christ who saves and nothing in me at all. Oh, Sister Miller! I am so happy! So happy in Jesus." As she arose from her knees wiping the tears from her eyes, her countenance bright and shining, with a soft, low voice in clear accents, she said: "I have found the Lord to the great joy of my soul." So long as the meetings lasted she gave evidence of continuing firm in the Lord and was one of the faithful workers. Amen.

Many others who had been very wicked and had led sinful lives were happily converted and are living consistent Christians. Others scoffed at religion, turned from God, refused Christ and were never present again at the meetings. At the close of these services a man came to me, saying: "You have taken me back to the scenes of my childhood. My parents were lovers of God and often prayed for me and wanted me to be good, but I refused, did not want to accept their teachings, nor follow their example and I am a wicked sinner. Since coming to your meetings I have made up my mind, God being my helper, to lead a different life. Will you pray

for me?" I told him to pray for himself, and I would not cease praying for him until I had heard that he had accepted Christ as his perfect Savior. I never saw him again and it was over a year before I heard from him. He wrote me, saying: "I have sought God for the forgiveness of my sins, afterwards for the old nature to be entirely removed. The blood of Christ has saved me from all sin, and I am enjoying great peace and happiness."

I was entertained at Mr. White's while laboring at Tulleytown, where I rested a few weeks in their pleasant home, during which time I was accompanied by dear Sister White, who was always willing and ready to visit the converts and give them a word of encouragement, that they might not give way to the enemy of their souls.

My next work was with the same pastor at Emilie, Pa. In narrating the incidents connected with these interesting meetings I live over again those precious years. There were no great things done here until many obstacles were over come and difficulties surmounted, after which the work of the Lord prospered and souls were saved. When closing this meeting I was invited to Mr. L——'s, a Roman Catholic, whose son and three daughters had been converted. The son first made a public confession to me, then begged my pardon. Said he: "When you began to preach at Emilie I would not go to hear you. The first time I went was to please my sisters, who had been saved. After preaching you requested the church to come forward and sinners to take a stand for God. I was surprised and felt really angry and indignant, thinking I would never again enter the church, or listen to you preach again. When the next night came and the family were getting ready I was compelled, contrary to my better feelings and clearer judgment, to go to hear you again. After the sermon you came down in the congregation. When coming towards me you stopped. Addressing me you said: 'Young man, what about that soul of yours?' I did not an-

swer and you passed on. I went home that night realizing that I was a sinner, but to get clear of my conscience I took great exception to you and said according to the Protestant Bible you should be prohibited from speaking in the pulpit. Everywhere I went to transact business, in the stores or families, the only topic of conversation was the revival, ending in a religious conversation. To add fuel to the flame my own family, who were interested from the beginning, and who were anxious for me, the only son, did not give me any rest at home and so many of my friends and companions were saved and blessed, that I could not get any encouragement in my objections to the work of God. You were announcing the text when we entered the church the second evening, and it seemed to me the word of God fell upon my ear like a peal of thunder. I felt at once the great importance of an immediate surrender to a merciful God. From that night your words took a deeper and deeper hold upon me. The guilt of the past and the great danger of condemnation was continually before me, and I realized that I was a hard sinner and deserved eternal punishment. After preaching you went into the congregation speaking to different ones in every seat and as you came to where I sat, my mind became greatly agitated as to what I should do when you reached me. My sensibilities seemed paralyzed when you extended your hand, with the words: 'Young man, do you understand your condition before the Holy Ghost?' I trembled from head to foot, but could not reply as I arose and followed to the altar, where you knelt beside me and I explained my condition as a seeker. You taught me that I was under conviction for sin. Oh, how much I suffered that night and the next day, feeling at times that I was almost crushed, but found no relief. I was first at the altar the night following when you called for seekers. In my dejected state of mind you and others talked and prayed with me, with no apparent effect. Before leaving the church I said there was no hope for me and that I was

doomed to be lost. Bidding me goodnight you said I was very near the kingdom. How is that, I thought, when I am almost heart-broken? I grew really so sad that I became frightened at my state of mind. It was a beautiful moonlight night and I said: 'Dear Lord, I shall not rest nor sleep until the sinking of the moon, unless you take me as I am for time and eternity.' I was converted at that moment and have been very happy ever since." Taking me by the hand he said: "I beg your pardon and ask your forgiveness for ever having said an unkind word about you, who led me to my blessed Jesus."

I assured him that his honest confession would prevent my holding anything against him. I visited the family in their home frequently afterward. There was great rejoicing in the neighborhood over their conversions. They all proved faithful to God and were efficient workers during the revival.

Mrs. Stout, wife of the Sabbath school superintendent and class leader, was also greatly blessed. She was a very timid, unhappy Christian because of her little faith. From the beginning she was so distressed at heart as to be almost driven to despair. She decided to settle the matter by coming to the altar, but not until the fourth night of continued seeking were the scales removed from her eyes that she could see the blessed Lord in the light of His holiness.

I wish also to speak of the conversion of a husband and wife and father, who were lovely people and among the most prominent in the place. They had been reared in the Quaker faith and taught the impropriety of making a public demonstration of their religious principles, however deep their conviction for sin might be. They attended every public service, going home feeling sad and miserable, yet too proud spirited to come to the altar. I talked to the wife, trying to make clear the sinner's condition, and found she was on the point of yielding, when she said suddenly: "I cannot go without my husband." I looked at him and saw that both he and his

wife were greatly affected. The wife said: "Husband if you will accompany me we will go forward tonight and give our hearts to Jesus." Without uttering a word he extended his hand to her and they followed me to the altar. We knelt together and I had not been praying for them long when she began weeping, and praying for her husband. They remained in this condition night after night, the husband not knowing what was in the way and the wife more concerned for him than herself. After several days' and nights' struggling, reading the Bible and praying, they were almost exhausted. In this condition, the husband agonizing alone in the barn, arose from his knees and went to the corn crib. While filling the basket he said: "Lord, I have done all I can. If I am ever saved it must be by you for Jesus' sake." At that very moment he was converted and ran to the house shouting: "I have found Christ my Savior." Taking his wife in his arms he ran about the house shouting, weeping and praising God. Then they fell upon their knees, praying for her conversion. At night she was first at the altar with a countenance sad and dejected, weeping and moaning aloud. I was glad to see her in this condition knowing that her "extremity was God's opportunity." I knelt beside her and said: "The very moment you are willing for Jesus to do the work for you, it is done." She replied: "I came tonight determined to give up all I know and all I do not know to God." Truly was she accepted at that moment, and testified, as did her husband, to the saving power of Jesus' blood. Hallelujah! The dear father, eighty-three years old, arose after their testimony and came to the altar where he was saved and died, the same year, a Christian.

Many pastors attended these meetings, inviting me to assist them, but I did not accept a call until directed of God.

Before leaving Pennsylvania I was called to speak on temperance in the churches in which I had held revival services. In every instance I tried to impress upon the minds of the

drinking men, that if they were Godly they would surely be temperate. Praise God for full salvation. Amen.

On January 1st, 1878, I began a protracted meeting in Falsington, Pa. In this work I could constantly say Abba Father. The Trenton people attended many of the services, witnessing Jesus' power to save in every meeting. Hurriedly, without taking any rest, I went next to Langhorn, Pa. Not being acquainted with pastor nor people, I made inquiry as to their mode of conducting services. The pastor replied kindly: "The meeting is yours, Sister Miller, do as you think best. We will all work together with the Master." I added: "and give God the glory." I opened this meeting Sabbath morning and held four meetings that day. In those days I always preached three times and often four and five times on the Lord's day. The pastors would insist upon my taking every service with all the extra work thrown in.

Now, I really believe, though not knowing it then, that the devil would have rejoiced to see me killed, working for my blessed Lord and Savior. The first work, of course, was with the church. Afterwards I went through the congregation, speaking to different persons as the Spirit directed, knowing their difficulties and convictions. I would then return to the pulpit and speak of each interesting case as it came to my mind, avoiding personalities. I would attempt to remove their difficulties and correct mistakes of their early teachings. Some had the erroneous idea that though using the means, they must wait a long time before God would convert them. My teaching proved to them clearly, that they must give all to Jesus, that it was not only conviction, but also contrition for sin, then confession for sin and true conversion would come through Christ. The first evening I tested the congregation, believers began working, sinners came forward and were saved.

Many interesting incidents occured in this meeting. The house was crowded to excess. Many were compelled to leave,

unable to find standing room. Some came a distance of fifteen and twenty miles from the neighboring villages and when convicted would become seekers and before leaving the altar find peace. Among the converts were drinking men, business men, poor men and those who were wealthy and held the best positions in society.

One man, who would not come to the meeting at first, stood on the outside and looked in at the window and did so for several evenings, unknown to his family or myself. He became under such deep conviction that he was compelled to come inside, taking a seat near the wall in the rear of the building. In appearance he was tall and straight, having fine features, with a clear complexion and mild countenance. He had a lovely wife, two sons and a daughter. After I finished preaching and walked into the congregation, the wife whispered to me: "My husband is present and I want you to speak to him." I was not permitted to talk with him that evening but saw where he sat and promised his wife to pray for him. He was very sad, with a pale, haggard face. It was nothing new for me to see persons under deep conviction, but his appearance was indeed alarming and very soon he arose and left the church, without speaking to any one. His wife came to my room the following day and we claimed the promise: "If two of you agree." I was not at all surprised to see him again at the public service at night. As I passed through the congregation after speaking, I was impressed by the Holy Spirit to extend him my hand, as I looked into his sad face and asked him if he did not want to be saved. He said he did and walked forward to the altar, but left at the close of the meeting without relief. He would often say: "I am so wicked and sinful that God will not hear my prayers." The fourth and last night that he was at the altar, he told me as he arose to leave that he was lost and there was no mercy for him. It was twelve o'clock when we left the church and as we neared his home it came to me forcibly by the still small

voice: "Now or never." His agony of mind was indescribable and I felt that notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and my tired body that we must make another effort for his salvation. It appeared that he had not been in a condition to grasp what had been done for him. On entering his home we knelt and truly wrestled before God for him. Brother and Sister Doan, with whom I was stopping, accompanied me and every one present prayed, even the latter, whom I had never heard pray, offered a heart-searching petition for Mr. B——, who was weeping as though his heart would break. I told him to pray aloud. He replied: "Oh, Sister Miller, I am lost." I urged him to tell his condition to Jesus. He sobbed aloud: "Oh, God, be merciful to me, a sinner, and I will love and obey you forever." The next moment he clapped his hands saying: "I have found that which I have been seeking. My great burden is gone and I am truly happy."

That night dear Sister Doan, who had not been able to speak or pray in the meetings, was set free, and became a bright light and a very great help to me in the public services. Two brothers, living in the neighborhood, being present, were also converted. When looking at my time I found it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. How blessedly the Spirit assured me that I was abiding in Him and He in me. Oh, how I praised God for a knowing salvation. Bless His holy name.

CHAPTER VI.

PROTRACTED MEETING IN NEWTON, PA.—REST AT EMILIE.—REPORTED DEATH.—NEW YORK FOR ONE YEAR.—MISSION WORK THERE.

IN FEBRUARY 1879, I opened a protracted meeting with the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Newtown, Pa. From the beginning these services were crowded and the Spirit of God was poured out upon the people. The congregation was strengthened, encouraged, and revived, when they were ready to work with us, which resulted in the saving of many souls, who united with the church and remained faithful to the cause of Christ. In this field of successful labor I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. Mr. T. and his lovely wife were good workers in the church. There was but one little girl in the family and she was their neice. One evening after preaching three sermons, she came to my room, broken up and in tears. She said: "I do want to be a true Christian and join the church, but I fear auntie will not be willing. Will you pray for me, Sister Miller? I am so unhappy." "But you need not be so, my dear child," I replied, "God is love and gave his Son to redeem you from sin that you may be happy here and when you die will live in heaven with Him forever." "I do so want to be good, but it is so hard to do what I ought." I read from the Word: "They that honor Me, I will honor and my glory will not I give to another." I made plain to her how the Israelites escaped the plague in Egypt, in having the blood upon their houses.

"As the blood saved them, so it is your refuge, too. The blood of Jesus Christ, my dear child, is your only safety in this life and that which is to come. You see it was nothing the Israëlites did to secure their safety, but they believed what was said to them. So it is with you. The Savior who shed his blood for your soul." "I believe everything you say," she replied, "and I see my condition as I never saw it before, but I feel so unhappy." Kneeling in prayer I asked the Lord to instruct and teach the dear young girl how to accept Christ that satan might not have the best of her young life. She wept bitterly and when rising from our knees, she exclaimed: "I do believe that Jesus is mine! I am saved by the blood of Christ!" She had a great desire to unite with the church, but her aunt and uncle thought best to defer it until she was older.

I would say here, that my long experience in working for the saving of souls, has proved that whether young or old, when converted it is better to unite with the church at once. Do not neglect your duty, dearly beloved converts.

One evening I preached from this text: "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." I insisted upon an immediate acceptance. The Spirit was present in His mighty power. At the close of the sermon I asked those whose minds were made up to accept Christ, to stand. Many arose, who afterwards came forward and were saved. I noticed two young women under deep conviction, sitting together who, notwithstanding their deep emotion, did not stand up or come forward. I felt constrained to press the thought again upon their minds, adding that it might be their last opportunity, especially to those who felt it a duty now to be saved. "Perhaps this moment's decision may seal your destiny forever." At the close of the service these two young women came to me, confessing they had never felt so sad as when I said: "This moment's decision may seal your destiny

forever." It proved truly their last opportunity. I never saw them again and they died unconverted.

The following evening I requested those not satisfied with their Christian experience, as well as sinners, to come forward to the altar for special prayer. A great many responded at once, Mrs. G—— among the number. However, before kneeling, the Presbyterian minister, who sat in the rear of the house, asked permission to say a few words. At the close of his remarks he came forward saying: "I should like for my people to come with me and bow at the altar." He gave me his hand requesting my prayers, as did many of his congregation. As we prayed for the strengthening of believers and the saving of sinners, one after another would arise and publicly acknowledge what had been done for them. Among the penitents, was Mrs. G——, a Presbyterian, who was in deep sorrow. I knelt and earnestly beseeched the Holy Spirit, to teach her all about the Savior, and what she must renounce to gain favor and be acceptable in His presence. Before we arose she became calm and peaceful, saying: "I am so happy, I am so happy." From that time she was no longer constrained to keep her lips closed concerning her Christian experience but always gave a clear testimony. I left her a faithful worker for the saving of souls.

The next morning Rev. Mr. Wylie, the Presbyterian minister, called upon me and said he could stay but a few moments, but so intense was his desire to please God and possess that peace which passeth all understanding, that the entire morning was spent before he left. He was decidedly a man of character, with strong will power, thorouhly educated, a great thinker and reader and fine theologian. He was reared in the Episcopalian faith and had preached that doctrine many years before uniting with the Presbyterian church. His views were evangelical, sermons logical and had a congregation interested in religion, but he was lacking in that real persuasive, thrilling, impressive power that comes from the sweet influ-

ence of the Holy Ghost. He fully realized this and cried out with his whole soul: "I am not satisfied with my efforts unassisted by the Spirit's power." I have every reason to believe that our dear, able brother, was afterward differently led, and so instructed his people. I have thought that every worker, whether minister or evangelist, is required to have divine instruction, if we take that which is of God and make it plain to suffering humanity. It is not possible to teach unless we are first taught by the Spirit of God.

The work went on, people coming miles to see and hear for themselves. There were large congregations deeply interested in the work of saving perishing souls. The good pastor, Mr. Johnson, would say: "God bless you, my dear child." One morning he came to say he was called to Philadelpha to be absent several days. I did not object but told him to go, for the Holy Spirit would be with me, though knowing at the same time that I was overworked, but spoke to no one of it but Jesus. I conducted the services, speaking three times on Sabbath and every evening in the week, not however without much prayer. I would frequently go to the cemetery, a short distance from my home, and there alone with Jesus would fall upon my knees and pray aloud for perishing souls. Very often I would remain in this place of the dead for three hours at a time, pleading for the lost and for strength to do my daily duty during the pastor's absence. Early Sabbath morning my heavy load was lifted, and the dear Lord said: "Daughter, your requests are before me. I will be with you in wisdom and strength." I arose with joy and peace unspeakable in my soul. In every meeting there was weeping all over the house, and many were saved that day whom I expect to meet in heaven. I preached three times and strength was given me for every service.

On Monday morning I was very feeble, so much so that I did not get up for breakfast, but feeling better later, went to the evening service, as the pastor had not returned. On

entering the pulpit I realized my weakness and called on a brother to pray. When rising to announce the hymn I found I could not stand, only as I held to the pulpit. My limbs shook so that I sat down and asked Jesus what had better be done. In a moment it came to me to have an experience meeting, which suggestion was truly of the Holy Spirit, for it worked like a charm and none knew that I was not able to preach. As each one spoke so freely, I took great pains to impress every word, thought and sentence upon the hearts of the young converts, that their diffidence might be overcome in testifying what Jesus had done for them. I was delighted to hear those who had so recently found the Lord, willing to testify to the saving power of the blood of Christ. Often eight or ten would rise at once, and I felt the assurance that God through Christ, was doing all. Still keeping my seat I requested all who felt their need of a Savior to come forward. Quickly they came, one by one, until the altar was filled. I called on a sister to pray, then whispered to my Heavenly Father to take the meeting, as only he knew how feeble I was. At that moment the door opened gently and as I looked up, being still seated, to the great joy and delight of my soul, I saw the pastor enter. He felt constrained to return a day sooner than he had intended. He came forward and I informed him of my illness and while the congregation was at prayer Mrs. J——, a dear Christian friend, assisted me to my home, where I remained for ten days unable to leave my bed.

I had labored night and day for eight months, speaking on the Sabbath often four or five times and on every evening taking charge of the altar services, not getting home sometimes until after midnight, and did not retire many nights until after two o'clock in the morning. In many places scores called on me at one time for spiritual advice and I was compelled to meet them all at once, pray for them and have them leave without knowing their personal sorrows.

The pastor called early next morning to say he had ap-

ointed a meeting for me that evening, as many had expressed a desire to see me personally. I explained to him the utter impossibility of remaining longer in his church and with the good people of Newton. Before I was able to leave my room, during convalescense, a young lady and her affianced called to see me. The young man had attended my meetings held in the surrounding country, but could not see his way clear to accept Christ. After prayer it seemed that the Holy Ghost showed me his true condition. I asked him if he believed in God. "Oh, yes, indeed I do," he replied. "Do you think you have treated the Savior with due respect, done your duty, and obeyed His commands as you have had light and liberty?" "No, I do not." "Is it necessary then for me to speak further on this subject, when you will not obey God as far as you know?" He did not reply. I said: "If you will make up your mind to repent, and accept the conditions to the best of your ability and not neglect your duty in any way, I will attempt to make the way as plain as I know how, in the name of Jesus." I dwelt long upon the lost who die in their sins because they reject Christ. I saw that he grew very uneasy and began to tremble. He realized the truth of my statement and could not fail to understand his lost condition. The perspiration stood in large drops on his face, tears coursed down his cheeks and breaking down wholly sobbed aloud in broken accents: "What must I do to be saved? Oh, Oh, I am such a sinner. Is there no hope for me?" "Yes," I said, "there is hope for you, my brother, and you, my sister." Opening the Bible I read from John 11.26. "The Master is come and calleth for thee." "That means you, my brother and sister. Do you understand, dear souls, that this is done for you?" "Yes," he answered, "I believe Jesus suffered and died for me." I read again from John 3.36. "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life." "Yes, I see. I see, as never before. Truly it is for me. It is for me!" We knelt together and

thanked God for His saving power. The sister continued in prayer, unwilling to rise until she also found peace in believing. They left me with their souls made happy, were married to each other and are living to serve their blessed Lord.

Before I was able to leave my chamber a message came to me from Tulleytown, saying the pastor was going to conference and himself and people were desirous that I should open services again in their church. The following week I went to Brother White's. Under their kind care I was able in a few weeks to return to Trenton, New Jersey, to greet the dear friends and converts. I also visited the Chapel that was erected as a result of the work done the previous year. While in the city my dear friend Mrs. Stout, of Emilie, Pa., called and invited me to her home for a rest. I was at a loss as to what was my duty. After talking the matter over with her and other friends, and having prayed over it, there was a unanimous decision that I should rest a week or ten days.

Late that evening I was snugly ensconced in the quiet country home of my dear friend, who had been so signally blessed when I labored in their church. A few mornings after my arrival Rev. Mr. Cook of Hulmeville, Pa., with whom I had labored, called at Mr. Stout's, who was considerably astontonished to see him so early in the morning, and asked for the news. "Have you not heard the sad news?" he replied. Mr. Stout said he had heard nothing strange. Mr. Cook said he had some very shocking news to convey, that he had seen in the last evening's paper that our dear evangelist, Sister Lizzie E. Miller, was dead. "Is that so?" said Mrs. Stout, who had heard his remarks to her husband. "Come into breakfast with us and we will talk the matter over," motioning to her husband to say nothing. She then rushed up to my room to say that Rev. Cook is here. Come to breakfast as soon as possible. They had only reached the parlor when I made my appearance, unconscious of what had passed.

Brother Cook was so shocked he sprang to his feet and took both my hands in his, exclaiming: "My dear sister in Christ, I am so gald to see you and know that you are alive! God bless you, Sister Miller. My wife and myself scarcely sleptlast night and before it was light I started here, knowing that Mr. Stout had been to see you in Trenton, but was not aware that you had returned with them." I only mention this to show how many absurd things will occur in one's experience.

Living near Mr. Stout was a family, for whom he and his wife had been praying for many months. Feeling somewhat rested and stronger in body, I impressed Mrs. Stout to call on them with me. We saw no one but the lady of the house, who to all appearances was very hardened in sin, and rather disposed to trifle with her salvation The husband was a farmer and they were considered in the community as good, moral people. When I pressed the subject of a personal Savior and asked her to accept Him, she would not reply, neither could I see any change in her views during the lengthy interview. Arising from prayer I noticed a determined look in her face, which she kept turned from me. She would not kneel in prayer, refused to extend her hand when we took our leave and remarked that if I were attending to my own business and not to others,' it would be better for me, that if she chose to go hell what was that to me? I learned afterwards that she had always led a Godless life, as had her parents. Owing to a slight difference of opinion she and her sister had not spoken to each other for ten years. I left her apparently more hardened than before. I never saw her again, but was informed that both she and her husband died as they had lived, without hope in God, never attending church, nor any religious service.

My stay with dear Mrs. Stout was very beneficial to me, though I did not get as strong as I had been before, nor able to carry on my work. My dear, loving friends and spiritual children, secured a ticket for me to proceed without delay to

New York for rest and change of climate. I was overwhelmed with surprise when informed of it and wept tears of gratitude and thanksgiving for their kindness and thoughtfulness for my welfare.

July 1st, 1878, found me a stranger in the great city of New York. As my voice went up constantly to the Lord, on my way, this passage came to me frequently: "Fear not, I am thy strength. I will instruct thee. I will lead thee in the way thou shalt go." Precious promises from my Father. When entering the station in the city, I said: "Jesus, my precious Savior, help me to look only to Thee." I sat down by an old Quaker lady who spoke to me in a very kind tone: "You are all alone?" I told her who I was, my feeble health, my desire to be quiet and not to be known. After hearing my story she said: "Come with me." I accompanied her and to my great astonishment I soon learned that the dear friend whom the Lord had given me, was none other than the great Mrs. Collins, so well known all over the city, for her pure Christian character and acts of kindness. Without asking any questions, or consulting my wishes she took me immediately to a woman physician, an intimate friend of her family, who diagnosed my case in Mrs. Collins' presence, and said I should not go to church, nor speak in any meeting. Before I was permitted to hear a sermon, or work publicly, seekers—earnest seekers, for salvation, came to my room and went away rejoicing in Christ. The Holy Ghost bearing witness that my teachings were of God, through Jesus, my blessed Savior.

When I became stronger, the dear physician who cared for me tenderly and watched me closely, permitted me to make a few calls each day and as I became better, allowed me to work a few hours, then return to my room and remain perfectly quiet during the remainder of the day and night. I enjoyed the work of God and daily improved in health, though I frequently met painful experiences which touched my better nature and enlisted my sympathies. As I became

able to go about, I spent many days in the beautiful Central Park, then visited the fish markets, oyster boats, wharves, canals, the Bowery, and tenement houses, where Christian women had never been. I administered to the wants of the sick, soothed the dying, closing their eyes and folded their hands after death, all in Jesus' name.

This city was my home, more or less, for over a year. I did more private work there than in any other place I have ever labored. I spoke not only in the missions, but also visited prisons, jails, almshouses, and held glorious meetings in tenement houses, where many were converted and became workers for Jesus. I held meetings in garrets and cellars, where backsliders were reclaimed and sinners brought from darkness to light. I expect to meet many of these in the church in glory, who were never inside a church on earth. In the first few years of my ministry, I was directed to do more personal work of this character than in later years. My first call to speak to souls individually on the streets and cars was in 1873, as I was going from Evansville, Ind., to Indianapolis, taking two fallen girls to Auntie Smith, who was president of the House of Refuge in that city. It came to me as a voice saying: "Speak to that old man in front of you, about his soul." I answered: "Oh, my Lord, I do not know what to say, to a gentleman with whom I have no acquaintance." This reply came to me clearly: "I will go before you, when by faith your heart shall be strengthened and encouraged." My happy soul burned within me, as I secretly communed with the Savior. I obeyed implicitly, and was received kindly. The Holy Spirit gave me Bible truths as I spoke. It was not until all in the car were listening attentively and when nearing our destination many gave me their hands, with tears falling from their eyes, saying they had been greatly benefited by my instruction. The old man said: "God bless you, child." While another said: "I am resolved to live a different life." Often I have been impressed to accost scores

on the street, three, five and seven times in one day, to speak to entire strangers about their salvation. To some I was led to say: "What think ye of Christ?" To many I would quote the promises and to others: "Christ wants you." I was always led to tell them whom I was and invite them to my meetings. They all came and were saved and became earnest workers to see others saved.

I have also preached on the streets and on the ocean's brink, to starving, perishing souls. When in the country I have spoken in schoolhouses, barns and private dwellings. On railroads I have visited every car and my message appeared acceptable to the learned and unlearned. I have offered Christ to poor sinners on the briny deep. Gone from home to home. Held cottage meetings day and night, led by the Spirit of God in a manner so clear and forcible that no argument on earth could ever convince me that it was not the true voice of my blessed Master.

I feel prompted to speak of this, dear reader, to show that according to God's word the weak shall confound the mighty when they have singleness of eye to the honor and glory of God. You who read these pages and are carrying your own burdens with a heavy heart and a sad soul, accept Christ as others have and you will be happy.

One very hot day in July, I went out into the park to commune alone with the Lord. I saw a young lady, who was with her brothers and sisters, enjoying their sports, as they ran around through the walks. I took a seat near, feeling impressed that I had a message for them, and soon was engaged in their innocent sport. When an opportunity offered I asked the young girl what she was doing for Jesus? She answered very slowly: "Nothing." "How is that," I said, "when Jesus has done so much for you?" "But I am not a Christian, nor do I care to be one," she replied. "That will be no excuse for you in eternity. Think calmly, dear soul, that ere long you must meet Jesus, and let your soul be ab-

sorbed with this solemn reality. Eternity, Oh, eternity! Where shall I spend eternity? Did you ever have it brought to your mind in this way before?" "I have not, for I do not talk about religion to anyone." "Can you not give the dear Savior a place in your young heart and know for yourself that His testimonies are sure and His commandments stand forever?" "There is no use for me to say 'yes,' for I have no feeling on the subject whatever," she replied. "But you must take Christ by faith," I said, "and not by feeling. Ever remember that it is nothing you do, but what Jesus has done for you. To illustrate: A certain king, who had a good heart and much wealth, desired to adopt some of his subjects into his family and allow them all the privileges of his own household. He issued a proclamation that whosoever would might become the king's sons and daughters. Many accepted the invitation, whilst others rejected the kind offer. A dear young lady desired to become his daughter, but thought there was no use to ask admittance because she was so poor, without friends and education. Her clothing was ragged and inferior, so that her appearance forbade her approach ing the king's palace. Yet she knew that the message said: 'Only knock at the door and you shall be admitted.' A friend asked her why she did not become the King's daughter? She replied: 'I am mending and washing my clothes to go, and I want some one to teach me, how to conduct myself when in the King's presence.' 'But,' said the friend, 'you will never learn the ways of the court until you get into the palace, where you will be taught by the King Himself, and as for your filthy rags, they will be taken from you and you will be washed in a clear fountain kept for that purpose, when you will be given by the King beautiful, new white garments.' The poor, friendless, unhappy girl with her soiled, tattered garments, went at once to the king's door and knocked, expecting an answer. On entering she was not asked about her clothes, nor poverty

and the change was so great she did not regret going. She was stripped of her filthy garments, washed, clothed and given instructions from the king himself, as to her manner of living. She was so happy in her beautiful home that she remained as the king's own daughter, rejoicing to be in his presence, and do his daily bidding. Now, my dear young girl, if you will ask the King of kings, Jesus, your Savior, to enter his rich palace, he will open the door and not only welcome, but wash you in his blood, which will cleanse you from all sin, will remove the filthy garments, which is your own evil nature, and will give you robes of righteousness and ever claim you as his own daughter." The dear girl answered: "I could not tell when Christ opened the door." "It is nothing you can do, but simply ask in faith, believing that He is true, who has promised." "I have never had any one teach me the plan of salvation before," she replied, "and I thank you," tears falling in great drops from her beautiful brown eyes. She said, "I do want to accept him now."

Again I read: "The Lord will teach thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way thou shouldst go. Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying: 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'" Weeping and sobbing aloud, she said: "Oh, do pray for me. I cannot bear the thought of being lost and forever living in hell." Opening to Isaiah, 5:14, I read: "Hell hath enlarged herself, saith the Lord, and their glory and their multitude, and their pomp and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." I then asked God that she might understand satan with all his devices, and turn from him that moment. I stopped speaking alone and she continued on her knees with her face buried in her hands, saying: "Oh, my Father, do save me now. I cannot bear the thought of being lost forever. I want peace, happiness, and this joy from you that I have just heard about from thy servant. I do not want any more hell, but heaven in my soul.

Christ accepted her at that moment and she arose with a peace flowing like a river. By perfect obedience, her sins were taken away, and she was cleansed by the blood of the Lamb and went her way rejoicing. She has since married a Christian gentleman and they are both living to serve God and do good.

When in the Hudson street Mission, New York, I came down from where I had been addressing the audience and began talking to a man, who was weeping bitterly. I first asked him if he was a Christian? He answered in sobs: "Oh, no, no, lady. I am not, but have sinned against God all my life. I have always felt that I would be a Christian some day, but now it is too late. I am an invalid and never expect to be any better. You have told me tonight: 'He that being often reproved hardeneth his heart, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.'" "Does not God also say: 'As long as there is life there is hope?'" I asked. "You have a true remedy in Jesus, who died for you and who will never turn a deaf ear to your call, if you will only ask him believing." "Ever since I was a child," he said, "I have known about Jesus, and that is what hurts me so now. Oh, I am such a sinner; it is too late, too late, to call upon God."

"Hear, friend, what the Lord says: 'Come, now, let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow.'"

"Many sick and afflicted came to Jesus when He was here upon earth and He healed them. He is the same now that He was then." "But, I am so feeble and cannot pray," he said. "Let us ask Him together," I replied, "for both soul and body, that God by His Holy Spirit will help you."

He requested my prayers. I took his name in my book, knowing Jesus had him in His book of remembrance, which was far better than mine. He was present the night following and the first thing he said was: "Are you praying for me?" "Have you been praying for yourself?" I asked. "Yes

I have, but I cannot feel that God hears me." "Are you really in earnest?" I asked. "If I know my own heart, I want to be a Christian now. The Holy Spirit has so often told me I ought to be saved, but I have driven Him from me and I fear I have sinned away my day of grace, or committed the unpardonable sin, and there is no mercy for me." "Does this thought constantly trouble you?" I asked. "Yes, so much so that sometimes my grief cannot be described." "Hear me, friend, I have known a great many who thought they had committed the unpardonable sin and as many as I know, became Christians, for they found it was a delusion of satan, and of their own deceitful hearts, to keep them from the Savior. So long as your mind is troubled on the subject of salvation, it is God's spirit showing you that He is still waiting to be gracious." "Since you have spoken in these meetings," said he, "every sin I ever committed in my life has arisen before me." "I am glad to hear you are troubled," I said, "I am not pleased because you are a sinner, but that you know you are one." "Will you tell me, lady, how to come to Jesus?" he asked. Opening my Bible I proved to him the words of Jesus, who says: "Look to me. Come to me. Believe on me and thou shalt be saved." "Now, looking, coming and believing all mean the same thing and when you are perfectly willing to do this you have faith in Christ and then your sins are forgiven." "But how am I to know my sins are forgiven?" "Simply because God says so. All power in heaven belongs to Him and He never changes. If you knew that God had sent a letter from heaven expressly to teach you to have no more trouble about your sins, but to simply trust Him here and when you die He would take you to Himself forever, would you believe Him so much as to be glad, happy and have perfect peace in your soul?" "Yes, indeed I would, most assuredly." Again opening my Bible I read to him many promises from God's letter, closing with these words: "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life,"—

John 6: 47. He replied: "I never knew that God had promised so many beautiful things. I do believe." I said: "Then you simply take Christ at His word." "I see. I see as never before, that He has redeemed me by His precious blood, and I will glorify Him in spirit, soul, and body and do what I can to bring other sinners to Him and serve Him forever. Pray for me daily, Sister Miller. I can never forget you, but shall ever remember you at the throne of grace, God being my helper." Hearing from him after a lapse of twelve years, he was well in body, happy in spirit, and daily serving the Lord.

Sister N—— called upon me one afternoon, wanting I should accompany her to the matinee. Pinafore had been the rage for several weeks. I declined the invitation as it was contrary to the word of God. Not satisfied with my just refusal, she again requested me to go, urging that I was too young to be shut out from all public amusements. This led me into a Christian conversation with her, explaining why I was conscientiously opposed to theatres and such amusements as were not of God, plainly teaching her as directed by the Holy Spirit, the true relationship of Christ with his followers. She was a very refined lady, much my senior, but had no scruples against attending light amusement.

Opening my Bible to Samuel 12:24, I read: "Fear the Lord and serve Him in truth with all your heart. The secret of the Lord is with them that serve Him." The word of God through my lips touched her and she wept, saying, "Oh, that my hard heart was melted and I could know God as you do. I want to find Christ and make Him my dwelling place." From my open book I read: "Put away the evil of your doings before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well and I will blot out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and I will not remember thy sins." Her heart being touched I begged her to seek Christ at that moment. She bowed with me in all humility of heart and before leaving

the room found Jesus precious to her soul. It was not many days before she found there was something more for her, and as we knelt in the presence of our Heavenly Father, the Holy Ghost fell on her in mighty power. Oh, how she shouted and clapped her hands, saying: "There is power in Jesus' blood! There is power in Jesus' blood!" Every time she said it I felt like an electric shock going through me, and I was wonderfully swayed by the mighty power of God. Though very weary in body, I felt to hold on to her, least satan should get the advantage of her great victory in the light of sanctification. When she became more calm, I read from my Bible many passages of scripture on faith and explained them to her. The Lord wonderfully helped me to show her the difference between the Spirit of God and the spirit of satan, for which she was very thankful. The Holy Ghost taught her and she is a true worker for the Master today. Hallelujah!

When going from Mrs. N.'s chamber a gentleman asked me if I would come into his room and pray with his sick wife. When learning her history I read the Word, and the Spirit taught me the proper explanation; when in prayer she appeared to find peace and I left her very happy. Two days afterwards the Lord took her to glory. That day I was called by one and another until I made ten calls, not getting to my room until quite late in the evening. I became so interested in the work for Jesus that I forgot all about my weary body until I came home and laid down, when I shook like an aspen leaf. When thinking of it, I often wonder how I did so much. At times I have gone out feeling so weak that it was hard for me to walk, and if God had not heard my prayer by giving me sudden strength, I should have fallen by the wayside. Blessed be His holy name. How well I know His mighty strengthening touch in time of need. Amen.

CHAPTER VI.

LITHGOW, N. Y.—POUGHKEEPSIE—KAATSKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON—HEINS FALLS—ELMIRA—SENECA FALLS—W. C. T. U. CONVENTION AT ROUND LAKE—NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH, VA.—WASHINGTON—CUMBERLAND, VA.—AT HOME IN W. V.—PLEASANT VALLEY—COLLIER—WELLSBURG—TUCKER.

ON DECEMBER 1st, 1878, from the Grand Central depot, I took the New York and Harlem road for the town of Lithgow, N. Y., having been called by the Rev. Mr. Slack, with whom I had labored in different places in Bucks County, Pa. With much thanksgiving in my soul I praised God for being able to again enter the pulpit and preach Christ, to a large congregation.

A young man who was blessedly saved in the first of the services wanted to know of me, privately, how he should make the best of life? I read from the Psalms: "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies, and not to know thyself." You should accept the scriptural knowledge which excels my teaching. The prodigal first came to himself and went to his father. You should be true to God who maintaines thy life in wisdom, goodness and love. As you have taken Christ as your perfect Savior, consecrate all you have, and are, and ever expect to be, to his keeping. Receive the Holy Ghost as your comforter, accept his daily teachings and embrace every opportunity possible for doing good. The Bible says: "He that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly, but he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." Have

faith then in God and ye shall not lack in making the most of life. Paul said: "I can do all things in Christ which strengtheneth me." Remember, friend, those who have made the greatest success in this life have been the most self-sacrificing. In the war of the Crimea, Florence Nightengale's work was useful. She had great success in the midst of toil and extreme privations. Such a life of entire consecration to the Master's service will prove to you how one can make the best of life. Success as a true Christian worker is not attained in any other way than by putting all on the altar when you will be taught by the Holy Ghost how to make the best of life."

He answered: "I am truly benefited by your instruction and shall prove with God's help, in the future, that your work for me has not been in vain." Oh, how humble I felt in the presence of the Great Father. With tears in his eyes he said: "Good bye, pray for me." I gave him Nehemiah's counsel: "Go your way, eat the fat, drink the sweet and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.

The following week I began a protracted meeting in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Chestnut Ridge, New York, by request of Mr. Russell, the class-leader and Sabbath school superintendent. Their pastor, in the previous year, not being spiritual, set a bad example. The church ran down under his ministry. The state of religion kept growing worse, and so few attended services that he was compelled to leave the charge for want of support. I found them without a pastor or regular services and in a very backslidden state. From the first meeting the Spirit of God was manifested, and souls convicted, but not a general breaking down and desire for work, among the church members, as I hoped to see for a sweeping revival. I was impressed at once to visit from house to house, through which much good was accomplished.

At the bedside of a very sick gentleman, with whom, on

entering his chamber I feared it would be impossible to converse much about his soul's salvation. I drew my chair in front of him and began talking about his pain and severe suffering. I had not spoken long until he began crying, saying that if God was just he would not be such a sufferer. I read out of my Bible the many promises of the blessed Master, and told him he could claim them as his own, impressing upon his mind the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. Before leaving I sang that beautiful hymn of Watts', who assures us that in heaven "sickness nor sorrow, pain nor death are felt and feared no more." He grew calm, ceased from weeping, while I prayed. He promised as I took his hand, that he would lead a different life and serve God. The Holy Spirit helped me to present the truth in a clear, unmistakable manner, leaving the result with Jesus. The church was quickened, sinners converted and God's faithful ones encouraged.

January 20th, 1879, found me at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the Hudson river, where I preached in the M. E. Church morning and evening. At the closing service a dear, young wife introduced herself to me, inviting me to luncheon with her, as she desired a private conversation with me, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke. This dear, crushed child of sorrow, after unburdening her heart, laid her head upon my bosom and sobbed out: "Oh, do tell me what I must do." As I put one arm around her, and gently stroked her tear stained face with my hand, I said: "My precious sister, it is not for me to say. There is One above who can do more than you can conceive, or even think, if you rest implicitly upon Him and ask with your whole heart." "I do not know how to pray," she answered. I laid her case before the Lord in prayer, and then told her to ask God to help her, for Jesus' sake. "I fear my prayers will not be heard nor answered," she replied. "So long as there is fear, you can not believe the Lord reigns. To have true peace in Christ you must sub-

mit to the voice of the Lord." From the ninety-first Psalm I read: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." "How can I trust Him in such grief," she replied. I could do nothing but commend her to God, when rising from prayer. I kissed her and turned to leave, but she clung to me saying: "Oh, sister, please tarry with me. Do tarry with me." I looked at her and said: "My work is only to commend you to my Father." She replied: "That is what I want. When you said in the pulpit this evening, that Jesus took every trouble, I thought that I should die if I did not unburden my heart to you. Would you be willing to make my father's house your home while in the city? I cannot let you go it seems, if you can possibly remain." I answered that it would be a pleasure to do so, and I tarried with her a fortnight. For five days she found no rest in Christ and appeared more cast down than before. I talked with and prayed much for her, but could not take hold of the promises of God in her behalf.

With a crushed spirit and sorrowful heart I went alone to Jesus, whose precious name charmed away my fears and removed my burden. Rising from my knees I went to her room, and found her engaged in prayer. When she arose I said: "If we confess our sins, Jesus is faithful and just to forgive and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Do you believe God's word?" She answered that she did. "Let us kneel together and ask the Savior to make you every whit whole." I prayed and she cried aloud: "Oh, Lord, take me as I am." Her prayer was answered, and she arose happy in the Master's love. Everything was given up and she was a new creature in Christ, happy in the God of her salvation. Hallelujah! Amen and amen.

The following week I went to Catskill-on-the-Hudson. In the M. E. Church I preached in the morning and spoke on temperance at night. The next week I went to Hein's Falls, over the mountains, and also preached at Planeville, from

which place I was called by telegram to work in New York City again. I said: "Yes, Lord."

On the 5th day of July, 1879, I began preaching in the Hudson Street Mission. The first night I spoke five souls were converted and great interest manifested. I was permitted to remain but ten days, but in every meeting souls were saved and believers encouraged. I worked next in the Water Street Mission, from whence I was called to Elmira, where I preached in different churches, addressed the Y. M. C. A. and spoke to large audiences on temperance. Glory to God!

I next went to Seneca Falls and Watkins' Glen. At the latter place I was directed by the "still small voice" to Saratoga Springs, where I rested for a short time, which strengthened and re-invigorated my tired and worn body. At this famous watering place I met many old friends and dear converts of other years. I stopped for rest, but at the same time the Lord permitted me to do much personal work, for which I thank Him, and shall ever bless His holy name.

On September 23d I attended the convention of W. C. T. U. at Round Lake, N. Y. I was next called to Troy, on the Hudson, to engage exclusively in temperance work. From there I went to Albany, where I was permitted to remain but a few days when a telegram called me to Ocean Grove to attend the camp meeting. In these special services many souls were saved, and I was called upon to perform much personal work for the Lord. I was pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Orr, a dear friend from Philadelphia. At the close of two very profitable weeks at the sea shore, I had only time to enter New York City, and be safely quartered on the *Old Dominion*, which sailed in the afternoon for Norfolk, Va. We were aboard but a few hours when the sea became alarmingly rough, and we encountered a terrible storm, the most severe the captain had known for over twenty years. But through it all the Lord kept and sustained me in perfect peace. I remained but a few weeks at Norfolk and Ports-

mouth, but had much to do, as half the population was colored and very poor. Oh, there is much to be done for the Lord everywhere, on land and on sea. I visited the almshouse, hospital and sick beds, and many homes of sorrow and misery.

I want to say to the honor of the blessed Redeemer what direct answer I received on arriving at the city of Washington, which caused me to exclaim aloud: "All things are given me by my Heavenly Father." I asked the Lord as a token of his approval, that if directed to this great and wonderful city, to have someone meet and welcome me when I should reach there, when the thought came: "Why how absurd, there is no one there who knows me. Again I thought are not all things possible with God? I said. "Yes, dear Lord, I believe you can do anything and it is the voice of God speaking to me." When landing from the boat I scanned closely every face, thinking I should recognize someone. In a few moments a fine looking gentleman stepped up to me and asked: "Are you Miss Lizzie E. Miller, the evangelist? I answered smiling: "Yes, sir." He took my hand in his and said kindly: "You are welcome to our city." I said: "Please tell me how you knew me and that I was coming on this boat?" He answered: "I attended your meetings in Trenton, N. J. I saw in the daily paper that you was to leave Norfolk on this boat, and I felt prompted to be present when it arrived." His name was John Mathews and he was converted at the Trenton meetings. He kindly looked after my baggage, and took me to his friends, where I was cared for, in Jesus' name. I could only say: "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

I did much private and public work there. One young lady was exceedingly sorrowful for over two weeks. She was in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. Finding acceptance with God, she desired to see the salvation of sinners and asked Jesus to give her one soul. Her request was

granted before she had been saved a week. The convert went with her from house to house, in Jesus' name, until scores of people in that great city were saved. I spoke in Dr. Wheeler's church, but my private work did not permit me to hold a protracted effort, which was very much desired. When preaching in Dr. McKenna's church many expressed a desire to be saved.

My next work was in the city of Baltimore, Md., where I saw many souls brought to Christ. Truly the Lord remembered the low estate of His people. The wicked who were bowed down beneath the oppression of sin and crime were rescued by the appearing of the Great Deliverer.

During my stay in this city I was entertained by my dear friend, Mrs. Evans, on Republican street. Either she or her lovely daughter accompanied me to every part of that beautiful city. After resting a few days, I took the pulpit at the Jefferson street church, by request of the pastor, Mr. Reid. I preached to a large audience who appeared interested, indeed. Many enjoyed the truth as expounded in the name of Jesus. There was much interest manifested in the cottage meetings as well as the temperance work.

November 7, 1879, I arrived at Harper's Ferry, on the morning train, where I rested a few days. From the imposing Jefferson Rock, I had a fine view of the entrance of the Shenandoah valley. I afterwards visited the burying-ground of the soldiers who died to save our country. In that solemn hour I was reminded of One who did a greater work when here upon earth whose object was to win souls to glory by His death, a proof of boundless love for sinful humanity.

One evening an old gentleman came into the parlor of the hotel where I was stopping, shook my hand and expressed great delight at having heard me preach, saying: "I went twenty-five miles to hear you." I interrupted his complimentary remarks by asking him if he loved Jesus? He said he was not a Christian. "Do you believe in the Bible?" Very

slowly he said, "Yes." Having it in my hand I read: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." Closing the Book, I said: "Do you believe in God's word?" With tears in his eyes, he hung his head in silence. I urged him to "seek the Lord while He may be found." Kneel at the chair, now, and take Christ at His word. "Ask and it shall be given you." The Holy Spirit sealed the truth to his sorrowing heart, as I plead with God to have mercy upon him. He, too, asked Jesus to save him, for the first time. Before we arose from our knees, he was happy in being made the recipient of grace, by Him who is mighty to lift up through the precious blood. He arose saying: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

I next stopped in Cumberland, Md., in answer to a call from a father, whose daughter was at the point of death. An opportunity had been given her to look well to the ways of her soul's salvation, but she said: "Not tonight. I shall wait until a more convenient season." She had attended my meetings when I labored in New York, but would not obey God. When she became so very sick she asked her parents: "What about my soul?" They could not answer for they were living without hope in God, or love for Jesus. In great agony of mind she cried out: "I am lost. I am lost. And you cannot tell me what I must do to be saved. Will you not send for dear Sister Miller?" I went to her bedside at once and told her what Jesus had done for sinners, through his death and suffering. In agony she cried: "Oh, what must I do to be saved?" I told her she had nothing to do about salvation. Christ did all for you when he left his throne in heaven, and came to earth, bled and died for your sins in His body. God's word says for you to believe that Christ died for sin, that you may have life everlasting. The dear girl listened with breathless attention and understood that God had sacrificed His own Son and that He had taken upon Himself her sins to save her soul from hell. Before I left the

house she believed and had peace with God. Her parents were also saved and they were all happy in the Lord. Glory! This was my only work in Cumberland, Md. I afterwards received an invitation from this family to make their beautiful house my home, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

After an absence of four years, I hastened to the home of my childhood, by way of Wheeling, Wellsburg, Wellville and East Liverpool. In the meantime I did much talking, explaining the Word and teaching Christ to perishing souls who were anxious to know the way to God. I was so happy in Christ. In the evening of November 25, 1879, I was again at the homestead in West Virginia. Though tired in body I rested but a short time when I accepted a call to go to Pleasant Valley to work with Rev. Mr. Hough. He did his work on earth in a short time and is now in glory. He was the first minister I ever labored with who did not have a voice for singing and could not strike a note in music. But he was a truly consecrated minister and was filled with zeal for the Master's work. At the first meeting there was an interest manifested with a spirit of brotherly love and Christian fellowship that prevailed throughout the entire services. I preached entirely by the aid of the Holy Ghost, and was wonderfully blessed of God in presenting the necessity of a radical change of heart. The pastor like myself was burdened for souls, so much so that at times he could scarcely sleep.

He and the Christian workers would meet in the church before services for an hour of special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. When I entered the church one evening Brother C—— was leading in prayer. It being very cold I stopped at the stove for some time. Becoming alarmed at the length of the prayer I arose and went to the pulpit. The pastor met me saying: "What shall we do? Brother C—— has been praying three-quarters of an hour and I do not know what to do." I suggested, as the time for opening service was past, that he should whisper to Brother C—— to close.

Painful as it was, we succeeded and when he came to himself he was surprised to learn that the time occupied had exceeded five minutes.

I desire to speak also of an interesting conversion in this meeting. A Mr. R——, who had led a wicked life and forbade his family attending anything that pertained to a religious service, came to these meetings, prompted by curiosity to hear a woman speak, to take exceptions to what might be said and to hinder, if possible, the work of God. His daughter, who had professed conversion, called to see me and gave a brief history of her father's past life, his present attitude toward me and the work and requested me to pray for him. Previous to this I had not observed him in the congregation, but from her description recognized him at the evening meeting. I soon noticed that he was under deep conviction, but evidently was trying to suppress his emotions. After closing my discourse and inviting sinners to the mercy seat, I approached him extending my hand, and asked: "Do you desire to accept Christ Jesus as your Savior?" He did not reply, but held his head low, that I might not see the falling tears. As I proceeded to urge him to turn to God, he arose without an objection and walked with me to the altar. He was in great agony and prayed God to have mercy on his soul. I talked with him and added my prayers for God to come to him now. I said: "The moment you make a full surrender of everything, Christ will receive and set you free." It was not long until he became calm and the change came that indicated peace and joy triumphant. When he looked up, there was a heavenly glow on his countenance I have rarely seen on any face. He arose from his knees, telling the congregation that he had found peace with God, saying: "You all know me, and know what a sinful life I have led. Every one of you who are not saved give yourselves to Jesus before it is too late. No longer turn away and oppose this meeting as I have," and extending his hand to me, said: "Sister Miller, I beg your

pardon for everything I have said against you. I can never cease thanking you for coming to Pleasant Valley church that I might be saved." Turning again to the people, he continued: "You, who know me, understand what I say is not of self, but is truly the work of God in my soul. With a happy heart I rejoice in Christ with great and exceeding gladness." Raising both hands, his face all aglow, he exclaimed: "Oh, friends, I am so sorry I did not accept the precious Savior before." His conversation had a marvelous effect on all who knew him, more especially on his old companions. He continued speaking and praying in every meeting. I left him praising God.

In 1888, nine years after, I was again at his beautiful home. and found him still true to Christ, a worker in the Pleasant Valley Church and a kind and tender husband to his lovely wife. I was entertained by Mrs. Ralston while at Pleasant Valley, an aunt of Mr. R——'s. When I informed her of his conversion, she clapped her hands and walked the floor shouting: "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! If God can save Alex. R—— he can save any one." She was walking the floor when I retired and when I awoke in the night I still heard her footsteps. The next morning she said she was unhappy, and asked me to pray for her. She had not been able to attend any but the afternoon meetings, owing to her advanced years, and had not felt benefited as others who had been blessed. She would walk the floor, weeping, praying and repeating: "I am not happy." I knelt before her and prayed, she bowing her head in tears. When I ceased she said: "Lord do take me as I am. Nothing but this holy life can satisfy my unhappy soul." Before we arose from our knees she received a perfect victory through Christ. She exclaimed in her joy: "Oh, how happy! How happy I can never tell." Her last words to me were when about to leave for my home the next day. Holding me in her feeble arms she said: "You were sent here, my dear child, and may God keep you in the fu-

ture as you have been kept here, shall be my daily prayer." The same week I received word that Mrs. C—— was very ill and wanted to see me, but I could not go to her. She was happy in Christ during her sickness, and the same week, with songs of rejoicing on her lips, passed into "the rest that remains for the children of God."

In January, 1880, I was called to Collier, Brook County, Va., by Rev. Mr. Kendig, who was also a sanctified minister. Therefore I began the meetings, urging the great importance of the power of the Holy Ghost. It appeared as though the fire descended as in Pentecostal days. People walked miles after their day's labor to attend the meetings. Several young men came seven miles, returning after each service. One young man who walked to and fro, a distance of fourteen miles every night, had a halo from Divinity fall upon him after twelve o'clock, while on his way home. He fell upon his knees and cried: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" He was then a student in college and when he had finished his course studied for the ministry. He afterwards became an efficient instrument in God's hands for the saving of souls and the brightening of many homes. Oh, how I thanked God.

Among the many who yielded to the Spirit and rushed to the altar, was a Mr. Wright, who was calm in manner, but earnest in purpose. The arrow of God's truth had truly penetrated his heart. When I first talked to him at the altar, he did not appear to hear my words, and it was not until the dear Redeemer was revealed to his unhappy soul, that he could say with songs of praise: "I have found the pearl of great price." It was a bright, clear evidence of God's power to save. His wife and two sisters were also converted. We had crowded houses every night. The work among children was not as great in this meeting as in other places, yet souls were saved.

Many do not think much about the conversion of children,

but it is a matter of great importance, and one that will tell in eternity. Hallelujah! In my first work for Jesus I had numerous young boys converted, who are now preaching the gospel and have saved many souls during their ministry. Thus, when we are "freed from sin" we are alive in God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. All things are possible with God, and all things are possible to him who believeth in God. I have never had better workers, nor more solemn prayers, clothed with mighty power and inspired by the Holy Spirit, than from children who had received the pardoning grace in Jesus' name.

Brother Robinson, by whom I was entertained, called at my room after an evening's service, and said his son was in great agony of mind and desired to see me before retiring. He came into the parlor looking the picture of despair. He had been at the altar three evenings in succession. I must say here, that before the meetings opened he had been skeptical in his views and made light of religion. He did not desire to attend the services, and though a guest at his father's home I had not met him. When I saw him in the congregation he told me how unhappy he was, and that he feared there was no salvation for him, as he had been such a scoffer With tears and sobs he bowed with me at the mercy seat, where his grief was beyond description. It was not long after much earnest praying that he became calm. Then suddenly springing to his feet, with a changed countenance, he clapped his hands, and shouting and leaping over the room, he exclaimed in the fullness of his heart: "The Savior is mine! The Savior is truly mine! I am now a new born creature in Christ Jesus." He continued praising God and shouting so loud that all the household was aroused and soon in our midst. Very seldom in all my work have I seen a brighter conversion, or a more affecting scene. I did not retire until after two o'clock in the morning. The daughter and a younger son were also converted. I left them a happy

family, rejoicing together in the Lord. Many others who attended these meetings were deeply convicted, but warded off the spirit and were not converted. Oh! how many in every meeting knowingly neglect a present salvation, and have drifted—drifted away from the glorious presence of a Savior's cleansing blood.

The next service after Johnny R's bright conversation we had a remarkable meeting. I had great liberty in speaking from this text: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked," Gal. 6: 7. After the conclusion of the sermon, the altar was filled at once, with penitents. Johnny R—— was soon forward and the first to witness for Jesus. Every eye now turned upon him as they listened to his testimony to the saving power of the Redeemer's love. I pressed the truths of his statement to the hearts of his companions, many of whom were smitten with deep contrition, and gave their hearts to God that night. A dear penitent said: "Oh, what must I do to be saved? It is such a cross to kneel here, but I felt that if I did not come tonight the Holy Spirit would cease to strive with me and my soul would be lost forever." I assured her of Jesus' presence now, if she would accept him; that through His death, and suffering, provision had been made for helplessness and sympathy to those who believe. She accepted Him, and with a gleeful heart carried a message to others that Jesus had been "a present help in time of need." The meeting daily increased in interest until scores of people professed conversion and united with the church. Amen.

On February 4th, 1880, I accepted a call to work with Rev. Mr. Davis, at Wellsburg, West Virginia. I felt somewhat impressed not to accept the call, notwithstanding, the invitation was most pressing and thrice repeated by the pastor and his official board. I knew many of the people were backslidden, others cold, formal, and slow to move, settled and staid in their intellectual pursuits, and would repel every effort that might be put forth. The probabilities were, that my

efforts would not meet with the approval they had elsewhere, but the third call decided me to accept, seeing with an eye of faith, the five deep wounds of the sinner's Friend. At the first meeting all ministers of other denominations were present, but few took part in the service. It was not until the third day, that we could see the work moving along effectually. The mighty prayers, which open heaven's doors, were first offered, when the cloud of mercy, which overshadowed the Israelites of old, descended upon us. I began working in the meeting, after the pastor had held services, several weeks, without apparent success. The church was in such a low state of spirituality it was difficult to get them into working order, and the retiring manner of the pastor forbade a general sweeping revival. There were numerous difficulties to surmount and obstacles to overcome, before the work of God could run and be glorified. The first two days we could not hold evening service, as the church was occupied with an entertainment given by a colored troupe.

In the first afternoon service, instead of preaching, I inquired into their previous meetings, requesting different persons before me to speak, ignorant of the fact that I had a ministerial audience. I talked plainly to them concerning their duty as a Christian people, closed the meeting and went to the parsonage for secret communion with God. I never had been in such a meeting and the ministerial friends felt quite agitated that I had put such plain questions to them, consequently they did not call upon me, nor attend the services a second time.

The next afternoon there was a good sized congregation present in the basement of the church, in which all their services had been held. By this time people had heard enough for and against me to arouse curiosity, and all denominations turned out. At the close of the meeting I tested the congregation and found that neither saint nor sinner would respond. By the power of the Holy Ghost, I boldly opposed their posi-

tion and took a firm stand for the doctrine of a knowing salvation. As soon as I ceased talking, a woman arose and said: "We may infer from your remarks that we are not in the proper frame of mind to do our duty." She was so much agitated as to be almost beside herself, and continued talking so excitedly that the pastor arose and requested perfect silence. After some time he succeeded in controlling her, and brought her to a realization of where she was and to whom she was talking. She burst into tears, made a complete surrender and asked forgiveness.

The colored troupe having gone, we held evening services, the first since my arrival. The scene of the afternoon was soon noised around so that I was already quite noted and the evening meeting was so crowded I just had standing room. Scores were turned away, who could not get into the house. I arose from my knees and went to the church, not knowing what God would have me do. When I arose to speak the Holy Ghost filled my soul. I did not refer to the afternoon service, but gave the true gospel of Christ. There was a general breaking down and conviction felt throughout the entire congregation. The next evening the meeting was taken to the main audience room, which was also inadequate for that great congregation. It really seemed as though the whole city was aroused. The house was crowded nightly and often we could not close until a late hour.

One afternoon, while engaged in singing, a large delegation of students, from the college, came in, and I prayed fervently, in secret, as they entered, that the Holy Spirit might do His work in their young hearts. Before they left the church I went down to the door and shook hands with every one of them, requesting them to come again. For days it was the leading topic of conversation in the place and the harder I worked the more strength the Lord gave me. Many of the boys and girls, who came in from school were happily converted. My stay here did not extend over two weeks, owing

to calls elsewhere. I expect to meet fathers and mothers, sons and daughter in heaven as the result of this precious meeting. Did space permit, I would insert some beautiful letters from the dear saved ones, illustrating the keeping power of Jesus' name.

The next work was with Rev. Mr. Kendig, in the Cove, W. Va. There, from the beginning, sinners were awakened, souls saved and the church built up. At the close of the first service, I asked the following questions: "Are there any present who have been ashamed of God, yet troubled by doubts and fears? Are there any present who have never done anything for the Master, and do no not love him? If so, will you please rise." One and another arose and others kept rising until many were standing in all parts of the house. When seated, I requested all who desired to be saved to come forward. It was not long until the altar was filled and hearts made to rejoice in Christ Jesus.

A young lady came forward, one evening, with a heavy heart. I knelt and endeavored to soothe her, when she cried aloud: "Dear Sister Miller, I am lost. I am lost." I explained how easily she could give her heart to Christ, if she would ask in faith, but she found no relief. Two days afterward she came again, with her face all aglow and her heart happy in the Lord.

By the same pastor, I was next called to Florence, Pa., where I remained but a short time, after which I went to the Tucker church, the last charge of the pastor, who was a circuit preacher. There were more sanctified in these meetings than justified. I preached on the same ground there, where Father McCurdy held his wonderful falling meetings over a hundred years before. Oh, how I prayed for the Holy Ghost to do His teaching. My prayer was heard and the Lord helped me to put His seal on the work. Glory to Jesus, who gave me great liberty in his name, and taught me many new lessons which were beautiful, because I saw the Lord's

hand in it all. Oh, how I praise God for using me everywhere, so that there will be a great gathering with me of the blood-washed souls in Heaven, and of every kindred tongue and people. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and has given me daily indications of his loving kindness. I am constantly thanking the Trinity for keeping a wave of salvation sweeping through my happy soul all the time. Amen and amen. It has always given me great joy in honoring the Lord by acknowledging what he has done for me.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELDERVILLE, PA,—SEDALIA, MO.—CALIFORNIA, MO. — HIGH POINT.— AULVILLE. — DRESDEN, PETTIS COUNTY, MO.—SMITHTON.—CLINTON—BELTON.—LEES SUMMIT—TEMPERANCE WORK IN KANSAS CITY.—PILOT GROVE.—LEROY.—FT. SCOTT.—KANSAS CITY, MO.—SERMON TO CHILDREN.

IN JULY, 1880, I accepted a call from Rev. Mr. Wilson of Elderville, Pa. In the beginning of this meeting I was surprised at what was taught to inquiring penitents. Some would say to them: "Do you feel like praying? Do you feel like weeping? If so, press onward and you will be saved." At the close of the services I was constrained to speak plainly on the matter of the atonement and the efficacy of salvation through Jesus Christ, impressing upon them that it was not through tears, or works, but by faith they were saved. If you want to love God and be saved you must repent of your sins and believe in Jesus Christ. When I ceased speaking I asked those who realized their fallen condition and desired my prayers to raise their hands. Faster and faster the hands went up until I counted scores. At the close of the meeting a young man came to me who had been forward but not feeling satisfied, did not want the meetings to stop until he had been saved. With the open Bible I was not long showing him the way to God. When we arose from our knees he said he wanted to unite with the church and become a worker for Jesus. I showed him the importance of confessing Christ publicly in the church, and through perfect obedience the Holy Spirit could lead him better than myself.

Among other numerous calls I was requested by Rev. J. N. Pierce of Sedalia, Mo., to work in his district. I could not decide until I sought the voice of God when these words came to me: "Jehovah is with thee; fear not but go in thy might. I have sent thee." I accepted the invitation to go west believing it was of the Lord. Again I left the home of my childhood following the Spirit's voice to a field of labor I knew not. Glory to Jesus!

On November, 1st, 1880, I was in Tipton, Mo., in which place I labored with Rev. W. G. Cowan. We had a glorious meeting. Many sinners were saved and the church built up, notwithstanding the Presbyterian minister refused an invitation to affiliate with us in the services and did everything in his power to oppose the work. The first Sabbath I preached he spoke publicly against women preaching in the pulpit, forbidding his people attending my meeting. At the services of the same day we had an overflow meeting, the pastor taking the outside audience to the Disciples' Church and preached to them, while I filled his pulpit. The minister who opposed the work of Christ so boldly, had an audience of three persons and closed his doors without a sermon. In this meeting many sinful men and women were brought to the knowledge of God. Drinking men were soundly converted, none of whom, so far as I have learned, ever returned to the flesh pots of Egypt.

After a few days' rest I accepted a call to Clarksburg, Mo., where I began work with the same pastor in his second charge. In this place I preached one week to Christians before asking sinners to come to Christ. It being a union church of different denominations, much had to be done, prejudices overcome, members encouraged, backsliders reclaimed, before God could call sinners to repentance. It was a grand field for labor among the young, as it was the seat of two select schools for boys and girls. At the Friday evening meeting many students came to the service together. Looking

into their intelligent faces my heart became burdened for their precious souls. I did not call for seekers, but went to the door, shook hands with them, saying to each one: "God bless you; come again," as they passed out. The next Saturday the pastor was absent with another charge, and could not be with me until Monday. In the evening we had a large congregation, many of the students, if not all, being present and very attentive listeners. I preached from the words: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and those that glorify Me." Through God's word I proved that the gospel was good news to them, and that Christ would be the author of their salvation, if they would be obedient to His will, renounce all sin and accept Him. I plainly showed to them a true sense of their duty and when I gave the first invitation to seekers after a week's labor, a young student in the rear of the house, had the manly courage to come first to the altar, and soon the penitent form was crowded. I was obliged to have the front and side pews vacated, which were also soon filled. It appeared to me that all who came to the mercy seat knew what they were after. It was not long until the young man who led the way, received the blessing and gave evidence in fervent testimony. One by one were saved until the number that evening reached thirty-five. Many not satisfied with their Christian experience came forward and found acceptance with God. Sabbath was a high day in Zion. Everybody seemed willing to do what they could to aid the weak and bring back the fallen. Some were saved in the morning as well as at the evening services. I visited from home to home with the pastor, and through Christ did much good. Thank God.

A young man came to the altar several nights, but could not see his way clear. I asked what it was that prevented him. "I cannot tell," he replied, "I have prayed, read the Bible and tried to obey God, but still I am unhappy." I asked if there was anything that he was not willing to give

up. He assured me that he knew of nothing. I commended him to Jesus in prayer, but when I ceased his face was still hidden in his hands. I waited, praying fervently and observing his struggle with self. When calmer he prayed, thanking God for His mercy and asking for forgiveness. When speaking of surrender he stopped, rose to his feet, saying: "I cannot," then kneeling again he covered his face with his hands. I did not speak, but felt there was a "balm in Gilead" and that the true Physician would apply the ointment at the proper time. He left the meeting not satisfied. The next evening he said: "I was not willing to surrender." "Are you now?" I asked. "Yes, I have told Jesus all and am His." He had the "oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." His face was radiant and he spoke thus before the large congregation: "I am blessed in God and urge you to get away from satan's snares, and find safety in the undying love of Jesus." I left this people happy in Christ and united in friendship with one another.

I preached my first sermon in the Montgumery Street Church, Sedalia, Mo., December 31st, 1880, having been called by the pastor, Rev. S. Alexander. I was a stranger to preacher and people, but the Lord gave me many friends, and I rejoiced in his presence continually. Hallelujah! From the first meeting many sought salvation and found acceptance with Christ. Scores of souls were saved every night, and it was not possible to accommodate the vast audiences that sought admittance. It appeared as though saint and sinner flocked to the house of God in this beautiful inland city. I was kindly entertained in the minister's family and would say that in all my public work for God, I have always had the most desirable accommodations, which humbles me exceedingly, when I reflect that my Lord and Master "had no where to lay his head." The workers did what they could to help

souls to the light and liberty of the gospel, and there were all classes of people saved.

One evening I preached from these words: "Put away the evil of your doings from before my eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well."—Isaiah 1: 16. After the sermon, an invitation was extended to seekers, and the altar was soon filled. A lady, from the rear of the house, came with no apparent emotion. I asked her "what she desired of God." She said: "I am a professing Christian but know nothing about the gospel as you give it. Since giving myself to the church my worldly desires are not changed. All I can say is, that my life has been miserable." "Are you willing to give up all your idols?" I questioned. Receiving no answer I left her and went to the pulpit to pray for her. Returning, I put the question as before. Lifting her tear-swollen face to heaven, her frame quivering with emotion, she said: "By the help of Christ, I yield." At that moment she found peace and rest in the Savior. She first testified, giving a brief account of her unhappy life, urging church members to be fully assured of acceptance with Christ, then kneeling, thanked God for what He had done for her. She arose and went into the congregation and brought many of her friends to the altar, who were also saved.

A gambler's wife, who had attended the services, called on me. She was the picture of despair, wept, prayed and cried mightily on God, but was unwilling to renounce her idols, which were not only injuring but leading others to ruin. But not until she acknowledged her guilt, did she find peace in the cleansing blood of Christ.

The little daughter of the superintendent of the Sabbath school was converted, and instantly testified to what God had done for her. She went among her young friends in the congregation and brought many to the altar who rejoiced in the pardoning mercy of Christ's blood. I closed this series of meetings with great thanksgiving to God, who had used

me as the instrument to pull down the strongholds of satan and lift up Jesus, that He might draw all men unto Him.

January 19, 1881, found me in California, Mo., with Rev. W. G. Cowan, in his third charge. In this place there was much wickedness, and open violation of the Sabbath, which I boldly rebuked, and openly condemned. A very godless man came to the meetings out of idle curiosity. He made great sport when an intelligent young lady spoke beautifully of her conversion, appealing to others to come and be saved. But touched by the power of God, he was afterward compelled to become a seeker. His last words to me, as I said good-bye, were: "Tell everybody in your next meeting that God had pity for such a scoffer and reviler as I was, and saved me for Jesus' sake."

On February 30th, 1881, I was called again to Sedalia, Mo., to work in Ohio street church, with Rev. J. A. Heinline. I felt the power of the Holy Spirit filling my whole being, and preached Christ as the crucified Redeemer for all mankind. Men and women were "pricked in the hearts," and asked "what they should do to be saved." Many times when testing the congregation there would be scores at the altar, who were saved by grace divine and not ashamed to tell it. Glory to God!

One evening I spoke from this text: "Ask and it shall be given you." I gave the pure gospel and related such parts of my experience as I thought important for the occasion. The message was carried home to many hearts and it made a deep impression on the minds of the wickedest sinners present. The altar was soon filled with earnest seekers who were saved and have proved faithful. Many young people were converted, and the work spread, extending outside the city. In the third week of these meetings, I felt impressed to change the order of afternoon services, and appointed meetings in nine different wards of the city in private families, advising everyone to go to the meeting from their knees, in secret

prayer. I spent a short time at each one, and everywhere the Spirit of God was marvelously made manifest. Sinners were justified, and church members sanctified. At this point scoffers and skeptics were anxious to have the meetings close. I recall two young skeptics who sat in the rear of the church at the evening service. Observing their conduct for some time, I finally stopped my discourse and looked at them. This however, not being sufficient, I pointed my finger at them, saying: "I do not approve of your conduct." They bowed their heads and did not raise them until I finished preaching. Before they left the church I spoke to them as God gave me utterance. One of them began weeping while the other attempted to defend herself by saying, "she did not mean to disturb me." I gave her a searching look and replied: "Are you talking to me in the name of Jesus?" She, too, began to cry, and said: "I know I did wrong. Will you forgive me?" I asked them if they desired my prayers. They assented and when we knelt I said: "What do you want of Jesus?" They replied: "To be saved from sin." While I was praying, one of them was converted. The other did not give any testimony, but promised to continue seeking. After four years I received a letter from her, in which she wrote: "Your pointed question, when we were on our knees, continued to haunt me day and night until I said: Yes, Lord, I yield. I yield. For months these words followed me: 'What do you want of Jesus?" Oh, what great sorrow and grief of heart I had. For nearly one year there was no light nor peace in my soul until I said: 'Truly, Lord, I want Thee. Take me as I am.' The great happiness that came to my poor, sad heart at that moment is not possible for me to describe. I have continued to serve and follow Jesus ever since."

I was entertained in this meeting at the parsonage and spent many happy hours with the good pastor and his family. We had a season of prayer every evening after public service, our worship sometimes being so protracted that we did not

retire until long after midnight. It has always been my custom to have much thanksgiving, and prayer, after every service, also in the night I often wake and hold long seasons of communion with God, profitable not only to my own soul but for the salvation of others. I was very signally led in these meetings by the Holy Spirit. My daily instructions were received on my knees, from my blessed Lord whose presence has often times been so real to me I could do nothing but weep and whisper softly: "Holy! Holy! Thou great author of my being! Thou who givest me counsel and secret peace." Hallelujah to Jesus.

There were none in these meetings who gave a clearer evidence of Christ's redeeming blood than a Catholic servant girl, in dear Sister Dougan's family, who was a member of this church. When her Catholic friends heard of her conversion, they informed the priest, who came at once accompanied by her brother. He took the Protestant bible, given to her by her mistress, tore it up and stamped it under foot and then ordered her to get ready to leave the city. All they could do, however, did not change her mind nor cause her to shrink from true Christian duty. Praise the Lord for a knowing salvation that keeps under every trial! Here, as in other places, the dear, good Lord gave me the hearts of His people, for which I was thankful. I separated from them with many tears and joyful blessings upon me. I would say here, to the glory of God, that skeptics, infidels, gamblers, and prostitutes were brought to Christ in this meeting. Many from whom I have received letters since, have kept the faith, and are today faithful workers for Christ. Hallelujah!

My next work was at High Point, Miller County, in the same State, with Rev. Mr. Demott, who was converted alone when captain of a vessel on the Atlantic ocean and divinely instructed to preach the Gospel. He accomplished a great work in a short time and is now in his home in glory. Many, very many precious sheaves were gathered for the Lord in

these meetings. The pastor's two sons were converted with scores of others. Christians were made happy. Parents rejoiced in finding salvation and in seeing their children brought to Jesus. Amen. I occupied the "prophet's chamber" in Mr. Hart's beautiful home, where I was sumptuously entertained. His noble wife constantly administered to my every want and made me the recipient of many beautiful presents, as did all his family. The eldest daughter, a beautiful girl, since married, was my organist. The father, a noble Christian gentleman, has passed to glory. He was always ready to meet every demand made upon him for the upbuilding of the church of Christ.

It is not possible to describe private work in the families as visited from place to place. I went next to Sand Hill with the same pastor, where believers were strengthened and sinners saved. I had only time after closing this blessed work, to be present at the opening of the camp meeting three miles from Sedalia, at the request of the presiding officers. I did each day as the Spirit directed, giving God the glory. Praise His holy name. Here, I received many new calls and could never have decided upon my work, had not the whisperings of the precious Holy Ghost, comforter divine, who has never left me since I was sanctified, guided my movements without mistake.

After resting three days I took the train for Aulville, Mo., to fill an engagement with Rev. Mr. Ing. I opened this work August 14, 1881, in the hottest weather I ever experienced. But, notwithstanding all of this, there was great interest manifested from the first meeting. People came from every portion of the surrounding country, spreading the news daily in every direction. The church being inadequate for the large congregations, the pastor sent for the large district tent and then we could not accommodate half the people. I do not remember that I ever conducted a greater work of righteous ness, or a more interesting or profitable meeting.

Early one morning, after a night of agonizing with God in prayer, I was summoned to the parlor before breakfast to see an old gentleman. He did not wait for me to greet him, but extended his trembling hand and with faltering voice exclaimed: "Oh, Sister Miller, what shall I do to be saved? I am lost. My soul feels exceedingly sorrowful and I came for you to pray for me." As he spoke he knelt. Bowing beside him I poured out my heart to God, beseeching Him to show the poor sinner the way to Christ. I instructed him long upon our knees before he gained the victory over self, but through Christ he conquered and was made happy in the Lord.

On Sabbath we had a glorious meeting and a large audience, many walking miles to be present. We had a happy day in Zion and a real Pentecostal feast. Testing the congregation, sixty raised their hands for prayer and in a short time the altar was filled, sinners forgiven, backsliders reclaimed and church members made happy in Jesus. At the close of the service I was hurrying along, feeling tired and worn out, when a sad, unhappy looking mother stopped me saying: "Please, Sister Miller, I want to talk to you of my unconverted daughter and have you talk to her of Jesus." I did so and found her not only indifferent, but an open scoffer I asked if she ever felt any sorrow or trouble. She did not answer but turned her head away. By her silence I inferred that she understood my question. I took her hand in parting and felt impelled to say: "Seek the Lord, dear soul, Jesus died for you. Do not defer any longer. God will care for you and be your best friend if you put your trust in Him." I prayed aloud as I stood with her hand in mine. She fell upon her knees, groaning aloud and with sobs and tears, said: "I have a dear, Christian mother who always prays for me. Will you not pray for me again? I have been so wicked in the past, and my present life is more Godless than ever before. Oh, I am so sinful. What can be done for my soul?" Not until she accepted Christ's teachings, through the Spirit's power,

was she brought into the light of justification by faith. She arose from her knees, triumphantly saved through the blood of the Lamb, and was the instrument in God's hands of bringing her husband to Jesus.

In the progress of this revival there was much anxiety expressed about Dr. W——, an honorable gentleman of wealth and intelligence. He was a moral, respectable citizen, holding peculiar views on religious subjects, though saying but little about them. The first of the meetings he would not attend and his good, praying wife was much concerned about his salvation and spoke to me repeatedly about him. I made him a subject of daily prayer, and he attended one service in deference to his wife's wishes. After this night the doctor was in his place at every service. He afterwards said that no human power or eloquence could have produced what he saw. The good Lord gave me great faith that the Spirit was doing the work for his salvation. At the last service the pastor and myself were invited to dine at his house, his wife taking me from the church in her buggy. As she talked to me on the way I spoke to Jesus secretly, asking that the work for the day might be made complete by the Doctor's conversion. On entering the home my faith was strengthened, and I continued to explain that Christ through the Spirit was the wisdom and power of God and urged him to accept this, as the secret of that life of Jehovah in him. He spoke of church members who were not living up to their professions. I admitted that knowing it was shamefully true, and referred him to Paul's narrative of the circumcision of the heart of those who worship in the spirit of God. He became more and more interested as the Spirit's quickening influence increased his desire for the presence of Christ Before leaving for the afternoon service I asked permission to bow in humble prayer. As my soul was filled with Jesus' love, I prayed that the river of the water of life that flowed from the throne of God, might flow in his heart, that he might be filled with the full-

ness of Christ's presence and be made an acceptable worker for the Master.

An old man who had lived sixty years in sin, knelt at the altar, and not until these meetings had he entered the house of God. He was happily converted and unutterably filled with songs of rejoicing. Many aged church members, dissatisfied with their Christian experience, knelt at the altar and were made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

A desperately wicked man who had kept a saloon, drunken and riotous in every way imaginable, was converted. He said to his wife, previous to his conversion: "Never again will I come home drunk and treat you unkindly." But many days passed before he received the consciousness of sins forgiven, though his faith was strong from the beginning. He appeared to delight in doing good because of the promises of the God he had never heard of before, and truly ceased to do evil that he might do good. The last news I received of him he was still faithfully serving the Lord with his whole heart. I closed these meetings before the largest audience ever assembled in Aulville. My soul was filled with praise giving God the glory.

In company with many of the saved, and the workers, I stopped at the Sweet Springs, bathed in the medicinal waters, enjoyed the beautiful scenery for a short time and was then ready for my next field of labor at Dresden, Pettis County, Mo., with Rev. Dr. Tuttle, formerly of New York.

This field appeared already ripe for the harvest, when I entered. Fourteen souls were saved the second night, and so the work went on, in the name of the Lord, daily, without any opposition. Dr. Tuttle was an able man with large experience in the ministry. I was the guest of his lovely daughter, Mrs. Dr. McCluney, who lived near the church. Her amiable daughter, Miss —— Smauley, was my organist. Doctor McCluney, an eminent physician, was ever on the alert for the welfare of the soul as well as the body. I was

not permitted to remain much over two weeks, having previous engagements awaiting me. With a grateful heart I bade adieu to the dear workers and many converts whom I commended to the heavenly Father, in the name of Jesus.

I was called from there to Sedalia to preach the funeral sermon of dear sister and brother Brown's grand-child, from where I proceeded to fill an engagement with Rev. Mr. Hammel at Appelton City. In this meeting I met Peter Cartright's son, who attended all the services, but was not converted. His son, a young man, came to the altar under conviction, but was not willing to pay the price. Others apparently more wicked than he, were saved and made happy in a Savior's love. I do not know the number of conversions I had here. It is only for eternity to sum up the seemingly trivial work God has placed in my hands in winning souls into His kingdom.

On November 1st, I began a protracted effort with Rev. W. G. Cowan, at Smithton, Mo. In the second service there were conversions which continued until the meetings closed. I held two services each day, winning souls for Jesus, to whom be glory and honor.

On the seventh night a convicted sinner desired to know the meaning of regeneration. I told him it was a new birth, giving a new life and forming a new creature. "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord,"—Romans 6: 11. The dead sinner will be made alive by looking to Jesus by faith, on the cross, just as the children of Israel were healed by looking at the serpent in the wilderness. "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Can you now see that you have been looking to the word regenerate, and not to the Regenerator, Christ Jesus, who is truth and life. Thus when you receive the truth you receive Christ? "I see. I see God's word as never before," he replied. "But will you accept it?" I asked. "I yield to the

will and plan of Christ for my salvation," he replied. We bowed in prayer of thanksgiving for this penitent who received the bread of life while others were not yet saved.

My next work was in Clinton, with Rev. J. N. Pierce, one of the early pioneers, who had dared to do right and stand up for Christ, even in the midst of bushwhackers, and lawless desperadoes. He was in charge of a lovely congregation, who, with him, were ready to hold up my hands and do what they could in this great calling of the blessed Redeemer.

I spoke the first night to a crowded congregation, which resulted in the conversion of five precious souls. In every meeting sinners were converted, and many professing Christians brought out into the light of holiness. It is not possible for me to give the details of this eventful meeting. I was constantly giving out, and God constantly giving in to my happy soul. Hallelujah!

At the close of four days' hard labor a young man called to have a conversation with me. He said he had been attending school for several years and was anxious to finish the course, but now he wanted this deeper work of grace of which I spoke, that he might feel the joy in his own soul, and be fitted for present and future usefulness. "Since hearing you say that we could know of a certainty if we had peace with God, I have been very unhappy. I have read my Bible, but get no relief. Oh, I do want to have peace with God, and know that the Holy Spirit leads me." "Are you certain in your own mind that you are doing what the Savior would have you?" I asked. "When your prayers seem to bring no deliverance; when the true light of God is hid; when your sad soul cries out in despair; those are the very moments when your battles are fought by Him who says: 'Hear ye not. Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.'" I tried to make plain to him the importance of walking in the ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. He gave marked attention, and with tears coursing down his

cheeks said: "Sister Miller, if I could only understand this plan of salvation clearly, I should feel differently." "But you must not rely upon feeling," I answered, "but only upon the promises made to sinners, through Jesus Christ." He said: "Will you pray for me?" I earnestly plead with God for a speedy deliverance through Christ Jesus, and that the mists might be cleared away. When he arose he took my hand, thanking me, and went his way. The meeting went on and many souls were saved.

Ten years rolled by, in which I crossed the continent five times, doing what little I could for suffering humanity. Imagine my surprise, if you can, when hearing this man preach the gospel and at the close of his sermon refer to the incident I have just related, as the moment he decided to work for the Lord, saying: "Had I not met Sister Miller, I might have led a very different life." Oh, how I praised God, in whose Word is recorded the promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days." At the close of the service I made myself known to him, when he praised the Lord aloud. I told him nothing was too great to expect from our dear Father.

In this protracted effort I could not remain longer than ten days, owing to other engagements. Preaching three times on the Sabbath, and conducting the inquiry meetings of, which I take charge in all my revivals. I took the early train, Monday morning, for Belton, Mo., to fill a previous call with Rev. Mr. Anderson, in the M. E. Church.

There was an old man much affected, in the congregation on one occasion, and when an opportunity offered I learned from his history that he had led a wicked, dissolute life. He had never attended church, but was attracted inside by the singing as he passed the door. The Spirit touched his heart and with tears, he said: "I should like to be good, but it is too late now." I replied: "Jesus came to call not the righteous, but sinners like you to repentance, and that right

now." I had the privilege of leading him, an outcast, to the altar of mercy, where his sins were forgiven and his peace made with God. I was entertained at Sister Crumley's, who was kind to all with whom she was associated, and a true disciple of Christ. She was instrumental in securing me a beautiful Bible, which was inscribed as follows:

PRESENTED TO

MISS LIZZIE E. MILLER,

WITH LOVE,

from her

BELTON FRIENDS,

Dec. 25, 1881.

No one was more gratified in contributing largely to its purchase than the old man spoken of above.

My next work was with the same pastor at Lee Summit, where I was permitted to lift up Christ in His fullness. I proved to every convert and worker that they were a center of influence for good or for evil, and not to lose sight of their Master in private as well as in public, which they could exert in thought, word and deed. Glory to Jesus for the keeping power every day.

January 12th, 1882, I was called in haste to speak on temperance in Kansas City, but owing to a previous engagement at Pleasant Hill, Mo., I could remain but a short time. I presented the truth in every phase, showing the evil of touching, tasting or handling that which not only injured the body but destroyed the soul.

My next protracted meeting was at Knob Noster with Rev. Mr. Porter. In this meeting we had truly a Pentecostal feast, never to be forgotten. The altar was soon filled and many witnesses gave clear evidence that they were the Lord's, and

going to be valiant soldiers for the Master. The number in attendance increased daily, until the crowd became so great that we often feared that it would retard the work. There were many children and young people converted, from the ages of eight and ten to fifteen and eighteen, who gave proof of their acceptance with Christ. Oh, how I love to tell that Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." Praise the Lord for the potter having complete power over the clay.

From this place I was called to Pilot Grove, Mo., by Rev. W. G. Cowan, at whose home I was entertained and given opportunity to rest for a few days before the protracted services opened. In my public utterances I tried to impress my hearers that the Holy Spirit's work is to take the things of Christ and show them to believers, which giveth them efficacy, power, and true love of God in working for souls. It was after Christ had been anointed by the Holy Ghost that he entered the ministry, performed miracles and suffered on the cross for sinners. The apostles did not have power to follow his example until they received the Holy Ghost. There was a marked interest manifested and many were daily brought to the feet of the Conqueror. A Baptist lady was greatly blessed and moved about in the meeting like an angel of mercy. It would be very late before we could leave the mourners and get away from the chapel. When souls were converted they would arise and testify to the saving power of God through Christ, while others would weep, which caused me to ask myself the question: "Who is able for these things?" The power of the Holy Spirit was apparent at every meeting, and heartfelt prayers went up from every worker present. Many who had never known any thing about Christ, rejoiced in the happiness of a Savior's love. Glory to His holy name.

My next call was to Tipton, Mo., to speak on temperance from these words: "Hear, my son, and be wise. Be not

among wine bibbers: for the drunkard shall come to poverty." Proverbs 23: 19-14. "Take heed to your ways, lest your hearts be overcharged with drunkenness." Luke 21: 34. The aged, the middle aged and the young are admonished. This teaching is not derived from science or mythology, but are the direct words from God, not through a selfish motive or worldly gain, but to destroy a gigantic evil by promoting the honor and purity of the human family. The Lord spoke unto Aaron, saying: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee, lest ye die and teach your children all the statutes, which the Lord has spoken to you by Moses." Leviticus, 10: 9-10. The word of God prompts you to constant, daily denial, not only for the the good of self, but for your entire household. Total abstinence is the only safety to all mankind, which will prevent the starting point to some great crime that always originates from taking the first glass. Some men have been moderate drinkers for years and did not become inebriates, but they are exceptional cases. It is from the families of such moderate drinkers that the vast armies of drunkards are recruited. They do not possess the stability of character to withstand the sparkling wine, but at one fell stroke they raise the poisoned cup to their fevered lips and willingly go down to a drunkard's grave. God says: "Do not even look upon the wine when it is red, for it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23: 31-32. It is to strong drink that many can truthfully refer back to all their deeds of private sin, which soon leads them to an open violation of law and in a moment they have been snatched from a dear father's influence and a loving mother's embrace, to suffer alone in the dreaded alternatives of insanity or suicide. How many noble men and once beautiful women have had their future hopes blighted, homes deserted, and estates squandered, all through this terrible evil of intemperance. "Who hath woe; who hath sorrow; who hath contentions; who hath babbling; who hath wounds;

who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine." Hear me! dear souls; men, women, sons and daughters. Touch not, taste not, handle not the first glass. Intemperance is the great evil and scourge which brings to society shame, crime, larceny, profanity, fear, doubt and murder. Intemperance has made widows and orphans, broken the hearts of parents and brought them in sorrow to the grave. Intemperance despises righteousness, turns from Christ and the church. Intemperance has closed the door of heaven and unlocked the gates of hell. Intemperance has opened the grave for youth and beauty, destroyed manhood in its vigor and made woman a participant of the felon's crime. Intemperance not only destroys the drunkard but leaves its stain upon the innocent and helpless, the refined and intelligent. I saw a frightful account from St. Lawrence Island, in the Bering Sea, given by Captain Sands: "Almost the entire population of the southern part of the island perished of starvation. Everywhere the scene was frightful. As many as two hundred and fifty were lying dead upon the field at one time. The natives are fishermen, and almost every trading vessel is laden with rum, and as long as the liquor lasts they will not fish and their end is debauchery and starvation." Intemperance represents to us the most fearful wretchedness and agony which could possibly be wrought by open and secret sin in the soul. Oh, Intemperance! Intemperance! You have not only killed but made wrecks of genius and brilliant talent.

Many have an idea that intemperance belongs only to the poor, the illiterate, or the laboring classes, but if you could see the refined and noble, the good and the true, who at one time filled prominent places in society, yield to the demon drink and die a horrible death, you could not but exclaim: "We are in danger, with all kinds of intoxicants made and sold around us." Not only the men and boys of our land are in danger, but the women and children, likewise.

The signs of the times are truly alarming when we see the

talented as well as the degraded die the death of the drunkard. History shows us that education and culture are no safeguard from intemperance. Hence, those who are the bone and marrow of purity, should stand first in subduing such a world-wide evil.

As I pass from city to city, visiting alms-houses, jails, prisons and workhouses, nothing to me is so degrading as to see woman's cheeks flushed and eyes bleared, her pure womanhood wrecked and life forever ruined. It is deplorable to see blighted lives of men, but when woman loses her self-respect and becomes so degraded it unsettles society to its very foundation. Not that it is a greater sin for women than for men to drink, but to me it appears a greater shame. She who in early childhood was protected by the angels, the bloom of beauty on her brow, and a heart filled with joyous anticipations for the future. But now, what do we see, instead? The bloated face, blighted hopes, the trembling hand, aching heart, shrinking from the pure and true, the noble and the good going unto degradation. Instead of happy hearts and cheerful homes we see discord, misery and turmoil. Yet in such gloom and sadness she cannot but recall the purity of her youth and sweetness of her womanhood, with all its health and beauty.

Why is this self ruin, this prodigality, sorrow and degradation, the misery, grief and domestic suffering? I answer these questions calmly, truthfully and honestly. Intemperance! Intemperance covers the whole ground of wickedness, vice and criminality. I tell you, dear souls, that it is often among the wealthy, fashionable and high circles of society that the poor inebriate's career begins. This is only a mere sketch of this wretched picture. Should God portray it to our mental and natural vision, the human sensibilities could not endure the sight. We see that dram-drinking is a most fatal and destructive vice with the rich as well as the poor, woman as well as man. There is a fascinating charm connected with intem-

perance that paralyzes the intellect, and before the willing victim discovers danger, escape is hopeless. When we consider how many there are who are injuring their reason and destroying their finer faculties, should not this arouse and inspire every good man and woman to do what they can to relieve the afflicted, lift up the fallen, and convince the inebriate that there is a better life for them? Where the saloons can not be removed, we, as Christians, should talk and pray with the unfortunates, that they may have strength of character to withstand the evil of intemperance. It is only by the mighty hand of God that these poor deluded creatures can be saved and enabled to resist the power of the evil one.

Grecian mythology tells us of a beautiful woman, who is elegantly attired by Minerva, adorned with gems by Venus, and endowed with a deceitful heart by Mercury. In her lovely hand she holds a casket studded with diamonds without, but within are all the miseries of mankind. When admitted among the noble and refined, she rejoiced to open the fatal box, the contents of which spread abroad by day and night, bearing all the maladies, sorrows and woes which curse the human race. Intemperance, like Pandora's casket, so beautiful to look upon, contains within, health in ruins, hopes destroyed, affections crushed and prayers silenced. It is accompanied by crimes of every name, from broken vows to ghastly murder, and is followed by poverty and vice, which are twins, by shattered forms and tormented souls, a dishonored life and cheerless grave, a burning hell and an offended God.

I spoke to an appreciative congregation. Many praised the Lord for Christian temperance. One man said he knew what it was to be dissipated, but he thanked God for having saved him for Jesus' sake, and he could recommend salvation to every sinner in the house. Praise God.

On August 28, 1882, I went to labor at a camp meeting in Taborsville, Mo., with Rev. O. W. Stewart, presiding elder, in charge. I not only preached from the pulpit, but worked

privately for the good of perishing souls. Mr. Stewart was suddenly called away, and requested me to close the meeting, which I did.

Awaking in the night from a refreshing sleep, it came to me that a church should be organized in the place, and that I was called to do what I could toward it. I was greatly troubled, not knowing what to do. My anxiety continued until I said: "Lord, I am ready to do anything, if you will make the way plain to me and teach me Thy will." Great peace followed, and I praised the Lord in the still watches of the night. I soon fell asleep, and upon again awakening the same thought came to my mind. I said, with Gideon, "Lord, forgive me; but, if these promptings are of Thee, impress it on the mind of some of the family to feel as I do, and I will obey thy teachings." Again I slept, and when awakening the third time, I was so happy in the Lord, I said, "O, Jesus, I praise Thee now," as the precious promptings came afresh to my mind.

I was the guest of Mr. Hill, the prominent merchant of the town which, by the way, had been entirely destroyed during the war. The citizens had presented the camp grounds to the St. Louis conference, with two hundred acres of land, provided, that it would be divided into lots, each minister and christian securing one at a low price, the proceeds to be applied in improivng the grounds. They were beautifully located on the Wabash river, containing many mineral springs, as well as pure water for household purposes. When seated at the breakfast table Mr. Hill, who was not a church member, said: "Sister Miller, I awoke this morning with this idea in my mind; that a church should be organized here before you leave." I smiled and exclaimed: "Praise the Lord!" I then told him of my experience during the night. He replied: "You write up an agreement and I will sign it. My wife will also give her name. Then take my horse and buggy and see what can be done." I complied with his request, his

sister-in-law accompanying me, and in a few days we had canvassed the town and surrounding country. I felt forcibly impressed that the church should be Methodist, as the grounds had been donated by that conference. Every family we called upon gave me their names without demurring, and every evangelical denomination under the sun was represented, with many who were not church people. The joy of the Lord reigned supreme in my soul as I laid my tired body down to rest at night, feeling that I had been the instrument in this blessed work for God.

September 1st I went to Clayton, Mo., to fill an engagement with the Methodist minister there. I was entertained at Mr. Rimbey's, who was desirous of seeing the work of the Lord prosper, which appeared to be in a slumbering condition. Many of the church members were sitting apparently at ease in Zion, not praying, like Daniel: "O! Lord, hear the prayer of Thy servant and cause Thy face to shine upon Thy sanctuary which is desolate. O! Lord, hear and forgive; harken and defer not for my own sake." Owing to sickness the pastor could attend but few services. I preached and prayed much before there was any interest manifested among the members, and not until they said: "Create in me a clean heart, Oh, Lord, and renew a right spirit within me; uphold me with Thy free spirit," were they able to aid in teaching trangressors the evil of sin, that the ering might be brought to God Sinners were then saved, believers encouraged and strengthened. The Lord be praised!

From here I went to LeRoy, a distance of twenty miles, where I met Rev. O. W. Stewart, who held quarterly meeting while I was there. His first words were, after extending his hand: "God bless you, Sister Miller, for what you did for us at Taborville. I am authorized to present you the best lot on the grounds, provided you will have it improved." I was truly gratified for the honor conferred and kindness intended,

but being unable to meet the demands for improvement returned it to the donors.

From here I went to Fort Scott and Mill Creek, in Kansas. In both places there was much to be done for the Lord.

October 1st, 1882, I was called to Schell City, Mo., by Rev. Mr. Holliway. In this meeting I held the day services with women in private parlors, and the pastor met with the men in the church. Many ladies had great liberty in speaking and praying, who would not have taken part in public. There was substantial work done there that will tell in eternity. At the close of an afternoon meeting a Christian mother introduced me to her daughter. I asked her if she loved Jesus. She answered: "I am a member of Church." At once I felt this dear soul laid upon my heart in prayer. Before the next service she called to see me and confessed that she never had had a change of heart, was truly sorrowful for sin and desired peace with God. I told her to ask in faith that she might receive now. We knelt in prayer and with heartfelt petitions she begged God for mercy. I prayed again and we continued on our knees over an hour, when she acknowledged that the Sun of Righteousnes was presented to her view as clear as the morning light. Hallelujah!

A young man who had been converted a few months before in one of my meetings, brought his affianced to see me. She was very much distressed in mind, but not until she was willing to give up everything, renounce every idol, did she gain the victory of pardoning love in her soul. They were married and are living in the church of their choice in Indiana. In every meeting new-born souls were brought into the Kingdom of God. A dear young sister, not satisfied with her christian experience, came to the altar and received a signal out-burst of holy power. She immediately went out into the congregation and brought forward one after another of her friends, until many professed to be justified. In calling on her at her home in after years, I asked

her if she could prevail on sinners to come to Jesus, as she had in the past. In a firm, but modest voice, she replied: "Since my conversion I have never backslidden, or lost my remarkable experience in the mighty power of Jesus to save. In two months afterwards I was sanctified, and have done what I could for the blessed Lord and feel assured of eighty souls saved." If every Christian would do as did this quiet, uneducated woman, there would be tens of thousands of souls brought to God, who are today dying in sin and iniquity. During my stay here not only were sinners saved, but members of other denominations obtained great blessings and worked for the saving of souls.

My next work was in the cause of temperance in Nevada, Mo., but owing to previous arrangements at Rich Hill, I could tarry here but a short time. The latter being a mining town, I felt constrained to show forth the Spirit's power in convincing sinners of sin and leading them to Christ. I gave many temperance discourses in this place which resulted in great good. On my way to Virginia, Ks., I stopped at Butlar, Mo., to speak on temperance in Rev. Alexander's church, with whom I had labored in Sedalia the year previous. I was called to work in Virginia, Mo., by Rev. Mr. Exley, God having the honor and glory in every service. In the beginning I proved to them that there was but one God, whom we should worship in spirit and in truth. Amen!

A poor, backslidden penitent, in tears asked: "Why are there so many backsliders?" I answered: "Because they have left undone what they should have done, or did what they should not." In every church in which I am called to hold meetings there are backsliders among the cultured and uncultured, among the noble and refined as well as among the drunkards and tramps. I also find them among skeptics, infidels, merchants, professional men, farmers, politicians and statesmen. "Why are there so many who have left their first love?" he asked. I answered: "They have not lived up to

their Christian privileges, when coming from satan to Christ. They did not seek after a perfect walk with God, a pure heart, and never attained to entire sanctification. Very soon after souls are converted they are sorely tempted, and as they incline to their former pleasures, evil is constantly rising up before them. However joyful and happy they may have been they are at times led away by worldly desires, human frailties, such as anger, pride, jealousy and at last, they are almost hourly overcome and feel that they cannot endure such struggles, and while their inward tendencies are in harmony with the temptations of the devil they do not have strength to overcome the allurements of the world. Hence, many who are brightly converted, by neglecting religious duties, lose their spirituality and content themselves with a mere church relationship by professing religion. It is to be regretted today that we have too many such members in every denomination who have a potent controlling influence over the community at large. They truly retard the work of the Lord in every church to which they belong, while other converts are resolved, through faith, to conquer the world, the flesh and the devil, and by the help of God when tempted they overcome by the blood of atonement. They seek for entire cleansing, when their growth in grace is rapid, because all inbred sin has been removed." "If every individual could understand that when their sins are forgiven they have the privilege of entire sanctification we would not have so many backsliders," said he. "I fell little by little, first by neglecting secret prayer and family worship, then the public services became irksome, and I neglected daily duty until I had nothing in my soul." I said: "Poor, tired child, I pity you. May you let the Holy Spirit teach you how to get back to the precious Savior." It was not until the meeting was near to its close that he got back to God and again found Christ precious to his soul. His struggle was great for his sorrow was intense, and not until he cried: "Oh, Lord have mercy! Do have mercy on me," did

he find relief in the blessed Savior. He returned home, united with the church and began working for a revival. Religion was in a low state, the members were cold and did not care to take up the work, but encouraged by the pastor, he began the work and many sought Christ and were saved.

In this meeting in Virginia, there were numerous conversions though no one did so much good as Brother B——, but all who attended were convinced that the work was of God. Many of the converts are today using their influence to build up the church of Christ. I want all who read these pages to remember that the great work was not of me, for I always felt my own weakness and constantly looked to the Holy Ghost for guidance in it all, nor have I ever doubted His leadings for a single moment. Under His banner I have the endurance to go forward, turning neither to the right nor left, but I bless His holy name that He has kept and led me in every state and in every church. I am also thankful that He keeps me from agitation in my religious duties, which are founded only on the word of God. Hallelujah to Jesus who has been and ever will be my constant intercessor!

When leaving this field of labor I visited the famous John Brown's Lock-out, and saw the graves of the men buried in the rear of his orchard, who offered their lives a sacrifice for the liberty of the black man and the cause of human freedom. As I looked at the green sod, without a stone to mark their resting places, I thought of the willing victim who gave His life to save our souls.

My next protracted effort was with Rev. Mr. Neff, in Kansas City, Mo., a noble worker for the Lord, and an acceptable pastor. At the close of the second week of this meeting, when great good had been accomplished, I had just opened the services, when two men and a woman came in and took seats by the stove in the rear of the church, it being a very cold, stormy night. In an instant great darkness came over me, leaving the sensation as of a crushing weight on my body,

Had I not been accustomed to speak in public I could not have continued my discourse. I stopped preaching, and, before the congregation, asked the Lord to help me, and while praying, I gained the victory over the devil, and continued the sermon. The party kept whispering and exchanging glances until I was compelled to reprove them openly. Before the altar service, in secret prayer, I said: "Lord, what shall I do?" It came to me to test the congregation, and to request all to leave the church who would not come forward to seek salvation or work at the altar. As the Holy Spirit directed, so did I speak. Hallelujah! Amen and Amen! But not until I repeated the request three times and had the sexton open the doors, did the congregation respond. Every one in the church either came forward or left the house, except this party of three, who did not move, but kept whispering and looking at each other. Again I repeated my request, saying that as there were unruly persons who had not complied with our terms, I would wait. They not then leaving, I said: "Deaf and dumb people, or those who are not responsible in mind, may consider themselves excused." They not moving, I said: "I am willing to wait a moment or two longer, and if there is no change, I shall request your being waited upon," whereupon they took their leave. The dear pastor exclaimed: "Hallelujah! Glory to God! you have gained the victory, Sister Miller, through Jesus Christ." I replied: "Praise the Lord! the devil is conquered." Every sinner who tarried was blessedly saved before the meeting closed. Brother Neff asked how I knew who those people were. I replied: "My eyes never saw them before." He said: "They are the very persons who broke up my meetings last winter." They did not trouble us again.

Oh, how I thanked God for permitting me to be led by the Holy Ghost. Hallelujah to Jesus! The sexton, a colored man, sprang to his feet, saying: "I am saved, Sister Miller; the Lord sent your message right home to my heart, and I

must confess that my sins are all taken away." He was so wonderfully blessed that he testified clearly in every meeting afterwards, and by the power of the Holy Spirit he was made a great blessing to that church, as well as to his own people, with whom he had great liberty in the name of God. How I thank my blessed Savior that it is "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation," whether it is from a white or black brother. Glory to God for salvation! Amen! As he moved so gracefully all over the house, shouting and laughing, at the same time saying, "Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me, praise God," every one appeared to understand that he had the satisfying portion, and all were deeply interested.

We afterwards learned that the obstinate party of three were Spiritualists, and that they came to the house of the Lord with no other purpose in view than to break up the meeting. When I heard of it I knelt down and thanked the Master again for teaching me by the Holy Ghost how to govern them in Jesus' name. I not only praised the Lord, but felt to rejoice with the very joy of heaven in my happy soul. This portion of scripture came so vividly to my mind as I rose from prayer, "He shall give his angels charge over thee."

The Lord was truly my portion, and wonderfully helped me to present the truth in such light and liberty that the meetings increased in interest and power every night until they closed. Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost forever and ever.

When this protracted effort came to a close I left the dear converts and workers with the pastor and family, happy in the Lord, while I accompanied my dear friend, Mrs. Dr. Norman, to her beautiful home, where I had a peaceful, quiet rest for a few days. How kind Doctor and Mrs. Norman were, and so were their two lovely daughters, who have since been married to men of their choice. They all did what they could to make me happy and comfortable. May the Lord always keep and bless them is my prayer. I was able to answer the

many calls when with them, but could not comply with any request until taught of the Lord, who has always directed me in the path of righteousness in my constant work for the great and glorious Jehovah.

I next stopped at Independence, Mo., to speak on temperance, en route to Higginsvilla and from there to Aulville, where I again labored with Rev. Mr. Ing, with whom I held protracted meetings the year before. In these services fathers, sons, mothers and daughters were made to rejoice in Christ. Hence the importance of workers being divinely instructed to preach holiness clearly in every sermon, that their work may be eminently owned of God. The people came from a great distance to hear about salvation and they were not disappointed.

An interesting young husband and wife knelt side by side at the mercy seat. As I bowed before them they gave me their sad history of sin and rebellion against the Author of their beings. I told them that Jesus died to secure their pardon. I quoted God's promises from the Bible in my hand and the Holy Spirit bore witness to my words of instruction. As they truthfully surrendered, they knowingly received Christ and returned to their home with songs of rejoicing.

A man who attended night after night and would not yield to the spirit in the house of God, was compelled to turn aside into a field and there all alone he wrestled with Jehovah, as did Jacob, until the dawn of the morning when the burden was lifted and he was happy in the Lord. But the most wonderful of all was the case of an old lady, over eighty years old, with a trembling voice. She said her present joy was of the Lord, who had changed her darkness into blissful light as clear as the sun at noon-day.

A gentleman, who with his wife was visiting friends in the country, became convicted of sin, confessed to God, and was converted. When returning to his home in St. Louis, he was

willing, with a tongue of fire, to spread the news of perfect salvation among the people. His wife was also converted and became a friend to righteousness and willing to work for Jesus. I am in constant receipt of letters assuring me that converts are standing firm and daily using their influence to save sinners and not forgetting me in their prayers.

The glory of the blessed Redeemer was truly manifest to a degree beyond description in the inspiring testimonies of the new converts, which I had often to repeat in a louder voice for the benefit of the congregation. An interesting feature of this revival was the spirit shown in seeking out friends and loved ones to lead to Christ. Others would bring neighbors in their conveyances to the services who otherwise could not have attended. They would feel the Spirit's power and return home with their souls made happy. Families often came ten and fifteen miles in private conveyances, taking with them the fire of God and showing forth in their localities the zeal of true Christians. Hence the Bible was carried to the absent, who received it gladly, as did the Lord's disciples when he was here upon earth. Sabbath evening the meeting closed with unusual solemnity. My heart was made very sad as I took the hands of many dear converts and workers whom I should probably never again meet in this world, but the precious work for the blessed Savior has these solemn occasions often occurring and can only be overcome by the blood of the Lamb. I was pleased to learn that from the results of my first work there, during the previous year, they had secured means to build a new church, large enough to accommodate the increased congregation. I could only, with tears in my eyes, praise God.

I was again called to Pilot Grove by Rev W. G. Cowan, who requested me to address the children. If there is anything more than another that I love it is to talk to young people whose minds are pure and susceptible of receiving the knowledge of God through the blessed Redeemer. My

text was: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Luke, 18:16.

"My dear children: I hope your minds are prepared to hear from Jesus, your Savior. In the first place I want to tell you where Christ was born. It was in Bethlehem, the city of David. His mother, Mary, took a very long journey from Nazareth, because this was the place God said His Son was to be born. The shepherds, who were guarding their sheepfolds by night, were visited by an angel from heaven, saying: 'Unto you is born this day a Savior, which is the Christ,' telling how they would know Him. He was wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a crib where the oxen were eating. It would not be a task to find Him as there never was a babe so poor as He. While the angel was talking to the shepherds, other angels came, until the air was filled with their clear, sweet music, singing: 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to men.' The shepherds were so happy they went at once to Bethlehem and found the infant Jesus just where the angel told them.

When He was only six weeks old His mother took Him to to the temple at Jerusalem to present him to the Lord. The people were all delighted to see the child Jesus brought into the public temple. The good old prophetess, Anna, who lived in the house of God, rejoiced aloud when she saw the Lord's Christ, and earnestly exhorted every one present to accept him as their Savior, just as I am now telling you children to be good and serve him. There was an old gentleman in the temple who also had prayed to see Jesus. Like Anna, he was also good, just, and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel. The Holy Ghost was upon him, and it was revealed unto him that he should not see death until he had seen the infant Jesus. He took the child in his arms and blessed God for the privilege of seeing His Son, the Savior of all mankind. And this is the very reason you boys and girls should love, serve, and obey him now; then, when you become men and

women, or very old, like Anna and Simeon, you will always have something beautiful to tell of what the Lord's Christ has done for you from a child.

In the second place, we want to see what Jesus did when he grew to be a boy. Luke, 11, 2:40, says: "Jesus, from a babe, grew strong, and was filled with wisdom." When he was twelve years old he began to work publicly for his Father, and when becoming a man he visited the sick and healed them. He restored the blind, cleansed the leper, made the lame walk, raised the dead, and preached the gospel to the poor.

In the third place, we want to see what kind of a gospel Jesus preached. He just gave himself to everybody. He said: "Suffer little children to come unto me." He knew how to pity, instruct, and give them glad tidings of joy; how to comfort the broken-hearted, the distressed, those in sorrow and misery. He said: "Come unto me, and I will set you free." In other words, "I want those who are bound to satan on account of their sins, who are sad, desolate and unhappy, to come to me, and I will give them rest."

He preached on the mountains, in the market place, at the seashore, and on the wayside, as well as in the beautiful temples or churches. He made known the depravity of the human heart, and gave the remedy which God promised, urging the necessity for repentance through faith, showing the importance of regeneration, sanctification, healing, and His second coming in glory from heaven, proving that he was the light of the world and the supreme Lord of all. To be all this for us he had to be the Son of God, born of woman, the seed of Abraham, of the lineage of David, spotless and without sin. Glory to God for such a precious Savior.

In the fourth place, Jesus died, suffered on the cross, and shed his precious blood for all mankind. Sin had excluded man from God's promises, and only through His son could

sinners get to heaven. Thus giving yourselves to Jesus when young, you early learn to govern your tongue, temper, and actions, and you avoid profanity, slang, falsehood and idleness. You do not use tobacco, nor liquor, aud therefore are not mean or cruel in any way. You value your time, health and money, that you may cultivate your intellect, growing up to be men and women of culture and refinement.

Thus you see, boys and girls can do as much as grown people and your example influences other young people to do right, and older people too. A vessel was wrecked on the Pacific Coast. Only a few of the passengers saved their lives by leaping into a life boat and committing themselves to the angry, dashing billows. The waves threw them toward the shore, where many people had gathered to give them all the aid within their power. When near enough to land they threw out one of the large ropes for the men to pull them into port, but with all the men could do it was not possible to move the boat as it had stuck on a sandbar. All the women of the village were sent for to come and help. Men and women all pulled together but could not move the boat. They sent again to the village and had all the little boys and girls come and help. So men, women and children pulled steadily and mightily, and in a very short time the boat was brought to shore and its imperiled occupants saved. You see it was the children who rendered such effective service in saving so many precious lives. So it is now, my dear boys and girls, there are many, many mariners wrecked on the shores of time, and sinking in the surging waves and deep billows of sin, and if you do not aid in pulling their frail, shattered vessel to shore, they will go down in the deep waters of degradation. It will pay you, dear children, to see Jesus now and spend the remainder of your lives in doing what you can to save souls.

Do not think, little girls, that your work will not be noticed. Anything you can do, no matter how small, will be acceptable

with God. Look at the child Mariam, how she aided Israel, as a nation, in its darkest hours. She watched the infant Moses as he lay in a basket of papyrus on the river Nile until rescued. Though a very little girl she preserved the life of her brother Moses, who became the great leader of Isreal. When she grew up to be a woman she did not fear the people or become slothful in duty, but worked for God and became a great prophetess and singer in Israel. She aided her brothers, Aaron and Moses, in Jehovah's work leading a nation from bondage to freedom.

Some boys and girls think that if they become Christians they will have no more pleasure, but this is a great mistake, dear souls. God wants you to be happy always. He wants you to run, jump, climb, play and just to be boys and girls, but in all your merriment he wants you to show forth the spirit of Christ and never be ashamed to say that you are a Christian. God so loved you that He sent his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life. He also sent teachers, ministers and evangelists to give you the glad tidings of this free and full salvation, and warn you to flee from the wrath to come. Then will not your hearts be very hard to remain untouched at this mercy and goodness of God? What would you think, dear children, of sons and daughters treating their parents with such neglect, after they had done everything in their power for their childrens' comfort and happiness? No ingratitude could be more inexcusable, nor conduct more unnatural. Do you love, honor and obey Him, desiring always to do His will? If so, you want to let the world and your companions know what God has done for you for Jesus' sake.

I willl tell you about a little boy who loved the world, and did not know anything about Jusus. When I first saw him he was ragged and dirty, singing, dancing and playing tricks for the few pennies thrown to him by careless, wicked men.

He would take this money and buy whisky, and when intoxicated, would swear and act very ugly and wicked.

When he got through and the wicked men left, I invited him to come home with me, but he declined, saying ho never went upon people's premises. Through many persuasions I induced him to come home with me. One of the men servants gave him a bath and the lady of the house gave him clean clothing to put on.

After he had something to eat, I took him to my room. He was perfectly delighted upon seeing so much grandure. I had a very elegantly furnished chamber, and was not surprised to see him looking all around, and exclaim, "How nice, how nice!"

I took great pains to show him my beautiful room, for it was very fine, and in one of the brown-stone fronts of New York City. I told him about Jesus, whom He is, what He did for little boys if they would give their hearts to him; be good and ask Him to keep them. They often had such beautiful things here and would have a mansion when they died where they would live always with the Lord, in Heaven. I took him with me to the night meeting and he was converted and made happy in Christ.

In a few days afterward he went back to where I found him. The people there, for whom he formerly made sport through his example and prayer were brought to Jesus. He was the instrument in the hands of Christ, in doing much good. In six months after his conversion he was suddenly taken very sick, and said his work was done and he was going to his mansion in heaven to be with Jesus. The night of the day in which he grew worse he sent me word, but I was not at home. He was not discouraged, but said he would ask Jesus to send me to him, for I had been with him much during his sickness.

At eleven o'clock at night I awoke after a good sleep and the first thing that came into my mind, was my poor, little

orphan. I tried not to think of the boy and to get him out of my mind, but could not. Then I said: "Dear Jesus, do tell me what to do." I felt impressed to go and see him at once.

Before I entered his room he called out my name and said he knew I would come, for he had asked Jesus to let him see me once more before he went to glory.

He said: "It does me so much good to think I am going to my heavenly mansion you told me about. Oh, Sister Miller, I am so glad you ever noticed me when I wae so wicked, and snatched my feet from destruction, and taught me there was a path of righteousness. I do love Jesus, yes I do, and I want all the boys and girls to love Him, too. I know God will hear your petition for the saving of many souls."

His last words were: "The Lord saves me now; the Lord saves me now." I laid his head on my bosom and he fell asleep in Jesus. His death was very triumphant in Jehovah and many who witnessed his last moments were led to the Savior by his dying words.

May God help you, little children, to take warning and be as this dear little boy. Accept Christ at once, and work for him in health and be ready at a moment's warning to depart in peace. and reign with God in glory forever. Those who want to live for Jesus, raise your hands?

It was beautiful to see every little hand go up. I had an altar service at once, when many professed to accept Christ and are today faithful workers in the Church.

CHAPTER IX.

BUTLER, MO.—TEMPERANCE WORK.—KANSAS CITY, INDEPENDENCE, LEXINGTON AND ELSEWHERE.—HOME TO WEST VIRGINIA.—ILL HEALTH.—RETURN TO INDIANA AND MISSOURI—ST. LOUIS AND GLASGOW.

On February 1st, 1883, I accepted a call from Rev. S. Alexander, at Butler, Mo. It was evident to me, from the first sermon I preached, that the church was not spiritually prepared to save souls. Hence, my first week's preaching was to believers, and as I labored, from night to night, many said: "How much good you are doing!" and others appeared more or less concerned; yet there was not that genuine conviction for work that the Lord required from them before sinners could be reached and souls saved. At the close of the first week's hard labor there was not a move with either saint or sinner. I tested the congregation, requesting those who were saved to meet me at the altar, regardless of denomination, and if the convicted desired their sins pardoned, to come forward and give me their hands. There being no move, I repeated the request without receiving a response from any one. I quoted to them the words of Abraham's servant: "Now will you deal kindly and truly with my master; and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or the left." I again repeated my request, saying that if they, as professing Christians, did not intend to work, and if sinners did not desire salvation, I wanted to know it, and have the matter settled at once. "You with whom I have conversed privately, aknowledge that I preach the gospel; but the

question is, do you accept it?" I again looked to God in silent prayer, when it came to me, as plainly as a voice speaking: "Test the congregation again." I said: "My dear friends, I want to know your minds on this very important question," and repeated my first proposition. I waited for a few moments, yet there was not a move.

"Does your silence indicate that you have decided against my God? You are saying by your actions, if not in words, that you will not have this man, Christ Jesus, to reign over you; and as you have decided, I shall leave you. This being Saturday evening, I shall preach, God willing, on the Sabbath, and if your minds are not made up to accept Christ, I shall leave you on the early Monday train."

Again I held a few moments' secret prayer, when it came to me to request the Christians to come forward, or to immediately leave the house. I repeated this request three times, saying: "Those who will not come and work for God, or seek salvation, please leave the church." I called the sexton to open the doors, saying: "Will you retire now without further delay?" The first to start was an old man who was a backslider; the next was a poor sinner who was under deep conviction. Others followed until there were but a few faithful members left. We had a season of prayer, when I dismissed the congregation.

Nothing was said until we reached the parsonage, where I was entertained. Mrs. Alexander, the pastor's wife, said, with tears in her eyes: "Sister Miller, I am deeply hurt. You will leave us on Monday. We shall have to remain. And just think what you have done!"

Her husband said: "I shall stand by Sister Miller. Whatever the result may be, I believe her to be led of God."

Before retiring we knelt together in prayer, and I spoke to the Eternal Father about the future outcome of the great conflict.

With ineffable joy, peace, and happiness in my soul, and a

greater flow of love in my heart to the good Lord than ever before, I laid my weary body down to rest, and soon fell asleep, not waking until late the next morning, when I bowed the knee and poured out an overwhelming heart of love to the author of my being. There, as I continued pleading, thanking, and praising God, it came to me, as a voice from heaven, "Victory! victory! victory!" three times distinctly. I said, "Lord, I am thine, and cannot doubt my Father's voice."

At the breakfast table Mr. Alexander wanted me to take the morning service at the church, but I declined, and said I would conduct the afternoon service, and also preach at night.

During the morning hour I was alone with God in prayer, feeling great peace and quiet in my mind about the coming meetings. Hallelujah! I did not attend the morning service, but was in my chamber alone with the Trinity. Amen!

In the afternoon the house was crowded long before the hour for preaching. The power of the Holy Spirit so filled my entire being that I took no thought how I should present the truth, but depended entirely upon the leading of the Holy Ghost.

Going to the church from my knees, I again bowed in the pulpit, which is my custom. I said, "Dear Lord, you see this large audience; what are the wants of these dear, dying souls? Speak to me, Father, and your requests shall be carried out with thy assistance." In answer, these words came to me in power: "Ask, and it shall be given you."

With the Spirit's aid, I showed the importance of asking, in order to receive; of seeking, in order to find.

In the evening the church was so crowded I was assisted to the pulpit by the police. While on my knees these words came to me: "Whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive." I did not speak but a few moments until I saw the convicting and convincing power of the Lord's Christ, by the Holy Ghost, among the people. I preached one hour

and a quarter, realizing the power given to the apostles. "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

I did not refer once to the past evening, but, finishing my remarks to a weeping congregation, I said: "The meeting is now yours," and took my seat.

One man in the rear of the house first rushed forward, and others followed until the altar was filled. It was truly a great harvest of souls.

I held afternoon meetings during the week, for inquirers and Christians not satisfied with their experience.

Indeed, every one appeared interested, free to speak and make known their requests publicly. All who spoke gave clear, glowing testimony of their acceptance with Christ. I do not think I ever held a more profitable and interesting meeting. They were not only converted by the score but by the hundred. The pastor and his wife were grand workers and took in many score of the saved into their church. Others under deep conviction. left the house and were never saved.

I must here speak of one young lady who was deeply convicted and expressed a desire for salvation. When I told her to accept Jesus now, for there is no other time promised, she turned pale and arose to come forward, but instantly sat down, saying, "Oh, Sister Miller, I cannot go to-night." The next night she was in the meeting, pale and haggard-looking, but said, "not to-night."

The third evening she said, "it is not possible to go." I talked with and urged her to take a stand for Jesus, knowing that she had a remarkably clear apprehension of her position, living without Christ, yet she firmly said "not to-night, not to-night." With a sad countenance and set features, she said, "In fact, I have not any desire now to be saved and could not go to that altar. I am truly thankful for the great interest you have taken in me, but I have no desire now to be converted." At that very moment the crushing weight I

had felt for her salvation left me and these words came sharp and clear to my mind: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended." I felt the importance of the hour, and so expressed myself in simple language. The work went on, sinners were converted and church members strengthened. Night after night passed working for the master, but that young lady was not with us. The same evening she said she did not want to be saved, she went home with a bad headache, feeling sad at heart. She never rose from her bed again. Four days afterward the minister, his wife and myself were called to her bedside. She died that evening, delirious, as she had been from the first of her illness.

Oh! how sad. She was convicted of sin, convinced that she was without God, rejected Christ as her savior, sickened, became deranged, died and was buried in less than a week. I leave her case before you, dear reader. It is dangerous to trifle with the Holy Ghost. After her death her parents, brothers and sisters were converted. Glory to God for salvation!

So the work went on in unity of feeling and in the demonstration of the spirit's power. There were nine saved in one family; husbands and wives, sons and daughters were happily converted. A husband when blessedly saved, told me he was one of the number who left the house at my request.

"I was so angry that I profaned, using very bad language, calling you ugly names, positively saying I would never again hear you preach another sermon. On Sabbath morning when I was making up my mind as to how I should spend the day, a friend called, saying: 'Aren't we going to hear what that lady preacher will say again?' I began telling him what I had resolved to do and that it was useless for me to go. 'That is all passed,' said he, 'so do not think anything more about it, but come along with me.' When you were not present Sabbath morning I was more than anxious to attend the following service, and listened attentively to everything

you said. It was not long until a deep conivction came over me that I ought to be saved. I said to myself, 'what is the matter with me?' My heart was so sad, and the horror of darkness came like a mighty avalanche. I said, 'O, Lord, do help me.' Weeping bitterly, I determined to pray. When an opportunity afforded I was one of the first to cry for mercy and find relief. I often went into these services not knowing how the Lord would use me, or what turn the meeting would take. Bless His holy name!"

I would say here, all to the glory of God, that in my evan, gelistic work I did not put a thought on paper, but depended entirely on the Holy Spirit to teach and guide me. I have often gone into the pulpit not knowing what I should say or how the meetings would be conducted, and only speak of this that God may have the glory ascribed to His holy name. I do not attribute anything to my talent, or superior education. I have attained to nothing high, nor imposing of myself. Anything accomplished through me in the past or present, is truly from above.

For many months my work was in the temperance cause, speaking in Kansas City, Independence, Lexington, Shell City Clinton, Smithton, Sedalia, Clarksburg, Tipton, St. Louis and other places. In this campaign I did not go out of Missouri, though my calls were numerous from other States.

June, 1883, I went to my home in West Virginia, where I was very sick, but in my deepest affliction I thanked the Lord, who enabled me to say with the Psalmist: "In Thee I find repose," having the hand of the invisible Redeemer holding me. I could endure all things for Christ's sake. It is easy to rejoice when we are well, possessing ease and comfort, or affluence, surrounded by warm friends and loving companions; but it requires a close walk with God to say: "Thy will be done," in sickness and crushing sorrows that are overwhelming. When we commit all things to Jehovah, He is able to bring forth our "righteousness as the light, and

peace calm as a river." Hallelujah! my savior was true to me God being my helper, I shall praise His holy name forever and ever. It was the power of His grace that enabled me to endure as I did. Oh, how my heart ached, when I saw, heard, and was made to endure things unbearable out of Christ. But through the teaching of the Holy Ghost, and the intercession of my blessed Savior, I was enabled to be patient, gentle, long suffering and forbearing through every trial and hardship. I was enabled by the Spirit's power to only speak and act as the Lord directed, acknowledging Christ in all things, giving God the glory very definitely, for His goodness and mercy endureth forever. Glory to His holy name!

It was of vast importance for me to watch as well as pray, to be kept sheltered under the blood that I might magnify the Lord, proving the power of His sanctifying grace, and making my boast in Him, whose eyes are upon the righteous and His ears open to their cry. My sufferings were intense beyond descripton for more than three months, but I had the "still small voice," my soul's hidden monitor, to whisper in my ear the way to escape. The Lord being my shepherd, I was taken in a providential way to be snugly nestled in the loving home of my good aunt and her dear family. Oh, how truly God laid me down in green pastures and led me by still waters, where my soul rested in the blissful shades of "Elim's Palms." He constantly prepared a "table for me and anointed my head with oil," so that my cup ran over. His goodness and mercy followed me every day, for I dwelt in His presence and my delight was in the Lord, who was with me day and night. Praise His holy name!

During this great affliction my calls were many by different ministers and temperance societies, who were not apprised of my sufferings. Through the kind care of my aunt and her family, I was enabled after many months, to accede to the wishes of dear, loving friends to make their homes mine until

I felt able to renew my work. I was kept strong in the Lord, giving thanks to him continually as I went from family to family. In every instance many dear souls were blessed, and often entire households were brought to Christ. It was God's order that I should do in this way, when not able to preach in the public congregation. I had no will of my own, but desired to do what was pleasing in the sight of God. The dear friends who so kindly cared for my every want, can bear witness to my implicit confidence in the Lord, who taught me his way and led me in a plain path. With courage I waited on the Savior, who strengthened my heart, hid me in His pavilion and set me upon a rock that I might daily bless the Lord.

I want to say here, that when traveling from ocean to ocean, over mountains, through the deserts and on the plains, my daily prayer has been for God to bless Auntie Lockhart, Auntie Applegate, Sister Wooster, Sister Porter and all their families, Brother and Sister Glenn, Brother and Sister Gaston, with scores and scores of other friends in Allegheny, Pittsburg, Beaver, Spruce Vale, not forgetting dear Mattie and Charity Asdel, Brothers Call, and Will Gaston and wives, Brother Harry Davidson and wife, Brother and Sister Lindsay of Steubenville, Ohio, whose hearts and doors were not only open at all times for me, but their pocket-books also which were ever ready to contribute to my every want, which should have been done from the proper source. Through the kind treatment of so many dear friends, I was able to respond favorably to the many requests of brothers and sisters in the West, who desired that I should go to them when able to take so long a journey. Laying the matter daily before the Lord I waited upon his inclination.

When in Pittsburg, Pa., I met Mrs. Spangle, who was converted in my meetings at Trenton, N. J., in 1878. We were very glad to see each other and as a parting gift she slipped into my hands one hundred dollars, saying: "It came to me

to do this." Thanking her kindly, I said: "This is just what I have been asking the Lord for, to enable me to return to my western friends and now my desire is granted." Thus through my daughter in the Lord, I was enabled in September, 1885, to visit brothers in Indiana, and Sister Moore in Missouri. But matters over which I had no control, compelled me to flee at once to Sister Cowan's, in Marshall, Mo., with whose husband I held a protracted effort, it being my first public meetings since the Spring of 1883. Notwithstanding there were many grevious obstacles in the way of these services, yet they were successful. Many sinners were saved and believers encouraged to go on their way rejoicing. It is not possible to describe this work, owing to the peculiar circumstances connected therewith; but the great Redeemer brought to light hidden things that were surprising and crushing to innocent hearts. The secret movements contrary to His work in righteousness were truly displayed. Hallelujah!

A very sad, unhappy backslider attended the five o'clock morning meetings, confessing with tears and sobs her sorrows and shortcomings. Laying her head upon my shoulder, she said: "I am so unhappy, what shall I do?" Extricating myself from her as best I could, I explained the importance of being true to God at heart, that works without faith in Christ could not save. I quoted this scripture passage: "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backsliding shall reprove thee. Know therefore that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord, thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of Hosts." Jeremiah, 2: 19.

Can you see clearly what you have lost and how much happiness you have missed? You realize with a sense of condemnation, how much misery you have brought upon yourself? The Lord says: "Unto you that fear my name, shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."

And until this takes place, your mind and heart will be like a heavy thunder cloud, bleak and cheerless. There is no happiness with you, and no light, nor love in your soul. But you should praise the Lord that you are not lost and forever destroyed. You are your own tormentor and worst enemy, and not until you turn to God and sincerely say, "I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy child," can you have peace with God.

He who knows the secrets of your heart, and every act in your life, is ready to relieve your mind and pardon all your sins. As the prodigal, you are a long ways from the Father's home, but His keen eyes can see your tattered garments and unhappy condition, and is ready to greet you with the warmest and most tender affection.

Are you now ready to confess your sins? If so you will receive the best robe and the ring of forgiveness.

It was too great a price for her to pay; the meeting ended, the doors were closed and she was more miserable than before. I have never learned of her gaining the victory and enjoying perfect liberty in the Savior's love. Oh! how sad. I pity the soul who turns from the Lord. I would say here to every backslidden soul to get righteousness. You must give up sin when you will be made a new creature in Christ Jesus, willing to give up all things in the name of the Lord. Hear, dear reader.

My next work was in Odessa, Mo., in Rev. Mr. Ing's church, with whom I had labored twice before. These meetings opened favorably and had I been permitted to remain I feel that a great work would have been accomplished. As it was many were saved in every service. I was called away suddenly by telegram the evening of a day upon which we had a glorious meeting. Though remaining so short a time, before I left the stake was set for a church building.

The lovely family by whom I was entertained were all con-

verted—husband, wife, and aged mother—and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in which I labored. I have since received many encouraging letters from them of their trust in God and faithfulness to the cause of Christ.

Not being very strong, I was compelled to rest a few weeks, after which I accepted a call from the Rev. Mr. Haggerty to work with him in the Tower Street Church, St. Louis, Mo. Our souls were made happy in seeing scores of young people turn from sin, profess Christ, and become at once zealous workers for the Lord.

A dear young girl, under deep conviction, who read her Bible much, but did not understand it, asked me what was meant in: "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." I explained to her: "As the lily is a specimen of divine workmanship, without care on its part, so can you be made beautiful by the same Creator. 'The lilies toil not, neither do they spin.' That is, as they grow without effort, so do children and animals. As it is in the natural and physical, so is it with spiritual growth; we grow not by fretting or struggling, but by faith in Christ.

" 'No man, by taking thought, has ever added a cubit to his stature.' Thus the true stature can only be attained by entire trust in God. Not your works, but the Lord working in you."

"Is a Christian not to work?" she asked.

"Certainly they should, but they should not try to do what has already been done for them. For lilies to grow, they must have air, light, heat and moisture, which come from nature. For you to grow spiritually you must say 'YES' to God. Then will the conflict end, and peace enter your troubled soul."

"It is Christ who does all," she replied. Then she called on the Lord, found her Savior, and was freed from sin. Hallelujah! Scores and scores of dear souls were brought from

darkness to light, and are now faithful to Him who saves. Amen!

I shall never forget the Sunday School Superintendent, who was also a class-leader, and took an active part with the young people, and rendered great service in every meeting. I praise God for willing workers in His cause.

From St. Louis I went to Glasgow, Mo., being the guest of Rev. Mr. Babbit, who married my niece, Miss Halie Moore. While there I was permitted, in the name of the dear Lord, to attend the Missouri Conference, where I met many dear souls, the fruits of my former labors.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.--LOS ANGELES.—SAN DIEGO. — RIVERSIDE.— REVIVAL IN LOS ANGELES—SAN JACINTO—SAN BERNARDINO—ELSINORE.—WILDOMAR.—RETURN TO LOS ANGELES—OTHER EVANGELISTIC LABORS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I WAS NEXT DIRECTED by "the still small voice" to go to the Pacific Coast, accompanied by Sister Cowan, and her baby boy, one year old, who was a source of great comfort to us on our long, beautiful journey. At that time, first-class excursion tickets from Kansas City to Los Angeles and return were selling for five dollars, owing to a cut in rates by rival roads. We were on the road eight days, being delayed by heavy rains and washouts.

At 4 p. m., April 26, 1886, we reached Los Angeles, Cal., perfectly delighted with the beautiful city and the scenery of the surrounding country. I insert some extracts from a letter written at that time, which was published by many Eastern papers, and copied by the Los Angeles *Christian Advocate:*

"The city of Los Angeles is a place of fruits and flowers, the atmosphere loaded with most delicious fragrance from the orange groves, rare flowers and blossoming shrubbery, which makes it one of the most beautiful cities of this balmy Southern clime. It is the county seat of Los Angeles county, on a river of the same name. It has broad avenues and intersecting streets lined with hedges of cypress and lime, trimmed in a variety of shapes with great neatness. There are also the

willow-shaped pepper trees with their spreading, bushy tops, and its companion, the eucalyptus, tall, and of rapid growth. Most all the vegetation is evergreen, giving to the place an aspect of perpetual verdure. Its location is unrivaled, being situated so near to the ocean, and in close proximity to Pasadena, much visited by parties in driving for recreation and pleasure. On the north is the Sierra Madre mountains. To the east the scenery is somewhat varied, as the valley extends far into the distance, with high, isolated mountains on either side capped with snow. To the south the scenery is still more varied. The surface is undulating, with some hills in the distance, and between these elevations the blue waters of the great Pacific are seen glistening in the sun. The residences, many of them, are very fine and fitted up with great neatness. These are not confined to one street or avenue, but radiate in all directions for miles from a common center.

"The city is situated on a gentle slope of rising ground lying finely to the sun, with an elevation of four hundred feet above the sea level. It is indeed truly one of the great health resorts; but not until the last few years does there seem to have been any realization of its great sanitary advantages by people of the Eastern States. At this time every hotel, boarding house and private residence that have rooms to spare, are crowded with tourists seeking a respite from the malaria and fevers of the South and the cyclones of the North. Los Angeles has a population of over 40,000, with schools, churches societies, easy railroad connections, and express and telephone facilities that will compare with those of any other city in the Union. The rapid growth of this city in the past few years has been wonderful, and in the near future it will be even more wonderful. The harbors on the Pacific are considered the finest in the world, some of which are not far distant from this city.

"Language fails in describing the fruit growing capacity of this country. The oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apricots, prunes,

pears, peaches and apples are the admiration of every visitor. Much attention has also been given to the raising of stock, not only cattle and hogs, but horses also. Great attention is given to grape-growing. Large quantities of wine are made and shipped every year. The muscat or raisin grape yields abundant crops near the foothills, ripens early, and dries readily in the sun. Not only in the city, but in the country, you will find an intelligent and refined society. Owing to the mildness of the weather, fuel is not of so much importance as in colder climates. The mountain canyons furnish ash, the river courses and streams willow and sycamore, and a few miles distant is an abundance of coal at five dollars per ton. Too much cannot be said in praise of the schools, which cannot be excelled in any of the States. I must not forget to say that while I am writing I can look on the snow-capped mountains, and at the same time enjoy the warm, balmy breeze of this beautiful southern clime. It makes me feel sometimes as though it was surely the land where the curse put upon the race in Eden had never been heard of, much less realized. Yours truly,

LIZZIE E. MILLER, Evangelist.

Formerly of Fairview, W. Va.

I had been in this beautiful city only a short time when many of the pastors who knew me by reputation, invited me to work with them. I preached first in the University Church in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Colburn. Rev. M. M. Bovard, president of the college, accompanied me to the pulpit, and introduced me to a waiting congregation. I was next called to speak in Pasadena, in the First Methodist Church, of which Rev. Mr. Bunker was pastor.

My next work was in San Diego in the temperance cause, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. At their request I attended the annual convention at Riverside in September. At the close of the convention I preached for Rev. Mr. Button,

pastor of the Baptist Church. My first protracted effort was with Rev. Mr. Spencer, pastor of the Main Street Church, Los Angeles. I was not surprised to see this work open up with the salvation of souls from the first meeting. Sinners cried for mercy and believers sought perfect salvation. The pastor, in an article in the *Christian Advocate* said: "We are in the midst of a blessed, glorious revival of religion. Many souls have already been happily converted and still the good work goes on. An evangelist, Miss Lizzie E. Miller, who has successfully labored in almost every state in the Union, is an earnest worker and a prudent laborer, who comes to us well recommended from sister churches. I have known of her myself, by reputation, for several years. The Lord has crowned her labors with us in a most signal manner. I can recommend her to the confidence of God's people wherever she may go to work for the blessed Master. We are compelled to enlarge our church, that we may have room to gather in the sheaves. We have had eighty accessions since these meetings. Praise the Lord! I. L. SPENCER, pastor. October 15, 1886." At the close of the meeting the pastor said he had never witnessed a more beautiful sight in any meeting, so many young men and women brought into the light of God, who being truly converted were not afraid to testify for Jesus.

The following week I began working in the Asbury M. E Church, having been called by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Robinson. Scores in this meeting came to the altar who were happily converted, many uniting with the church. Throughout the meeting great interest was manifested. There were large audiences and marked attention. I could never have felt it my duty to leave such a glorious, interesting work, had not previous engagements demanded my departure. The last night of the meeting the house was densely crowded, so much so that the pulpit and aisles were full and I merely had standing room. The faces of the dear converts shone as they gave evidence

of belonging to Christ Jesus. It is not possible to explain here my feelings of joy, which were wonderfully intense, as I realized the entire work was signally blessed by God. Hallelujah to his precious name! I closed these meetings with songs of rejoicing on Sabbath evening, thanking the Lord for the little I was permitted to do that the Kingdom might come. Oh, it does pay to trust and obey.

Early Monday morning dear Mother Gay took me to her beautiful suburban home in the city. She, with her husband and all their family, were true workers in the Asbury Church. They were all so good and kind to me as I rested from day to day in peaceful, quiet comfort, thanking God for His kindness and mercy to me. They had two amiable daughters and a noble son at home with them, who were lovely Christians. The eldest daughter married Mr. H. Clement, a good, noble gentleman, whose house was always my home until his peerless wife went to glory. Oh, how sad I felt when I knew that I should never see her again, but the good Lord dried my tears and helped me to say, "Thy will be done." The son, too, has gone to heaven with praises on his lips, leaving but one daughter at home to comfort her parents in their declining years. She is not only fully saved, but has a voice like a nightingale which I covet entirely for my blessed Jesus. The Lord help her, is my prayer. Amen. Their home has ever since been one of my peaceful visiting places, thank God. Oh, how often they have cheered, nourished and comforted my heart when I have been worn and weary. How often God has made them a blessing to my soul, for which I praise His holy name.

My next work was with Rev. Mr. Gillen, of Riverside, which was one of the most trivial fields of labor I have found in California. I was lodged in a Baptist family and took my meals with the pastor. As often as we ate we called upon God to do his work through feeble lips of clay. It was evident to me that there was no opening, or breaking through sa-

tan's ranks, which unsettled me a little, but I continued praying that the Holy Spirit would teach, and God helped me to claim the victory through faith. The devil appeared to me in person as he never had before. His presence filled the church and darkness overshadowed the congregation. Oh, how often I went alone to the beautiful orange and lemon groves, prostrating myself on the ground for two or three hours, crushed with the weight of responsibility for sinners who could not apparently be reached. There were numerous obstacles to be overcome, with this people, before God permitted us to gain the victory. Not until those who were opposed to the terms of the blessed gospel, had acknowledged all in our prefence before God, did the power of the Spirit prevail. As the church went down into the crimson flood, losing sight of self and the world, rising with the mind of Christ, sinners were converted. Then I had no more conflicts with satan The Spirit of the Lord was accepted. I continued with perfect peace and joy with the sanctifying Redeemer. I thanked God for trying places. Amen.

In this meeting a dear young girl, who had been under deep conviction, became hardened in sin by refusing to yield to the moving of the Holy Spirit, and in sadness returned to her eastern home. On the evening of her arrival she was taken with brain fever and died without hope in Christ. Her closed eyes and blanched face were the means of the conversion of her father and all his household. The mother wrote me that judgment was visited on their home because of disobedience. The daughter in her delirium spoke constantly of the meetings, saying: "Tell Sister Miller to pray for me. Truly our home is a Bethel where the Lord of glory loves to dwell."

While engaged in these services Rev. Mr. Nixon, of San Jacinto invited me to assist him. Upon my answering him unfavorably, he called to see me and presented their great need of a protracted effort. In less than a month I was permitted

to enter this field, but neither the pastor nor his wife were able to attend the services. In a few months afterwards both of them were called home to glory. Every day the work moved along with increasing interest and success crowned our efforts. Persons not only came forward and were converted, but also united with the church and became zealous workers. There was a true, Godly power prevailing in every service. A dear sister said she had been a follower of Ingersol and Thomas Paine, enjoyed the card table and the giddy dance, but had now learned a new way, since she had been saved by the blood of the Lamb. A lady was happily converted and thought she must immediately enter the public work for God. But instead, she was confined to her chamber for many months. Upon returning to her eastern home she was obliged to take the place of a servant. She did not submit cheerfully to this discipline, but fretted and rebelled, finally relapsed into doubt and became miserably unhappy, because she was not willing "to be as clay in the hands of the potter."

Her sister, converted at the same time as herself, expressed her willingness to be used as the Holy Spirit directed. She did not, however, enter immediately upon public work for Jesus, as she desired, but was confined in the sick room until she lost her husband and three lovely daughters immediately after returning home. As the sorrows came heavily she clung more closely to Jesus, listening to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit and while passing through the white heat she was neither blurred nor blistered, but came out a perfect vessel, fit for the master's use. As this dear daughter was submissive to the will of God, so is there true acceptance and full salvation for you, dear reader, if you place your standard high in the Lord. Glory to his name!

The work in this place was not confined to the old, middled-aged and the young, but many children were converted, and united with the church. I was next called to San Bernardino by Rev. Mr. Wachob. In this revival we held

union meetings at which all the ministers were often present. Being a union service, many of my Presbyterian friends were present, and knowing their opposition to a public demonstration of sanctification, led me to present pure and undefiled religion in such a way as to settle conviction upon every true believer's heart. Thank God for a knowing salvation! Brother Linville, a member of the Presbyterian church in good standing, was abundantly blessed, and speaking before the congregation, said: "Had Sister Miller presented the truth in any other way than she did, I should not have gone to the mercy-seat and found Christ as my satisfying portion." Amen!

When preaching in the opera house I had a different class of people to hear me, skeptics, infidels, drunkards and universalists. I said to one of the latter: "Do you believe the bible?" "Yes, in part," he replied, "but I do not believe in hell." "But," I said, "hell is in the bible. If you take out hell you have as much right to take out heaven and holiness. Does not the bible say hell was prepared for the devil and his angels? —Mathew 25, 41 Jude 6. God pleads with all not to go there. Do not cheat yourself, friend, but prepare for heaven in the Lord's way. Should there be a hell and you do not try to avoid it you will lose heaven and your own soul, too. Oh! will you not take warning, dear sir, before it is too late? If there is no hell for the wicked, neither is there any heaven for the righteous. You are building on the sand of time and when the rushing breakers of a fearful death rushes in upon you, it will be too late then to call on Jesus. Now accept your Savior, and no longer deny the living God who is able to relieve you of all your wants and prepare you to walk the golden streets in the celestial city and forever reign with the King in His beauty. Dost thou believe, friend?" He could not answer for weeping. When he became more calm, he said: "I never knew it was so easy to accept Christ as you explain salvation." Before leaving for Cincinnati, Ohio, he was made happy in Christ and had a

foretaste of heaven while here on earth. Hallelujah to Jesus! Amen, and Amen.

Mrs. Swing told me of a very sick lady who was not satisfied with her christian experience and desired me to visit her. We were met by the husband, who was very unkind in his remarks to Mrs. S., who enquired for his wife. "My wife is very sick," he said, "and you people trouble her greatly, for which I do not thank you." Mrs S. introduced me, weeping bitterly, and explained that I was a believer in holiness. He took my extended hand, saying in a subdued tone, "I have nothing against you nor your work." From his curt remarks to Mrs. Swing I inferred that he despised christian workers, of all denominations. I felt that it was in God's order to reprove sin and show the importance of being saved, and that salvation was not of man, but of Christ through His blood. I closed my remarks with the statement that I had a praying list in my book of remembrance, and each individual was remembered daily at a throne of grace. "I shall be glad to put you on the list if you so desire." As we bade him good evening, he said in a tender, low tone, "Will you please put me in your book of remembrance and pray for me?" I left him a subdued man, and felt impressed that God wanted me to talk to the unconverted husband, instead of the christian wife.

In this meeting we had a great many interesting conversions. I give all honor and glory to the blessed trinity. My next work was with the Rev. Mr. N. Wicklin, at Elsinore. This meeting progressed rapidly, with large congregations and intense interest from the beginning. I never felt a more earnest desire to bow low at the feet of Jesus and push the battle mightily, than in these services. Many of the workers were true and faithful, praying many times a day, while others were doing the will of God by stirring up the people to a sense of their duty. Scores and scores were justified, while many believers were brought into the light of sanctification,

who are today on the highway of holiness, serving God with an eye single to His honor and glory. How precious!

One dear brother, who was blessedly saved, went all over the house praising God, shaking hands with both saints and sinners, urging all to find salvation "while Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Hallelujah! A very unhappy soul said she was praying and reading the bible but was not saved. I asked what she expected to get from God by praying and reading the bible. "I want joy and peace of mind," she said, "as others say they have." "But, if you are saved by Christ, it must be through faith," I said, "and not by feeling nor works. You can never be at peace with God so long as you trust to feeling or experience to save you. No, no, dear soul; you must be saved by the blood of Christ, who has finished the work of redemption if you accept it. If you are hungrying and struggling for liberty from sin, you can find rest, and the God of peace will be with you. My dear child, begin at this moment to accept Jesus." Weeping aloud, she said: "Will you pray for me?" We knelt in prayer and I besought the Lord to save her, for Jesus' sake. When rising from our knees, she praised God with a happy heart. The last letter I had from her she was teaching in the Sabbath school, was a temperance worker and in every way she could, was doing something for her blessed Savior. Praise God!

From Elsinore I was called to Wildomar to speak on temperance, and from there to Murietta, where I remained but a few days and then proceeded to Oceanside, where sinners were converted. There was marked interest in these services and much good accomplished A poor sinner called on me to learn about Jesus. "I do not understand God and the many things you have said about salvation. Will you please explain the bible more fully to me? From the scripture I proved to him that the Lord talked to the Jew and the Gentile, to the converted and the unconverted, to the saint as well as the sinner.

I explained to him that the old testament was written for the benefit of those who lived under the covenant made at Sinai, between God and the Jews, Moses being the mediator. The new testament was given for the benefit of those for whom Christ was mediator. Those two books are called the bible and contain three dispensations: first, Patriarchial, beginning at the fall of Adam, to the giving of the law by Moses on Sinai. Jewish, from his time until the crucifixion of Christ. Christian, from the Pentecost, after Christ's resurrection, until the end of time. There are sixty-six books in the bible, written by forty different witnesses, who followed various occupations. The old testament contains the law of Moses, the prophets and the Psalms.—Luke 24, 44. From Genesis to Deuteronomy is called the Pentetuch.

Moses first gave an account of the creation of the world, its inhabitants, how God dealt with men and families and afterward with society and great nations. Those books teach how God is connected with man singly and collectively, and how man is controlled by God, mentally, physically and spiritually. Joshua, Judges, First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings are the prophets. The latter include all the books from Isaiah to Malachiah. Judges gives us a people lost in rebellion, who were once pure and first created in the image of God. Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Songs of Solomon, Ruth, Lamentations and Daniel are the pure teachings which will not only instruct, satisfy and encourage, but will lead you into the light of Christ and keep you with him forever.

Through the holy book of inspiration he saw his way clearly to Jesus, and was not only saved, but became a worker for the Lord. I have great reason to praise Jehovah when thinking of the thousands, once as ignorant of the Scriptures as this man, now blessedly saved and working daily for Jesus. In every meeting I have had more or less of this class of people

converted. I thank God for being able to teach them the pure way.

I next spoke at Fulton Wells, now called Santa Fe Springs, and preached ten days in the first Mission held in the city of Los Angeles, now called Peniel Hall, on Main street. When engaged in these services I was entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Whistler, whose house has ever since been my home when in the city. I was cordially made welcome by the good Doctor and his peerless wife, who, after a happy married life of more than fifty years, has passed on to the home above. When she left us, no one felt the loss of a mother, sister, and dear com panion more than myself. I traveled one hundred miles to attend the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and while on the way felt impressed to pencil a few lines to them in honor of the occasion, which the children requested me to read to the guests at dinner. They were as follows:

A merry year to you, my friends,
And may the cheer that this day lends
To those now gathered in your home,
Backward in blessings to you come.

May the merry voices, at this time,
Cause early memories to sweetly twine
Around the hours of youthful days.
From cheerful hearts you get the praise.

Although your youthful years are done,
Your Christian songs are ever sung
With happy hearts, in Christ made free
From sin, and doubt, and misery.

Upon your fiftieth wedding day
We come to cheer you on your way
To the home above, not made with hands,
Where we will meet in happy lands.

As we share your joys upon this day,
In mingling our voices in the good, good way,
May years in the future be as happily spent
In wedded harmony and blissful content.

As the days of eighteen-ninety-one
Are filled with glowing, gentle song,
When the wedding of ninety-two comes round
May you in your happy home be found.

Long may your house a beacon be of light
To those who love to do the right,
By accepting the truth as you give it of God,
In turning from sin and searching His Word.

May the aged not only hear the truth,
But may you teach it to listening youth,
Who, with joyful hearts, come to the fold,
Believing that Jesus is better than gold.

May you work and pray, and teach each day,
Until all shall learn the holy way,
And sinners accept the joyous mirth
That God has promised to each on earth;
And coming years you'll chant again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

My next protracted effort was with Rev. Mr. Stone, a Congregational minister at Lugonia, who has since passed on to glory. Owing to previous calls I did not remain over but ten days, yet in that time I saw sinners converted, believers sanctified, the church built up and saints strengthened in the glorious work of the blessed redeemer.

At the hotel where I was entertained, a very unhappy man called to see me. He related how he came to fall from an honest, upright life to drunkenness and debauchery. It was the result of taking the first glass, which had not destroyed him but was the first step on the road to ruin "Many years

passed in wild dissipation, until delirium followed, and had it not been for a kind friend who was watching and praying for me, my life then would have ended. My "mother," he continued, "who always prayed for her wayward boy, was heart broken and died of grief. After her death I reflected on the cause of my miserable career and traced it to the accursed cup, and I made a solemn vow to 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' the destroyer of my soul and body. As soon as my mind became clear, a dear friend, who was converted under your ministry, told me where you were and said that if I called you would give me the true method by which I could always be kept. I have not been in church for twenty years, but have never forgotten my mother's prayers and early teachings."

I told him it was his privilege to receive a special spiritual blessing, and find grace and power with God, to walk blamelessly here and have life everlasting in the world to come. And this true assurance is not a matter of feeling, but an act of faith.

God's Word says, "Sinners shall pant after Him as the hart panteth after the water brook." "My dear sir, if you are panting after God now, accept His Word. It is the blood, the blood of the Lamb, only, that can cover the past." We knelt in prayer, and so continued for some time, but he could not find the way. I told him to continue seeking until he found Christ. He came the following week with misery depicted on his face, saying, in broken accents, "I am too wicked for God to save me for Jesus' sake!" I told him he was very near the kingdom. He said: "Do pray for me, lady, once more." I prayed, and then instructed him to tell Jesus what he wanted. In great agony he called upon God. I prayed again. He cried aloud, moaned and struggled upon his knees for over two hours. I prayed once more, asking the Savior to aid him in giving up all now. I said to him, "When the destroying angel went through Egypt, it was the blood of

the Lamb on the door-posts that saved the Israelites, and it must be the blood that saves you." Thanks to the Holy Spirit, light began to dawn, and he arose a changed man. His delight now is to be faithful in the Salvation Army, the work of his choice. Bless God!

From here I went to attend a camp meeting in Azusaf where many believers were brought into the light of sanctification, and sinners were justified. A sad soul, in great darkness, asked me to explain sanctification. I read from the Word: "Christ Jesus, that he might sanctify the people, suffered without the gate."—Hebrews, 10–12.

In the very beginning of man's fall God promised restoration through His own son, that he might destroy the works of the devil.—John 3, 8. He shall save His people from their sins.—Mathew 1, 21. Hence, the Son of God is the only deliverer. His occupation destroyed the body, or put to death the physical life. The Adamic nature is a living principle in all mankind, and only when it is crucified, or put to to death, it is destroyed. Then being made free from sin and becoming servants to God, we have our fruits unto holiness and the end everlasting life.—Romans 6:22.

The body of sin being destroyed there is no way by which it can be revived or brought to life, except by yielding to the subtle influence of satan, again becoming partakers of his nature. He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning and is the author of all sin." 1 John, 3: 8. "He that is born of God doth not commit sin, but keepeth himself and that wicked one toucheth him not." 1 John, 5:18. Just as the engine is controlled by the steam, so are we controlled when our wills are swollowed up in Christ Jesus. Whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy, and prepared for life, death, heaven and fellowship with God and the saints in glory. "Therefore there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. "Do all Christians believe that

Christ is the altar?" he asked. "No, they do not." I answered, "some say that the altar is the communion table. Another says the altar is the cross of wood on which Christ was crucified. The third discerns the true theory that the Christian's altar is Christ Jesus, our Savior, who gave Himself for our sins that He might deliver us from this present evil world." when we can say: "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." Gal. 14.2-20. Hence, it is not the table, or the cross on which He was placed, for neither one could sanctify the gift. He says: "I give My flesh for the light of the world." Thus, the body of Christ was the gift, and the altar was His divinity, on which He was offered. Therefore: "Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate." Heb. 13. 11. He asked: "How can Christ be the sacrifice and altar?"

I read: "When he cometh into the world, he said, 'sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me.' - - - Then He said, 'Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.' He taketh away the first that He may establish the second. By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." Heb. x. 5–10. "As the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Heb. ii. 11, 45. "The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." Luke ii. 40. This proves Christ's humanity. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." John i. 1, 14. Which proves Christ's divinity. "For their sakes I sanctify myself that they also might be sanctified through the truth." John xvii. 19. When Jesus offered his humanity

upon his divinity the great atonement was made once for all. "He that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one, as Christ and the Father are one."

Webster's dictionary says "Christ is called the Christian's altar, He being the atoning sacrifice for sin." "We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle." Heb. xiii. 10. Dr. Adam Clark, in his comments on Heb. ix, says: "Although Christ be but one, yet he is understood by us under a variety of forms. He is the tabernacle, on account of the human body in which He dwelt. He is the table, because He is our bread of life. He is the ark which has the law of God concealed within, because He is the Word of the Father. He is the candlestick, because He is our spiritual light. He is the altar of incense, because He is the sweet-smelling odor of sanctification. He is the altar of burnt offering, because He is the victim by death on the cross for the sins of the whole world."

According to the word of God, Christ is priest, sacrifice and altar. As a priest, He offered, as a sacrifice, He suffered, and as God He supported His humanity in the great suffering for all mankind. 1 Peter. 3, 18. Heb. 9.14. Then Christ the altar, being greater than the gift, sanctified the gift. Mat. 23.18. Jacob built an altar when he returned from Padan-aram and came to Shalem, a city in Canaan, and called it El-Elohe Israel, that is God, the God of Israel. Gen. 33. 18,20. The Lord commanded Moses to build an altar and gave directions as to how it should be built, and that He would come unto him and bless him. Ex. 20. 24,25. A few chapters farther on He says: "The altar must be sanctified and become most holy, and whatever toucheth the altar shall be holy; Where I will meet thee to speak thereunto thee and the altar shall be sanctified by My glory. And it shall be sanctified and be an altar most holy, which in the Hebrew means holiness of holiness. Ex. 40. 10. The burnt offerings, which typified our living sacrfice, was to be

first washed of all its filth and then to be a burnt sacrifice on the altar unto the Lord. Levit. 1.9 For the sin offering, the blood and the fat were brought to the altar and the rest was burned without the camp. Levit. 4 7-12. The sin offering must be offered first, then the burnt offering on the same altar." Levit. 5. 1-7-10. He asked: "Why is it called a burnt offering?" I replied "It was called the burnt offering because the fire shall ever be burning upon the altar and it shall never go out". Levit. 6. 9-13. The children of Reuben and of Gad called the altar Ed: "For it sball be a witness between us that the Lordis God." Joshua. 22. 34. Gideon built an altar unto the Lord and called it Jehovah-shalom, which means the Lord. Judges 6.25. I will go unto the altar of God, my exceeding joy. I will praise Thee O God, my God. Psalms 43. 4. Thus, we see in every instance the Jewish altar was the true means of a constant approach to the blessed Lord, for the services of every altar had reference to, or connection directly with God, of which Christ was the type and in Him, has since been fulfilled. The people came with their offerings to the priests and they offered them on the altar. Levit. 1. 5-10. So has Christ become our approach to God, and we are made priests to present our bodies as a living sacrifice unto the Lord. We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle. For the bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are buried without the camp, wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Heb. 10. 10-13. "Is it possible," he said, "that the Bible is so clear on sanctification? I do accept it now and thank you for such clear teaching. I do rejoice to know the ways of living for God, according to the truths of the holy scriptures." He left me, happy in Christ, saying: "Had I known the word of God contained such beautiful instructions my life in the past would have been consecrated to Christ, the christian's altar." He

has proven true all these years, and is doing good work for the Master in St. Louis, Mo.

The last night but one, when in this meeting, I was exceedingly tired. I went to bed very late and slept soundly until near morning. Upon waking the first thought that came to my mind was, "Go home! Go home!!" This was the first time the thought of home came to me and at such a late hour of the night, I could not understand it, and the greater the efforts I made to banish the thought, the more persistently it returned: "Go home! Go home!!" I said: "Lord, if this is from Thee, continue the teachings and Thy child will obey." In a few minutes I fell asleep and did not wake until late in the morning. The first thought on arising was: "Go home! Go home!!" I said: "Thy will be done." I left for San Bernardino, where my trunk was and began making preparations, not knowing where the money for the journey was to come from. "Thy will be done," was my constant prayer. Within a few days after my arrival dear Sister Gaylord, who had been converted in my meeting, called and said that she had been informed I intended returning to my home in the east. I related my experience as it came to me,, adding: "I am doing my part and feel that God will provide the means at the proper time." She replied: "I am the way for it came to me as soon as I heard you were going that I should accompany you." Together we knelt in prayers of thanksgiving and praises to God from whom all blessings flow.

We attended the Long Beach camp meeting together, and afterwards sailed from San Pedro, to San Francisco, to fill a previous engagement. The day meetings were held at noon for the benefit of all working people. From the beginning we had God with us. The Holy Ghost descended upon the people, convincing them of their sins and leading them in righteousness. A sea captain was saved, and said when he returned to England he would give up his vessel and open a mission. Skeptics, infidels, gamblers, drinking men and

prostitutes were saved and I have since heard good reports from them. Praise God for salvation! A young man was affected to tears while listening to the testimonies of young converts, though he would laugh and make light of serious things. He continued this in many of the meetings, notwithstanding his heart was touched, and he felt that the Searcher of all hearts had revealed to him his own peril. He called upon God alone, thinking he could be saved and keep his sufferings a secret, but found no relief for his burdened soul. He came to see me after service for a private interview. I explained to him, from the scriptures, that they who were ashamed of Christ, He would be ashamed of them hereafter. I said: "You must cease to do evil and learn to do good. Though your sins are as scarlet they shall be made white as snow. So long as you are scoffing at religion, and using your influence to prevent other souls seeking salvation, your petitions are in vain." We knelt in secret prayer and I asked God to teach the poor boy and show him mercy. He was the first at the altar next evening, was soon made happy and was not ashamed to ask forgiveness for wrongs done others and urge sinners to come to Christ.

I was called to this city by Rev. Geo. Newton, and my work was exclusively in the mission. A class of people attend these missions whom we cannot get into the churches, therefore this work and that in the streets, are of the greatest importance in seeking souls for the blessed Redeemer. After the close of this series of meetings I attended the Beula Park camp meeting, where many souls were saved. Oh, the glory of the precious hours with my beloved Jesus I shall never forget. Hallelujah! Amen!!

CHAPTER XI.

RETURNED EAST.—SALT LAKE.—OMAHA.—CHICAGO.—CLEVELAND.—RETURN TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—CALLED BACK TO MY NATIVE STATE.—EVANGELISTIC WORK.—INCIDENTS.—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.—ETC.

ON JULY 27, 1887, I left California for Salt Lake City, being accompanied by my spirit child, Mrs. Mary A. Gaylord, who experienced sanctification in San Francisco. While in Salt Lake I was invited to speak in the Mormon church, and I had a very large, attentive congregation. The largest assembly I ever beheld was present at the afternoon service in the tabernacle, nine thousand nine hundred persons. This building, which seats twelve thousand people, has the most perfect acoustic properties of any edifice in the world. At the close of these services I was introduced to the only surviving brother of Brigham Young, who took both my hands in his saying, "God bless you, my dear child."

When we left Salt Lake we were accompanied to Ogden by Mr, Ray and family, by whom we had been very pleasantly entertained, and from there we boarded the train for Omaha. We had been on our way but a short time when a young man addressed me, saying he had attended my meetings, and never before felt so deeply impressed to become a Christian. He was the son of a distinguished clergyman, well educated, loved and respected by all who knew him. He came from England with glowing anticipations for the future, and brought letters of introduction to the best men in America. He soon obtained a fine position in a drug store in Boston, but, temptations assailing him on every side, he fell a prey to satan's devices, and in less than ten years from the time he left his father's home, he was a prisoner in chains. I opened the Bible and read to him: "Incline thine ear unto my say-

ings, and let them not depart from thy eyes, for they are life unto thee and health to thy flesh." With tears of sorrow, he said, "I understand how very sinful I have been, and none but God knows what I have suffered in body and remorse of conscience. Pray for me, that as I have been liberated from satan's chains in a prison cell, the fetters of sin may be removed from my sad heart."

Opening my Bible again, I said, "Hear what your heavenly Father says to you, which is better instruction than I can give: 'Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings before mine eyes.' Accept God without reserve, and His anger will be turned away for time and eternity. Ask *now* that you may receive." With tear-stained eyes raised to heaven, he said, "Yes, I will." I instantly asked God in prayer, continuing with him until the battle was fought and victory won. Glory to God! He has often written to me of severe temptations, out of which, in every instance, he has come off conqueror by the blood of the Lamb. I have had hundreds and hundreds of dear souls converted privately, who at once became workers in the Master's vineyard. Others are preaching the gospel, and have many souls as seals to their ministry. All praises to Jesus.

We stopped in Omaha and Council Bluffs but a few days, and continued our journey to Plano, Oswego and Plainfield, Ill. In all these places I preached the gospel in public congregations, and attended other camp meetings, making seven for that season. A highly educated young lady of the Roman Catholic church came to see me, and said: "Since hearing you preach in the Methodist church I have been very unhappy, so much so that I have passed days without eating and nights wherein I could not sleep until almost morning. This morning I felt that I was lost, and that the only refuge I had was to come and see you." "Do you want Jesus more than anything in this world?" I asked. "Oh yes, dear lady, I am quite certain I do, and unless I get relief in some way

I know I shall not live long." I read to her from the Book of books: "They that delight in the law of the Lord, and meditate upon it shall be like a tree planted by the river of waters; and they that dwell under His shadow shall return, and revive as the corn, and grow as the vine." As I read, she wept and asked, "Do you think that is for me?" "If you ask God believing." She earnestly called upon God, and was happily converted. Thank God for sowing by all waters.

From this place we went to Chicago, where we remained ten days doing what I could in public and private. At the hotel where I stopped, the proprietor's wife came into the parlor one evening when I was instructing an earnest seeker. While I accompanied the saved child to the door, Mrs. Gaylord informed the lady who I was, what was my mission in the world, and added that I would leave in the morning. As I returned to the parlor she approached me and said: "You must not go away so soon. I desire very much that you both remain with me during the week." I accepted her kind invitation, and we became her guests. Learning her past history and present responsibilities, I felt impressed that it was important I should remain to strengthen her belief and encourage her faith under her manifold annoyances. She had over forty servants to oversee. When we left she and her husband expressed great regret, and gave me a standing invitation to make their house my home when in the city. Here I separated from my spirit child, Mrs. Gaylord, and she was almost heart-broken to part with me.

I next went to South Bend, Ind., Toledo, and Wauseon, O. In the latter place I spent a short time with a brother (since gone to heaven) whom I had not seen for fifteen years. His pastor invited me to fill his pulpit on the Sabbath, which I did, and before finishing my discourse, the minister, brother, and many others were in tears, which proved to me that it was the Lord speaking through lips of clay.

My next stopping-place was in Cleveland, O., where I was

summoned to the parlor to see a young man who heard me preach in Wauseon. He was greatly depressed in mind, and with tears flowing from his eyes, asked, "What shall I do to be saved? I cannot describe how sad I have been since you said, 'Without hope in Christ all is lost.'" I replied, "Can you truthfully say, 'Lord, thou knowest that I desire thee.'? Do you esteem all things but dross in comparison with the excellency of Jesus Christ?" "I am so wicked, and have been such a great sinner, but I do want God to save me," he cried. I read: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Then I said, "God never created such desires in your poor soul to torment you forever. You are now a happy man, if none but Christ can satisfy you." We knelt in prayer, but had not been long on our knees when there was a most wonderful display of God's power and love in his unhappy soul. I exhorted him to unite with a church, and make the acquaintance of God's people, with whom he could work for the Savior. As I went about my Master's business, I accorded to Him honor and glory in every place I was called to build up His cause.

I spoke in Wellsville and Toronto, when I was requested to go to Pittsburg, Pa. I was next divinely instructed by my heavenly Father to board a steamer, going down the Ohio river to Racine, in which place my mother's only surviving brother resided, whom I had not seen for many years. I preached in the M. E. Church to which my uncle and family belonged, also in the United Brethren Church.

After a short and pleasant rest with my relations, I proceeded to Parkersburg, Va., Murietta, O., Wheeling, W. Va., also preaching in Steubenville, O. I next spoke in Wellsville, O., by invitation from Rev. Mr. Oliver; also in the United Presbyterian Church, East Liver Pool, O. Thence to Bethany, Calcutta, and Clarkston, O.

In some places I tarried several weeks, in others a shorter time. I returned West by way of Cincinnati,

Evansville, Terra Haute, Newark, Ind; St. Louis, Jefferson City, Smithton, Sedalia, and Kansas City, Mo. In all these places, I gave the gospel as the Lord directed. I was met in Kansas City by sister Gaylord, who accompanied me to the Pacific Coast.

On December 1887, we arrived in San Bernardino, Cal., having been absent many months. After resting a few weeks at the Arrowhead Hot Springs, I resumed my evangelistic work in San Bernardino, San Diego and Los Angeles counties.

On March 1st, 1888, I was again divinely instructed to return to my native state. Understanding the still, small voice, I said: "Dear blessed Master, provide the means and I shall obey."

The following week a dear spiritual daughter called to see me, saying: "I felt impressed yesterday to give you one hundred dollars." I thanked her and said it was more than enough to buy a first class ticket there and return home. Another spiritual daughter prepared a beautiful basket of lunch for me. A third sister, who had been both justified and sanctified, when bidding me good bye, placed two hundred dollars in my hand and said: "If you need more change, let me know and I will send it." A fourth gave me two beautiful dresses all ready to put on. Others gave me parting gifts, five, ten and fifteen dollars each. Hallelujah! All through the journey, I was kept busy working for my blessed Savior. I spoke in every car, not omitting the smoker, and when not having a message from Christ, distributed tracts in every coach

I spent the first Sabbath in the state of Illinois. Before I finished preaching many were in tears, and forty raised their hands for prayer. At the close of the services a young lady accompanied me to the hotel, saying: "I do not understand the Scriptures and the Psalms are to me a mystery." I proved from the Bible that in the old and new Testaments there is

perfect unity and but one aim, to impress the minds and hearts of every individual with the power of the Father, through the Son. These books were given in various orders under different degrees of cultivation. Some were written by prophets, others by priests, herdsmen, statesmen, scholars and kings, also uneducated fishermen. God has been recognized in every nation and with all peoples who believe and defend the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. May the Holy Spirit teach you, dear child, to accept the message of the Lord. She said, weeping: "I am so glad to have met you. O, lady, will you not pray for me, that I may be saved and made useful to work for the Lord's Christ, whom you have made so plain to me in your sermon? I shall never speak again in favor of infidelity nor against God." We knelt in prayer and did not rise until she was a child of the King. She accompanied me to Kansas City, her home, and I left her doing the will of the redeemer. Glory! Oh! how I blessed the Lord for using me as a medium through which to change infidelity to righteousness. At every station at which I stopped I worked as the spirit gave me utterance, not tarrying in any place longer than ten days or two weeks.

While in Toronto, Ohio, I was invited by the Presbyterian minister to address the children. I spoke from this text: "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." "From the teaching of God's Word we see that children should be instructed that Jesus alone can save from sin. Then, children, if you accept Jesus as your Savior, and always have Him to rule over you, there must be a starting point in your young lives. I presume you have all been in an orchard, in the spring, when you could see on the trees neither leaves nor fruit, only the beautiful buds. In a few weeks the buds were gone, and the branches covered with fragrant blossoms. Again in a few months instead of flowers you would find golden, luscious fruit. As you saw in the orchard, first buds, then flowers and after-

wards fruit, so in this world there are three classes of people, boys and girls, young ladies and gentlemen, and old people. In the beautiful orchard, what do the buds represent? I hear you say 'children.' That is right. Young people are the flowers and the fathers and mothers are the fruit. In planting a tree, you dig a hole, pour in water, set in the tree, then a stake to hold the young tree firm. If the tree is tied in a crooked position it grows crooked. Is not this the way with some boys and girls? Do they not start crooked in life? Yes, I hear you say because their parents' example before them is not right. What does God say? 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not.' Should not every body love Jesus? Why should we love Him? 'Because He first loved us.' How many here love Him? I see all hands up. So we all love Jesus. Who was early taught to love God? Some say Timothy, others Samuel. All of you are correct. Both were taguht to love Him. Do you think if all boys and girls were taught to love God we would see as many wicked children as we do?" "You say 'No,' because you have been taught right. What is the Golden Rule?" 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' If you begin life in this way, when young, you will grow up like Timothy, Samuel, Ruth and Dorcas, men and women adorned with good works, and when you are old, should you live, you will be as good old Anna and Simeon, just ready to be gathered, as golden fruit, into the garners of the Lord."

At one time while laboring in an eastern city, I was entertained at the home of Mr. W——, who was a fine, noble gentleman. The house was a brown stone front, elegantly furnished throughout with plush carpets and beautiful hangings. Mrs. W—— was a refined, educated woman of more than ordinary talent and accomplishments. They had one son and two daughters and the family entertained me sumpt-

uously. Seated in the library one day, I said: "You are so comfortably situated that either you or your wife must have inherited a large fortune." Mrs. W—— remarked to her you must tell Sister Miller of your early life." Said he: "I was one of thirteen children, born of poor parents, and being the eldest son was deprived of an education, which has always been a source of great regret to me. Our parents taught us to be good, true and honest. Their first injunction to us was that Honesty is the best policy. As I relate it to you their teachings are as fresh in my memory as though they were but of yesterday. My father died when I was quite young, and his last words were: 'My dear children, I leave you in the care of a merciful God. Will you, with your mother, meet me in heaven?' That request I have never forgotten. I was old enough to go into the world and earn something for mother and the younger children. I will never forget her parting words. 'James,' she said, 'be good, true and upright.' I met temptation and trials as do other boys, especially those without a father. The merchant, whose store I entered as an errand boy, had three sons near my age. He was wealthy and highly esteemed, and though not a drinking man always had wines on his table, of which every one was free to partake. When pressed on me I declined with thanks. In a few years the father died and the business was left in the hands of his sons, who had formed habits of drinking at the family table. Not many years afterwards John was shot in a saloon, Robert died of delirium tremens, William was found dead in the gutter and the poor mother died of a broken heart. All their great wealth was gone. This beautiful home was theirs, put up for debt and I bought it. My store was their place of business, sold for what it would bring. From an errand boy I steadily went up until I became a partner and held that position when the crash came. I borrowed money, assumed the entire obligation, and today have what you see without encumbrance. I was converted when a

boy, after father's death and have lived an honest, upright christian life, following the example of my parents."

It is not necessary for me to comment on these two families. You see, my dear children, they both followed their early teachings. This shows the great importance of parents living near to Jesus. We withhold the gift of God when we withhold example with experience. In this way you begin when young, to be beacon lights to lead souls upward and onward to the blessed Savior. Satan will often come to you, saying that you are too young and do not understand, but you tell him, in the name of Jesus, to get behind you. When you have sinful thoughts sometimes sinful words and actions will follow, and you will be surprised to find how unkind and naughty you are. Under such conditions you must ask Jesus, who knows your hearts and the power satan has over you, to help you.

A young man just converted, was led to pray for the most wicked, reckless young man in the community. When the dear young convert said his faith reached out for Stewart Van, all present were surprised, but agreed to pray for the profligate, as he was called. Not long after the subject of these prayers was seen in the prayer meeting, and the next Sabbath at church. When an opportunity was given for those who desired prayers to remain after service, Stewart Van was the first to take his seat and told how long he had desired to be a Christian, and the time corresponded to the date of the very evening the dear young convert, Willie, began to pray for him. Stewart, in a plain, practical way, stated that he loved God and His people, intended to live a different life and unite with the church. Many remarked that he would not prove faithful, but to the surprise of all he began at once to pray and speak in public, was a contributor to the church and was always present at every means of grace. May God help every young boy and girl to come to Jesus, and become workers for Him, now.

To become useful workers in the good cause you should devote your leisure hours to something useful. David was a faithful shepherd when at work, but every leisure moment was given to his harp, and through his skill on that instrument he was called from the sheepfold to work for the Lord. Give your leisure moments to whatever your higher tastes lead, not forgetting to give much time to the reading of the Word, and secret prayer. Hugh Miller, from a boy, working at his trade, became a noted writer and scientist. Michael Faraday spent his leisure hours studying chemistry and electrical machinery, thus laying the foundation for the great work afterwards accomplished. P. P. Bliss, who wrote the words and music of "Hold the Fort," "Only an Armor Bearer," and other hymns, spent his leisure hours, when a boy, studying music. Dear souls, you can lead as useful lives as these by giving your hearts to Jesus, doing His will and improving your time. God help you."

Being called to Steubenville, Ohio, I found my friend, Mrs. Lindsay, very ill, and her physician having prescribed a change of climate, she and her family consented to accompany me to the Pacific coast. Before I left Ohio, my spiritual daughter in California sent me one hundred dollars, making three hundred in all from her. She wrote: "I want you to have sufficient for every need in the Lord's work and if you want any more let me know. Oh, how many times God has provided for me in ways I knew not. Hallelujah! Thanks be to Jesus who supplied all my wants in giving me friends without number, and hid me under the shadow of His wing; I blessed the Holy Spirit who led me and gave me sweet counsel so that I laid me down in peace and sleep. "For thou, Lord, only maketh me to dwell in safety." Blessed be the Lord!

On this journey many souls were saved while others were arbitrary and disposed to argue against the great God who created them. In our coach an infidel became so angry and

boisterous in conversation when I refuted his arguments, that a gentleman, not a professor, rebuked him publicly.

This trip was not only pleasant but profitable to perishing souls. We stopped off at Victor, on the mountains, where we tarried a short time for the benefit of Sister Lindsay, much to her improvement. On Sabbath I preached in the school house to a very attentive audience, taking for my subject, faithfulness to God through Christ Jesus. I had constant calls from different churches on this journey, but it has never been my practice to respond to every invitation. I only work as I feel led of God. For many years the demands on me have been so great I could be in active work six years at a time, without new invitations. I do not think of ecstacy in my experience, but feel always a deep, quiet, sweet peace in my soul. I know what it is to dwell in Beulah land and there I desire to remain, having learned from experience how easy and pleasant the christian life becomes when all antagonistic principles are removed from the heart. Glory!

CHAPTER XII.

IN SAN DIEGO.—MURIETTA.—WINCHESTER.—VERNON.—HOT SPRINGS.—COLTON.—SEVERE ILLNESS.—DIVINELY HEALED.—IN THE MOUNTAINS.—EVANGELISTIC SERVICES AT ETIWANDA.—THE PALMS AND LONG BEACH.

ON THE FIRST day of February, 1889, I was called by Rev. Mr. Coleburn to work in San Diego, Cal. In this place I have many dear friends, who have aided me with their prayers and means for the dear Master, for which I hereby tender them my thanks in the name of the Lord. In the beginning of this meeting the pastor had bills sent out through the city, inviting every person to the services. I held not only two meetings a day in the church, but also had seekers in my chamber. My hours to receive callers at home were from nine to eleven in the morning. This was not for social visitors, but for those seeking spiritual instruction through the Holy Ghost.

I must speak here of a young lady who called feeling sad because the meetings were soon to close, and she was not saved. She was under heavy pressure, bound by iron fetters, and could not find release. I said, "Are you willing to be all for Jesus? You can not be truly for Christ if you are partly for anything else. It is the spirit's power that puts it into your heart to get rid of self and desire to live for God. If you want your hands and feet, your voice and intellect, to be devoted to Jesus, you must say from an honest heart, 'Dear Lord, all for Thee; not my will, but Thine be done.' Should this be your desire, Christ will take you by the hand

and raise you up and comfort your heart." Before leaving my room she was happily converted, and on returning to her home in the East became a teacher in a Sabbath school and a true, faithful worker, instrumental in leading sinners to Jesus.

While the meeting was in progress the President of the Young Men's Christian Association invited me to address their Sunday afternoon meeting. The room being on the ground floor was crowded to overflowing, and many were standing on the outside. As I tried to show the importance of accepting Christ, many hardened sinners were affected to tears. At the close I asked those desiring a better life, and who wanted me to pray for them, to raise their hands. Fast and faster the hands went up, until I counted thirty-five. The President, who sat on the platform, informed me that many were the wickedest men in the city. In addition to skeptics, infidels, and drunkards, four of the most noted gamblers expressed a desire to lead a different life. As I had already spoken three times, and was to preach in the evening, I could not have an altar service, and the next morning but one I was to leave for another field of labor. In many different meetings souls have been under such deep conviction that they fainted and fell at the altar, and upon returning to consciousness, would shout "Glory! glory!" saved happily in the Lord. Glory to His holy name!

From San Diego I went to Murietta, at the request of Rev. Mr. Thomas. At the close of the discourse, a gentleman asked me, "By whom were you informed of my backslidden condition?" "I do not know you, my brother," I answered. Whereupon he asked an interview, which I granted. When he called, accompanied by his wife, he began by saying: "I was once a member of the church in which you preached tonight. But I have lost confidence in everybody. I do not attend church, and should not be here tonight but for the reason that I never heard a lady preach before. When you

said, 'Jesus is now calling to the backslider, and is very near to every desolate heart,' that moment I felt all the past rushing before me, and in my secret soul I wanted to give everything to the Lord." "Can you not do so now?" I asked. "How can I," he replied, "when I have been treated shamefully by professed Christians?" I said, "Are you going to give up everything you have possessed, and be lost because of hypocrites?" "I never looked at it in that light," he replied.

I read from my Bible: "Woe unto you, hypocrites, for ye make clean the outside, but within are full of extortion and excess; ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Ye outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Math. 23: 25–34. "I did not know that was in the Word of God," he replied. His dear wife, weeping bitterly, said: "Will you not pray for us?" We all knelt in humility, before the Lord, and I laid their case at the feet of a crucified Redeemer. For over two hours I quoted the blessed promises of God, and prayed fervently with and for them. They promised me, God being their helper, from that time they would love and serve Him. I claimed them for the Master. There is nothing too hard for God. They were very grateful, and bade me good-bye, rejoicingly happy in the Lord, though it was after three o'clock in the morning when we parted. I rejoiced in spending the night in pleading for the royal claims of Christ.

I took the six o'clock train for Winchester, at which place I began a protracted effort, where souls were justified and believers sanctified. I here quote a few lines about the meeting, written by one of the converts, given in the *Los Angeles Christian Advocate*:

"Saturday night eighteen were at the altar. Sabbath was a high day in Zion's cause at Winchester. Monday night there was more power manifested than in any other service. There was a deep feeling in the meeting last night; in a few moments many came forward and expressed a desire to be Christians."

The last letter from this convert to me, was: "Oh, how happy I am in the work for my blessed Savior. I always pray for you Sister Miller and shall ever rejoice that I met you at Winchester, where I was led from darkness to light."

My next work was at Vernon, with Rev. Dr. Cobb, who has since gone to glory, triumphantly. I was entertained by dear Sister Wilson, who with other workers, had the cause of the Lord at heart. As in other churches, there were difficulties to overcome, one of which was a swarm of bees that settled in the stove, which satan used to suppress the meeting at the most critical time; but, praise the Lord, we gained the victory over satan in seeing sinners converted.

A sad doubting soul said: "I am lost. What shall I do?" I answered: "There is a bright future for you, dear soul, if at the foot of the cross you come to seek rest. There always abide, and you will find Christ near and dear to your heart. The shield of faith will quench the fiery darts of the adversary and you will be enabled to gain victory over every temptation. Jesus will be very near to you if you love Him with all your heart. 'How happy are they who the Savior obey.'"

Mrs. Bones, who was reared a Catholic and lived always with them, was happily converted to Christ, spoke and prayed in the meetings and went from house to house through the day, seeking sinners. Her husband who was also a Catholic, was saved, and they both united with the church.

One evening a young gentleman came to the pulpit and introduced himself as one of the Thomas family, from Tipton, Mo., who were brought into the light of God, during my meetings there, in 1880. "I have come many miles to see you," he said, "to give you a word of encouragement in your great

work for the Lord. The last words you said when bidding me good-bye, were the means of my conversion. I am a Christian and have been doing what I can for Jesus ever since." Oh, how it thrilled me with joy to hear a dear soul say that Jesus had saved him, even at the eleventh hour. Hallelujah!

At the close of this meeting I felt led of God to the Hot Springs, four miles south of San Jacinto, to spend a few weeks with my dear friend, Mrs. Branch, who opened up these springs and made them a very beautiful, attractive, pleasant place of resort for the poor and needy, as well as the gay and wealthy. During my stay there I was refreshed and invigorated. I talked to dear souls privately through the week and preached on Sabbath. It is not possible to describe the many interviews I held, with earnest hearts who desired salvation. Oh, how many I have found hungering and thirsting for righteousness and I was glad to give them the true way.

My next protracted effort was at Beaumont with Rev. Mr. Hilbish. In this work many people were converted, believers sanctified and the church built up. I preached every night and made a house to house visitation through the day, which resulted in the saving of souls. The pastor was anxious to save sinners, and did his duty in every meeting. Men and women in the Presbyterian Church were so remarkably blessed that they were enabled to speak and pray in the public congregation. There was not a convert who was ashamed to tell what Jesus had done for him or her. Owing to previous engagements I was not permitted to remain as long as I desired, but was called from there to Colton, to labor with Rev. Mr. McMillan. Many were saved in Colton. Several very wicked revilers and blasphemers came out into the light of God and I left them shoutingly happy. One dear sister, who had long been in darkness, was blessedly saved and began at once to speak, pray and work publicly in the church with which she united. A backslidden physician was not

only justified, but also sanctified, shouting praises to God for freedom through the Savior's love. He continued very happy and died the next week, after the meeting closed, leaving behind a clear evidence that he had gone to glory. We shall meet again over there. Amen.

In January, 1890, by request of Rev. J. W. Morris, I began a protracted eoffrt at Glendora. This meeting opened successfully with the salvation of sinners. A dear sister, justified for years, was blessed by the light of sanctification. Another precious sister, sanctified years before and a member of the Holiness Band, or Church, was not satisfied and gladly gave her name to the minister as a member of the M. E. Church, in my presence, and has proven herself a faithful worker in the Master's cause. I was taken very suddenly ill and the meetings closed at the expiration of five days. I felt as though my strength and vitality had wholly left me. Dear Sister Bradley, in whose family I was a guest, summoned a physician who pronounced my disease la grippe in its worst form. For some days my recovery was thought doubtful. After weeks of untold suffering I was pronounced out of danger, and having been with Sister Bradley two months, I went by special request to Sister Twitchel's, in Monrovia, where I remained one month with no apparent improvement. From there I went to Los Angeles, but not improving I consulted a distinguished physician, who gave me medicine and advised me to spend the spring and summer months in the mountains. My pain was excessive and constant, and I became a mere physical wreck. Some nights I did not sleep two hours, so intense was my pain and suffering, yet I was conscious of great peace, joy and happiness in my soul. I had been in my mountain home nearly two weeks, taking medicine every hour as prescribed, with no apparent change. I could neither eat nor sleep and suffered pain from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. After a sleepless night, suffering so much I could not eat any breakfast, I said: "Lord, what must I do?"

After my morning devotions I continued reading the Word, but my sufferings were so intense I again communed with God, after which I tried to make my way to the front veranda. On the center table I saw a tract on faith healing by Ethan O. Allen. I laid it on the rocking chair with my Bible and pushed them before me, being unable to carry them. Anxiously I opened the book on healing, and found that it contained the conviction, conversion, sanctification and healing of this powerful man, and how wonderfully God used him at the sick bed, in prayer, for restoring the afflicted to health. As I continued to read the beautiful work of this holy man I could not restrain my tears.

I wept aloud, and praised the Lord for a child who had the courage to do great things through faith in Jesus Christ. After devouring the precious contents, praising the Lord with the tears falling fast from my eyes, these words came to me as a voice falling in my ear: "Why not ask God to heal your body?" I answered, "I will, Lord," and I said: "Dear Jesus, heal me now. Only you know my intense suffering all these weary months. Oh, do help me this very moment. I need you so much to take my suffering body and heal this excruciating pain." I seemed to lay hold on the blessed Lord as though He were present in person. I said, as the tears flowed fast over my pale face, "Father, thou canst help me just now, and I will not let thee go. You know how I have suffered; and now I am not able to teach sinners thy way. Will you not hear my prayer, grant my request, and set me free. I have consulted earthly physicians, and they have failed to reach the disease. Now I come to Thee, who art able and willing to remove all pain and suffering from my poor afflicted body. Dear Lord, have you not said you would heal all my diseases if I have faith? You have justified and sanctified my soul; now, dear Lord, heal my body for Jesus' sake, and I will praise and magnify Thy holy name forever."

At that moment I felt the divine touch, and exclaimed,

"O God, I do truly now believe that you have healed my body." The very moment I claimed the promise my pains left me, and I began praising God. My healing was so clear and decided that I looked at my watch. It was twenty-five minutes to three o'clock, Sabbath afternoon, April 27, 1890. At this moment the voice said distinctly, "Get up and walk." I arose and walked without limping or one particle of pain. Truly, my prayer was heard, and I was healed with no human being present or near me. I exclaimed aloud, "I am healed! I am healed! I am healed!" repeating it again and again. The devil said, "You are not healed; the pains will return." I replied, "Devil, hear me: pain or no pain, should I die to-night, I am healed at this moment through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I am led by the Holy Ghost to take God as my great Physician, and you get behind me in the name of Jehovah!" I continued praising the Lord, and magnifying His blessed name, when it came to me, "You need not praise me any longer." The voice was so distinct that I again looked at my watch, and found I had been praising God just an hour. Satan again tempted me, but I said, "The work is done. God is mine." Satan left me, and I was "strong in the Lord and the power of His might."

At that time a lady, who knew of my affliction and severe lameness, came in. I told her that through Christ I was healed, giving God the glory. "My spirit is the Lord's; my soul is the Lord's; and, glory to His blessed name, my body is all the Lord's too; and why should I not praise Him, and tell others what He has done for me?" While I pen these lines, I must stop and exalt His holy name, to whom be all honor and praise, now and evermore. Amen! Amen!

The first week I was healed how the enemy of my soul and body assailed me with temptations, saying, "You are not healed, and it will be utterly impossible for you to claim this wonderful liberty but a short time." I replied, "Get behind me satan, in the name of Jesus. I will not, I dare not, I can

not give up my faith in the Trinity." I threw away all my medicine, saying, "I am healed, dear Lord, through faith in Christ Jesus." Oh! what joy I experienced, realizing in my soul that the work was done. When the pains returned, which they did several times, my faith held stronger to the power of the Holy Ghost, and I gained the victory in the very face of the adversary, refusing him each time with the words, "I am healed! Give God the glory!"

My pain was all gone, and sleep and appetite returned. Oh! that all would praise the Lord for His goodness and wonderful works to the children of men! How I do glorify God for the present, and am trusting Him every moment for the future, "casting all my care on Him who careth for me." My mind is calm and peaceful. I feel as restful as when a a child, nursed on the bosom of my mother. Oh! how glorious to trust the blessed, precious Savior with body, soul and spirit! He will never turn away unhealed those who call upon Him in faith, any more than He did those who came by sight when upon earth. Hallelujah for heavenly power! Amen! This is only a faint glimpse of my healing through faith in Jehovah. O, how I delight to honor and magnify the blessed Lord, that Christians may be encouraged and sinners believe in Him, and come into loyal obedience in the light of full salvation.

After being healed I held service every Sabbath during my stay in the mountains, and had many come to see me through the week. Some people came a distance of ten to thirty miles to learn for themselves that I had been healed. A dear lady called to see me one morning with Mrs. Eddy's book in her hand. Handing me the book, she said: "I learned that you were healed, Miss Miller, and I have a desire to know how long you have believed in this Christian Science."

I assured her that my healing was not by satan, but through Jesus Christ, whose mission on earth was to fulfil the prophecies of the Father. I said to her: "Christ came to forgive

sins through repentance, and to prove to sinners that unless they accepted life everlasting they would be lost. God's word does not say, 'I will heal all who are sick,' but, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick.' 'This is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us, and if we know that He heareth us whatso ever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.' History informs us that this wonderful power of healing by faith in Jesus Christ continued long after the days of the apostles. The great Zinzendorf gives many instances of healing; also many men of rank as well as the common people were delivered from devils and healed from wonderful diseases. Richard Baxter testifies to have known that the prayers of faith saved the sick when human aid had failed. He was himself healed ten times. Dr. Marshall, the great translator, says, 'The gift of healing continued until the time of Constantine.' Did time permit, I could mention thousands who have been healed through faith in Christ Jesus, bless God."

"Do you not believe in this book or its author?" she asked, referring to Christian Science. "I do not, dear lady, for I have better teachings. Examine the Word, and learn of the doctrine which says, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick.' Suppose your parents would say, 'Dear daughter, come and accept food and raiment at our expense; but, instead of doing as you are bidden, you begin to say, 'That does not mean me; it refers to the daughter of some other parents.' Does this doubt in your mind change the desire of your parents? Is not the promise the same whether you accept or reject? Could the promises from earthly parents be greater or truer than God has given in His Word for the healing of the body and forgiveness of sins? If we are the Lord's at all, we belong to Him, spirit, soul and body. There is no other way, and this Christian Science is a whim of satan to cheat you out of the Lord's way."

"Were you always a believer in healing through faith in Christ?" she asked. "No, I never have been healed before. However, I have had severe sicknesses, such as fevers, rheumatism and ague. Ten years ago, in answer to prayer, I was permitted to spend many months at Dr. Hurd's Water Cure, where I was relieved of great suffering." "Is it a good institution and a pleasant location?" she asked. It is finely located, with a commanding view of different points in the mountains of which there are five: Mt. Mincie, in New Jersey, and Mt. Tamney, on the Pennsylvania side, are the highest. The woodlands with their twilight shades and the clear rivu lets meandering through romantic dells, leaping cascades, twisting through underbrush, over rocks and stones, rippling and singing the same sweet song as they glide along to pour their waters into the Analomink river just above its junction with the Delaware. Not far from the Cure are the wild foaming waters of the Bushkill Falls and the Delaware Gap. On the mountain sides are beautiful flowers and green ferns, while at the base are the larger ones and the rhododendron with its lovely blossoms, making a contrast of pure white with the delicate tints of those above. From the Cure there is a fine view of the valley below, with its green hills and their shadowy beauty containing many trees with their varied shades of foliage. Crystal Ledge, in the distance, held shaded works of rocks, ferns, flowers and singing birds, a picture to be always remembered and one that suggested to my mind the passage in Isaiah: 'Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace. The mountains and the high hills shall break forth before you into singing and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.'" "What a beautiful place," she replied. "I thank you for the description, but do you not give any time to the study of Christian science?" "I do not." "How often have you been healed through Christ?" "This is my first restoration by faith. I did not know how to ask the Lord to heal me, heretofore. When ill again after being

at the Cure I spoke of, I resorted to a first-class Cure in New York City, where I was very soon strengthened for public work in which I continued for years, without even a cold. I went morning, noon and night, exposed to all kinds of weather, rain, sleet, snow, cold, heat, night air and dampness and continued in good health to the surprise of all my friends. I crossed from the Atlantic to the Pacific five times, laboring as I passed through the different states on every tour. I have also worked in northern, central and southern California, on the plains, in the valleys, canyons, mountains and seashore, in towns, villages and cities without being ill until taken with la grippe this year." "Do you think God would have healed in every sickness had you asked in faith?" "I do indeed. The prayer of faith is always answered. Have you a desire to give up your science and take the great Physician as your teacher, who will not only give you peace of soul, but health to your body?" I asked. "I never had a greater desire to be all the Lord's than at this moment," she replied, "I do want to be happy and well." I said, "The noblest of all sciences is the science of Christ in your soul. But if you are seeking for happiness only, your efforts are sure to fail until you confess your sins and overcome self through the blood of the Lamb." I quoted to her James 5: 15, 16, after which we knelt in prayer and I commended her spirit, soul and body to the Lord of her being. She humbly confessed her sins and arose happy in Christ. She said she would never again give her time to Christian science.

During my stay in the mountains, which was over six months, sinners were converted, believers sanctified and many healed, God having the glory. Amen. In September I was permitted to visit Arroyo-Seco canyon, which extends in a northeast and westerly direction a distance of twelve miles. The ascent is so gradual I did not realize the constant elevation until we had traveled several miles, crossing the flowing waters as they rushed over the rocky barriers, or

leaping over the steep falls hurrying on their winding way to the valley below. I looked in wonder at so much grandeur in so small a space. The scenery was beautiful and varied, so that my mind was constantly occupied with the different points of interest. The cliffs, moss covered walls, lovely flowers, tall brakes, ferns, long grasses, thick chaparral in many colors, trees large and small, huge boulders and lofty peaks. I felt as though I was in an enchanted spot in which I should liked to have stayed, but pressed on to see the end of such magnificent scenery. There are two ways of entering this canyon, one by way of Las Casitas, a beautiful plateau lying between Millard and Arroyo Seco canyons, the other by Devil's Gate, a distance of two miles from where we leave the carriage, mount burros and in single file move up the winding trail. We cross the brook and begin a rapid ascent around the main mountain, leaving Arroyo Seco to the left until we arrive at Burnt Peak and strike a narrow ridge called the Backbone, covered on either side of the trail with a heavy growth of manzanita. Winding around the foot of Mt. Washburn we again have a grand view of Arroyo Seco. To the right lies the famous Brown's Mountain. Below its towering peak are wild ravines, deep gulches studded with tall trees and a dense growth of chaparral in varying shades with dazzling magnificence. The next is Rose Peak, which derives its name from the tints of the setting sun reflected upon it. To the right and left are Big and Little Bear canyons. A short distance from this point the trail suddenly descends, and a few hundred feet below, the stars and stripes float over Switzer's camp, a garden spot for tourists, a rest for the weary workman and a home of safety for invalids. Coming rapidly down to camp we pass groves of sycamore, alder and oak, and are greeted by many welcome voices shouting from below: "Ha! Ha! Who! Who!" From the mouth of the canyon to the camp we cross the Arroyo Seco sixty-two times. The buildings, aside from the tents, consist of a kitchen, din-

ing room, bed rooms and a sitting room. The latter is made cheerful on cool mornings by a bright fire in a large fireplace built of stone. A few rods from the camp are the first falls, of which there are six in all. They are reached by following the main trail which leads to the head of the stream, bordered with wooded dells, over-hanging flowers, grasses, ferns, and clear waters dripping over moss-covered rocks. East of the camp are Ralph's Peak, Minnie's Throne, Miller's Point, Rose Peak to the right, and to the left Mt. Hammond, Mt. Buchanan, and Strawberry Peak seven thousand feet high. Further to the left Mt. Emma joins Mt. Washburn on the north forming a semi-circle of mountains. Near the camp grows the green bay tree, mountain mahogany, white thorn, beach, sycamore, manzanita and the beautiful shittim wood.

After resting a few weeks at the camp we wound up the Arroyo Seco over a good trail four miles farther, where we rested at Lucky Camp, named in remembrance of a spring of cold water discovered by Mr. Switzer. From this point we ascend rapidly in a zig-zag course to the summit, an elevation of 7,000 feet. Here we could trace the canyons, with their openings in the valley below, and look down upon the mountains already described. At this altitude heavy timber abounds, beach, maple, sycamore, oak tall pines with moss-covered boughs. The scenery from this point is indescribably beautiful, a view rarely seen, and when once seen never forgotten. We saw the broad Pacific, Santa Catalina island, the cities and towns of the fruitful San Gabriel valley to the south, Wilson's Peak to the right, and barley and pine flats to the left. The trail is a good one and kept in repair by Mr. Switzer, whose camp is a noted resort of Southern California. The atmosphere is stimulating and life-giving to the invalid. We saw the sun set and the moon rise in magnificent grandeur. the golden light of their dazzling rays reminded me of the shining walls of the heavenly city. I looked upon them as of Divine creation and exclaimed from the depths of a happy

heart: "Behold the work of a blessed Lord!" The entire configuration of this lofty range of mountains is a grand study for the lover of nature. The climb up there was one of my great achievements, almost equal to the daring Alpine traveler who ascends the frowning Jungfrau or Matterhorn. To me there was a hallowed association with this beautiful spot, towering so many feet above mankind. It was on a mountain God gave the law and where He dwelt. It is from the mountain that the sacred river issues, that is like the waters of life flowing from the throne of God, or like the blood of atonement washing away the sins of the world. Travelers who desire to look upon a view never to be forgotten, should not fail to visit this noted camp in the heart of the Sierra Madre mountains. God be praised.

On January 17th, 1891, I began a protracted meeting at Etiwanda, at the request of the people tendered through their pastor. There were not as many converted in the same length of time as in other meetings, but the work done was thorough, with many brought from bondage to liberty. Many times I felt like shouting, "The ways of God are past finding out." Hallelujah!

On closing these services I was called to speak on temperance at Beaumont, after which I spent a few weeks with our dear sister Cummins, whose lovely retreat was in the foothills, at an altitude of 3500 feet. Dear sister and brother Cummins are sincere Christians, and did everythsng to make me comfortable and happy. God bless them. Here many with sad hearts called to see me, and went away happy and blessed in the Lord.

In June I held a protracted meeting at Glendale, and the pastor, filled with the spirit's power, aided me much in every service. I taught sinners to accept Christ as a perfect savior for soul and body. Amen.

My next effort was in the United Brethren church at the Palms. I was entertained at brother Sorbear's, whose beau-

tiful house at once appeared my home. I spent many happy hours with this lovely family, who are giving their time and means all for the cause of Christ. Oh! that many would follow their example, is my prayer. They did much for my comfort and happiness, and also aided me with their means, for which I was thankful, praising God. I talked and prayed with the sick, and preached in the chapel at the Soldiers' Home to a large congregation. A dear old man, who had been saved in one of my meetings ten years before, recognized me and said: "I have not tasted the evil drug since I accepted Christ as my Savior." I said, "No one can resist this dreadful curse successfully without help from the King of Kings, who is able to keep you from falling, not only from alcohol, but from tobacco, opium, and every other evil that besets the pathway of the unjust." An old soldier asked me, "Do you think it wrong to use tobacco?" I read: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of the Lord dwelleth in you? If any man defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." Followers of the Lord Jesus Christ are commanded to be clean that bear the vessels of the Lord. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the command of God. "He that knoweth his Master's will and doeth it not is beaten with many stripes," and you are sure of many stripes by knowing the Word and not being obedient to God, who seeks to be understood by all who love the appearing of His Son. May Jesus keep you, noble veterans of our country's cause. Be true to yourselves by being valiant soldiers of the cause of Christ. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" that which will injure either soul or body. Rev. Mr. Munger, in whose church I labored, was a true worker for God, and a faithful follower of the Master.

I felt led of God to suddenly leave the many friends at the Palms, and wend my way to Long Beach in compliance with the requests of scores of my spiritual children. On arriving

here I found pleasant quarters already prepared for me, and began at once to let my light shine for the Lord in my room. Every morning I had public services, at which many were saved, thank God. I did much private work when at Long Beach, where I remained several months. Oftentimes, dear sin-sick sisters came to my room in the evening, and would not leave until they found relief in Christ, which would probably be at one or two o'clock in the morning. In all this blessed work for God I never became overtaxed or weary, but could say from a happy heart, "Thy will be done!" Hallelujah to Jesus!

CHAPTER XIII.

CALLED TO VARIOUS PLACES IN SOUTHREN CALIFORNIA.—DISCOURSE ON ANGELS.—TEMPERANCE IN SAN DIEGO.—AT TRAVER—JUSTIFICATION.—HOW SANCTIFICATION IS RECEIVED.—AT REEDLEY.—PORTERVILLE.—ADDRESS TO CONVERTS.

I WAS CALLED from Long Beach to work with the Salvation Army at San Pedro. I first held services in the Sailors' hospital, which were profitable in their results. The first meeting with the Army, was on the street, in front of a saloon, where God so wonderfully baptised me with Holy Ghost power, that the saloon keeper and all present came out to hear me. We then marched to the barracks for worship. Many of them followed us. We must have had some twenty drunken men in the audience, with whom we conversed privately, after the meeting closed. They were sober when we arose from our knees at midnight, and many promised to lead different lives in the future. Hear, reader!

In October, 1891, I was called to Santa Ana by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I preached Sabbath morning in the Congregational church and in the evening in the Baptist church. The following morning a dear sister said to me: "When you referred to the angels last night, I felt as though I wanted to know more of their work; will you tell me?" With open Bible I proved that angels were created for a purpose and have a work to perform upon earth. They are not phantoms, but beings with faces, feet, voices and wings, (Isaiah 6. 2,3.) and they ate food prepared for them by Abraham and Lot, (Genesis 18. 1,8; 19, 1,3.) showing they are as mankind, permitted to adapt themselves to the teachings and instructions of the good Lord. "Man did eat the corn of heaven and angels' food." Psalms 78.24,

25. As God designed so did his angels appear to Abraham, and they were known as men. Genesis 18. 2. To Peter they came in the form of light. Acts 12. 7. "The angel that rolled back the stone from the door of the Savior's tomb, had a countenance like lightning and his raiment was white as snow." Math. 2. 2,3. Behold the beauty of the angel who appeared to Daniel 10. 5,6. They not only possess power but are mighty in strength. "An angel took up a stone like a great millstone and cast it into the sea." Rev. 18. 21. "In one night the angel of the Lord smote the Assyrian camp, one hundred and four score and five thousand for his own sake, and also for the sake of his servant David." 2nd Kings 19. 34,35.

The angels have power to deliver the saints when oppressed, whether in the fire or among the wild beasts. "The angel delivered his servants that trusted in Him, that they might not serve nor worship any but the true God." Dan. 3. 28. Angels are also ministers to Christ's blessed children and are known as messengers of light and knowledge, (Judges 2. 1.) sent from the Lord to supply their wants and defend them from their enemy who is known as the great dragon, the old serpent, called the devil and satan. "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments, harkening unto the voice of His word." Psalm 103. 20. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Psalms 34. 7.

When the children went into Canaan, the Lord said: "My angel shall go before thee to keep thee in the way and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared for thee and thy seed forever." Exodus 23. 20. When Elijah was about to perish in the wilderness, an angel touched him and said: "Arise and eat." 1 Kings 19. 5. There never was a more beautiful illustration of the work of angels and their passing from heaven to earth than in Jacob's dream. Peter said: "I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel and delivered

me out of prison." Acts 12. 11. Daniel was also visited by an angel clothed in linen, whose loins were girded about with fine gold, a face like lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, his arms and feet of polished brass and his voice like the voice of a multitude, saying: "The prince of this kingdom withstood me one and twenty days; but while I remained there, Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me." Daniel 10. 5-14. Did time permit I could draw from the Bible proof of a great many other instances of angel messengers to the good, the true, the pure and holy children, who were taught, led and instructed in words, actions and thought about their Master's business. Thank God, it is His plan of instruction. Amen.

I was again requested to speak on Temperance in San Diego. I also visited the jail, and held profitable services in the presence of a great many wicked sinners, who were very attentive, and two professed conversion before I left. Thank God for being willing to work everywhere. I was at this time in constant receipt of calls to labor with different pastors. Among the number was one from Rev. O. S. Frambes, in Tulare county. Not being acquainted with him, I laid the request, with many others, before the Lord, and waited for divine instruction. I returned to Long Beach by way of Oceanside, Riverside, Colton, San Bernardino, Etiwanda, Ontario, Pomona, Monrovia, Pasadena and Los Angeles, working in each place as led by the Holy Ghost. I found many other calls awaiting me on my return, and a second letter from Mr. Frambes saying, "Come at once, and I will defray your expenses.' On bended knees I said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" Before rising from prayer these words came rushing to my mind: "This is the way; walk ye in it."

On January 1st, 1892, at 3 o'clock in the morning, I arrived in Traver, at the home of Rev. Mr. Frambes, and began a protracted effort on the following Sabbath. I was sumptuously entertained at the parsonage, and found the pastor and

his estimable lady, all the Lord's, and noble workers in His cause. In this Holy Ghost meeting people were justified and sanctified by the score. Many came ten and twelve miles to receive the truth, and went home rejoicing, During the second week of this effort a backslider was present whose wife had been blessedly saved. He told me of his happy conversion years before, and uniting with the church, his speaking, praying, and enjoyment in every religious duty; but he fell, little by little, until he became a drunkard, a gambler, and failed to provide for his wife and children. In this condition he came to the mercy-seat with a heavy weight of sin and sorrow resting upon him, which pressed more and more heavily every moment. "Have you a sense of guilt that you do not love God with all your mind and soul?" I asked. He replied, "I am a sinful, wicked, condemned criminal before a just God. I have always hoped to do better, and turn from my evil ways, but it appears now to be impossible. God will not hear me. I am lost and condemned." "I implore you not to think of feelings," I answered, "but accept what Jesus has done for you." He wept and prayed, showing strong emotion and great remorse of conscience. He said, "I have always been so unstable, and am such a sinner and have so displeased the Lord that He cannot smile upon and forgive my many sins." "Why is this failure?" I asked. "Does not God say, if you confess your sins, He is just to forgive? Do you not see the very moment you accept His terms, what follows?" "But I am lost!" he replied in great sorrow and agony of mind; "there is no use of my seeking any longer!" "Jesus says, 'If you accept me, my Father will love you, and we will come and make our abode with you.'" After the regular meeting closed we clustered around him. I felt that he *must* be saved now, as did others. The perspiration stood upon his face in beads; the tears ran down from his eyes like rain, and his breathing grew short, when I fanned him and he appeared to revive, but did not feel the assurance of sins for-

given until he claimed the promise by faith. Oh! what joy and peace he felt in the knowledge of the cleansing blood! He realized that as the natural sun gave him light, warmth and health, so much more did the Son of Righteousness warm and strengthen his happy heart with the tender rays of His quickening love.

It is not possible to describe this meeting, so many souls were justified and sanctified, not only in the church, but in every room at the parsonage. Interest increased daily, and the meetings were spoken of by sinners on the street and in places of public resort. The Presbyterian minister and his wife took it upon themselves to do what they could against the evangelist and God's holy work through her. When dear souls came to me with their unkind remarks, I could truly exclaim, "Praise the Lord, O, my soul!" Not being able to injure me in the sight of the dear people, they took the good pastor and his noble wife, who, with shouts of laughter, exclaimed, "Glory to God for salvation that keeps me sanctified." And so the work went on without intermission until there were one hundred justified and sanctified. Oh! what a beautiful sight it was, one afternoon, to see an entire family united to God and with each other. With humble hearts they bowed before the Savior, who forgave their sins, and made them rejoice in the fullness of His love. As they were forgiven of God, so did their parents clasp them in an embrace of forgiveness. Every one present wept tears of thanksgiving together with this happy family. Glory to Jesus, who is able to save to the uttermost!

Dear Mrs. Forms, of the Roman Catholic faith, after many days of hard struggling came into the light of justification, and was afterwards sanctified, uniting with the M. E. Church, and has proved herself a faithful worker for Christ. Mr. and Mrs. Cole, with their entire family, learned for themselves the reality of sins forgiven, and hearts made pure through sanctification. Mr. Richardson, almost the last to confess,

has proved true to God. And scores of other dear souls, I expect to meet in heaven.

Through the kindness of Sister Frambes, I was enabled to give the condition of Man's Sinful State by Nature. How to be freed from Sin, and receive Sanctification.

Man's Sinful State by Nature. Gen. 6: 5; Jer. 17: 9; Mark 7: 21 to 23; Rom. 8: 7; Rom. 3: 10; Isa. 64: 6.

The Origin of Man's Sinful State. I John 3: 8.

How Sin came into the World. Gen. 3: 1 to 6; Rom. 5: 12.

The extent of sin to all men. Isa. 64: 6; Rom. 3: 9, 10; Gal. 3: 22.

The end of sin. Ezekiel 18: 4; John 8: 21, 24; Rom. 6: 23; James 1: 15.

How Are We Freed From Our Sins?

MAN'S PART OF THE WORK.

First: He must repent of his actual transgressions.

Repentance is a change of mind arising from the conviction that we have done wrong and broken God's law; and acting upon this conviction we confess our sins to God and to man, then forsaking our sins we turn to the Lord with our whole heart.

Repentance commanded by God. Acts 17: 30.

Repentance preached by Jesus. Matt. 4: 17.

Godly sorrow worketh repentance. II Cor. 7: 10.

Prayer necessary with repentance. II Chron. 6: 26, 27.

Repentance includes restitution. Exodus 22: 1; Luke 19: 8; Matt. 5: 23 to 26.

Danger of putting off repentance. Luke 13: 2 to 5.

True repentance is followed by saving faith which is necessary to salvation. John 3: 18, 36; Acts 10: 43; Rom. 10: 9.

GOD'S PART OF THE WORK.

First: He forgives our sins. II Chron. 7: 14; Psalm 32: 1; Isa. 43: 25; Jer. 31: 34; Dan. 9: 9; Luke 1: 17; Acts 5: 31;

Rom. 3: 25; Col. 1: 14; Heb. 8: 12; I John 2: 12.

Secondly: He justifies. Justification is a work done for us. We are accepted of God when we confess our sins, and believe on Christ Jesus.

Faith the instrumental cause of justification. Rom. 3: 30; Rom. 4: 5; Phil. 3: 9.

Justification is a present realized fact. Luke 18: 13, 14; Acts 13: 39.

Thirdly: He regenerates. Regeneration is the divine life implanted within us by the Holy Spirit simultaneous with justification.

Regeneration extends to all our actions and affections. II Cor. 5: 17.

Regeneration produces a love for Christ and his people. I John 4: 7; I John 3: 14.

Regeneration produces a love for the word of God. Psalm 1: 2.

Regeneration gives victory over the world. I John 5: 4.

A few of the Scripture truths that the carnal mind, or inbred sin still exists in individuals after they have been regenerated and adopted.

Members of the church at Corinth. I Cor. 3: 1–4.

Jesus' prayer for the Apostles. John 17: 6–8, 14, 17.

The case of Cornelius. Acts 10: 1–5, 9–44.

The Thessalonian Church. I Thess. 5: 23.

Some of God's commands to holiness or sanctification. I Pet. 1: 15, 16; Heb. 12: 14; I Pet. 2: 5; Rom. 6: 22; Lev. 19: 2; Acts 26: 18; Heb. 2: 11.

HOW IS HOLINESS OR SANCTIFICATION RECEIVED?

Having confessed your sins. I John 1: 9; and been made alive in Christ Jesus. Eph. 2: 1–9; having no condemnation. Rom. 8: 1; God's Spirit bearing witness with your spirit. Rom. 8: 15, 16; then present yourself a living sacrifice. Rom. 12: 1; on Christ a living Altar. Heb. 13: 10; and by virtue

of the Altar you shall be holy. Exodus 29: 37; (latter clause.)

You being the sacrifice or gift and Jesus Christ the Altar, being greater than the gift, sanctifieth the gift. Matt. 23: 19; for it is at the Altar we are made partakers of the efficacy of the blood. Lev. 17: 11; and are brought to realize the blessed experience of I John 1: 7; and filled with the glorious anticipation of what is in reserve for us in Heaven. I Cor. 2: 9; Rev. 7: 13–17.

My next work was in the city of Fresno, with Rev. E. O. McIntire. These meetings were productive of immediate results from the beginning. The altar and front pews were filled with seekers the first night; fifteen of whom were sanctified and eight justified. And so the work went on every night. Often the people did not leave the house when the meetings closed, then we would have a second service at which sinners were converted and experiences related. The minister reported the meetings, saying that both he and his people "were in fullest accord, and stood by the teachings and work of Sister Miller, who had not only the confidence of the church but the best and kindest wishes of those outside of any denomination. She sets forth the doctrine of sanctification in such clear, scriptural light, as to lead souls to accept it at once. Such large congregations have scarcely ever been assembled in this church, and there is a strange power pervading these services which is regarded as the work of the Holy Spirit." The pastor reported the meetings daily, which time and space does not permit me to insert. God bless Brother and Sister McIntire.

Owing to previous engagements I could not tarry longer with this people than three weeks, in which time there were hundreds justified and sanctified.

One Sabbath day, thirty seven souls were garnered for the Lord. Two of these had been women of ill-fame, one from Illnois, the other from Iowa. They left for their homes the

same week, happy in Christ. The last news from them they were serving the Lord faithfully.

My work called me next to Reedly, on Kings river, Cal. Again with Rev. O. S. Frambes. I was pleasantly entertained at Mr. Morgan's, whose peerless wife, with himself were blessedly saved, united with the Methodist church, and are earnest workers for Christ. Many others were justified, with scores and scores brought into the light of sanctification.

One dear brother came to the penitent form many nights, but could not see the beauty of a closer walk with God. He would often say: "I feel so sad and unhappy." I told him that when laboring in New Jersey there was a case similar to his: "A young man came to the altar six consecutive nights, trying to make himself believe, but could get nothing for his soul. One night after returning home, having found no relief, his sorrow became so great that he continued all night in prayer, but felt worse in the morning, thinking he had committed the unpardonable sin. This sorrow continued so long that he was tempted to drown himself. The tenth night, when he entered the house, I was rejoiced to see a great change in his countenance. He came to me extending his hand and asked: "Would you allow me to say a few words?" I assented, and he said: "You all know of my sadness and what a struggle I have had. Praise God for victory through Jesus Christ!" He began clapping his hands and pacing the aisle, exclaiming: "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" He fell on his knees crying: "I have got it. I have got it at last. Will you not all help me to praise the Lord, for the pearl of great price." The power of the Holy Ghost was wonderfully felt. There was weeping and praising all over the house. When he grew calm he arose and came forward again saying: "I want to tell you all why I have had such a hard struggle. It was my selfish, rebellious will. I was determined to have my own way in finding salvation and not until I said, 'Not my way, but any way, dear Lord. I now surrender, blessed Savior,

all to Thee.' At that moment my sins were forgiven and I was filled with God's glory.' Language fails to describe this scene of spiritual power. When he was seated I immediately held an altar service, when scores were saved in Jesus' name. "Are you also willlng, brother, to make a full surrender and let God take possession of you in thought, word and ‹eed?" From this moment the scales fell from his eyes and he was enabled to speak for Jesus and encourage others in the good way.

There were dear mothers and daughters who came twenty and thirty miles, with sad hearts and returned to their homes rejoicing in Jesus. An interesting dear soul said: "I do not understand the altar, sanctification, and atonement through the blood." Opening the Bible I read these words: "The life of the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for you." It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul, and when you have this blessed experience, you walk in the light as He is in the light and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." I John 1: 7.

When you can truthfully say: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to perceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Cor: 2. 9. In every church the Lord has had witnesses for perfect salvation. Presbyterians like James Brainard, Taylor and Jonathan Edwards, also many Congregationalists, Moravians, Brethren, Baptists and Roman Catholics. The lives of many eminent men and women throw great light on how to live perfect before the Lord. How very important to lead such lives as Bramwell, Fletcher, Fenelon, Thomas-a-Kempis, Lady Huntington, Madam Guyon and many others of our religious men and women, who entered by faith into the fullness of sanctification by way of the altar. "Walk before Me and be thou perfect." Gen. 17: 1. The Bible is constantly giving us perfect men. Noah was a per-

fect man in his generation and walked with God. Gen. 6;9. Job was perfect, upright and feared God. 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' Psalms 37: 7.

Before being sanctified I was in sadness and great distress of mind and wonderfully drawn out in prayer, so much so that I would ofttimes pray one, two and three hours without ceasing. The Bible was my constant companion. I read it walking, standing, sitting, lying down and upon my knees, bedewing the pages with the tears that rolled unceasingly from my eyes. It was nothing I did, but the single act of faith that made my spiritual sky bright ,giving unbroken rest in the perfect will of God. Since this great peace has descended upon me, I have never had any more struggles with unhappiness. In everything I am enabled to rest in Jesus." She said: "You have not met with any earthly sorrow since you were sanctified." "Not so, my dear child. It was not a year afterwards before my dearly beloved mother was taken to glory while I was absent from her in my work for the Lord. I did not murmur nor complain, but gave her up without any resistance whatever. When the news of her death reached me I was a thousand miles from my home. When I realized that I would never again see her sweet face, or hear her gentle voice and kind admonitions, I felt my brain reel and my heart sink. Then I said: 'Oh, Father do come to my relief, take away this wonderful weight of heavy, crushing, sickening sorrow. Shall I not rest upon Thee?' In less time than it takes me to tell you, my prayer was heard and answered, my heart was at rest and stayed upon Christ, who doeth all things well From that time I have never been sad, or shed tears for my dear mother. Not long after this I was called to part with two dear brothers and sisters, and my aged father." She replied: "I do not see how you could stand it. How could you part with your father without tears?" "I did not," I answered, "but asked Jesus to take them away and remove all sorrow

from my heart. He heard my prayer and gave me the victory through His blood. I have often since called to mind the solemn hour of dear father's departure—his lifeless form, the funeral procession, the empty grave, lowering of the casket, the thrill of horror in my heart as the clods of earth fell on the lid. I have recalled his vacant chair, the absence of his kind words and fatherly greetings. When I remembered the past, contemplated the future, being left an orphan in the wide, wide world, even then there was no agony of spirit, no tears of grief as I listened to the soft whisperings that came to me as balm to the deep woundof my probed heart. The Lord from heaven manifested Himself in glory. The Son of Man came with healing on His wings, when I could say, 'Praise the Lord!' God dealt tenderly with me in giving strength in time of need. When Jesus took my sorrow and dried my tears, I felt as though the windows of heaven, were opened upon me in such a blessing, there was not room enough to contain it. Oh, what wonderful peace and calmness of spirit. Jehovah was my helper and friend. To Him alone I looked for strength." "Will you, dear lady, aid me in your prayers," she asked "that I may be justified, sanctified and fitted for the Master's use? I shall never doubt the Bible again, but will believe, whether I understand it or not, because God says so."

I said, "If you ask in faith, Jesus will save you now, and when love fills your whole heart there will be no room for sin. All things are possible with God, who fulfils every promise. When we are justified it is natural to turn from our evil ways, and when sanctified our evil ways are turned from us. Will you accept Him now by faith, and let Christ do His work in your heart?"

She replied, "I do believe and accept Jesus now as my Savior." Scores were saved in this meeting who were not ashamed to testify what had been done for them.

At the close of this protracted effort a lot was secured for

a Methodist church, which was built and paid for before it was dedicated. Until its completion the Methodists held services in the Baptist church, for which they were thankful, praising the Lord.

The following week I went to Porterville, at the request of Rev. Mr. Stowell, who with his good wife did much personal work. There were not as many sinners converted as at other meetings, but the church was built up and believers sanctified. One dear brother was so bountifully blessed in the night that his family all rose and held a continual thanksgiving and praises until morning. I had just arranged my toilet when he called to see me, saying, "I am sanctified! Will you not praise God with me?" We had a blessed season of thanksgiving, and his ecstatic joy was beyond description. Rising from his knees with a radiant countenance, he said, "I am ready now, Sister Miller, to go out among the people and tell what Jesus has done for me." In company with the good pastor, he went from house to house, speaking and praying as God gave him utterance. Others were equally blessed, and rejoiced in full salvation, while many received no help, and I left them unsaved.

I closed these meetings with an address to the converts from this scripture: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus, the Lord, so walk ye in Him, rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving." Collossians, 2. 6, 7. "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth, for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Col. 3: 2, 3. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, it is sin." James, 4: 17.

"My dear spiritual children, if you want to be strong, true, noble Christians, whose lives and works will tell in eternity, you must begin right. Many, perhaps all, of you have seen the acorn sprout. After a little growth it divides, a part grows upward into the light and sunshine, and becomes a tree, and

the other part sinks into the earth to form root; and this is just what I want you to do, my dear converts. Seek first to be rooted in Christ Jesus, who will build you up into true womanhood and manhood in the Lord. As the root builds up the gigantic tree and keeps it firm in the ground, so will you be built up in the most holy faith, if you watch and pray in the name of the Lord; and when an opportunity affords always witness for Christ; then you will overcome the enemy of your souls by the blood of the Lamb and the word of your testimony. Ever remember that the word of God says, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Hence, you must not only pray, but be on constant watch, that you may discover the tempter in time to escape his sly, wily snares. Watch, for it is easy for you to be allured into the world again by its charms and ungodly fascinations. Watch, for you are just beginning the Christian life, and your justification has not taken away all inclination to sin. Watch, or the many evil snares that beset your pathway will overcome you in an unguarded moment, and the tempter will have you back in the world again. Watch, that you may always cling to Jesus, who will help you to overcome. Watch when you are almost persuaded to yield, and you can take reason and faith as your armor against Satan. And again I say, watch, for at any moment you are liable to be assailed by the evil one, who delights to have you off your guard, and to see you pass through fiery trials. According to God's Word, converts are always tempted, and the suggestions of satan will stir up every element of depravity in your nature, and the flesh will lust against the spirit until it will seem almost impossible for you not to yield to the satanic power. But when you flee to Jesus for help the Holy Spirit will bring the truths of God into your mind with so much power that in an instant you can realize, "He that committeth sin is of the devil." Temptations should not for a moment lead you to think that you have not found peace.

Many and powerful temptations are a proof of much grace through our Lord Jesus Christ. Hallelujah!

"I have never known any one who has been greatly honored of God that has not passed through great and grevious temptations. Abraham was sorely tempted, when required to give up his only son. Job was grievously tempted, Moses and David were tempted, Paul and Peter, James and John were tempted and Christ Jesus was tempted. Hence, you need not fear or be surprised, when the arch fiend of your souls would, if possible, destroy your brightness and innocence in Jehovah. He began his work in Eden, and will continue it until the end of time. Therefore, the first peace and happiness you receive from your sins forgiven, are often intermingled with strong temptations. There are manifold ways by which he will try to entice you; wealth, clad in gaudy attire, rare gems, beautiful pearls, costly diamonds and glittering gold, fine mansions and great merriment he will bring before you. A strong desire to do that which is wrong in everything. Your mind will often be carried away to towering heights, where your name may be known in that which is contrary to goodness and purity. You must look at these temptations as coming from satan, who knows too, well where you are insecure. He is described in the scriptures as a deceiver, a liar, a thief, a destroyer, a tormentor and a murderer. He has his emissaries in every place, and before every heart that is seeking Christ, that he may injure them here, and destroy them hereafter.

"Remember you can never be so pure and holy, as to be above temptation, for satan will often appear to you as an angel of light, and is plotting even this very moment, to rob you of your soul, and the Lord or His glory. But fear not, dear converts, for your Captain is more than a conquerer, and your victory is won by Him, who has never known defeat. Glory to Jesus, the Conqueror! Amen!

"Temptation is not sin until your will consents, your heart yields, and your soul purposes the sinful act. Then it is that satan triumphs over you. It is of vast importance for you to know when temptation becomes sin. Should you do what God has plainly forbidden in His Word, or refuse to do what He has distinctly required at your hands, then you are subdued by the tempter, and are transgressors. If you flee to Christ for refuge when tempted, satan will leave you, for 'He trembles when he sees the weakest sinner on his knees. Christ, when on earth, taught His converts the importance of prayer, and also prayed with and for them. It is of vast importance to begin your spiritual life in this way. Have stated seasons for prayer and reading God's Word, that you may increase in knowledge and the power of His might. Hence, the importance of watching, that you may commit all things to God through Christ Jesus in prayer. When you pray, believe, 'Whatsoever ye ask, ye shall receive.' Matt. xxi. 22.

"Secondly, you must desire something when you pray. A certain man cried, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner.' A second said, 'Lord, save me or I perish.' A third, 'Lord, help me.' Their desires were made known and their prayers answered.

"Thirdly. Always pray in the name of Jesus. 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' John, 15. 13. Therefore, if in the name of Christ you ask, there will be an answer. It may not be in your time, nor in your way; but it will be in God's way and time, which is far better.

"Fourthly. You should pray 'without ceasing,' (1 Thess. 18: 1) when your faith will grow stronger and you will be more firmly stayed upon Christ.

"Fifthly. You should pray in submission to God's will. 'This is the confidence we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us and we know that we have the petitions we desired of Him.' John 5: 14, 15.

Some of you are doubtless thinking that you are too timid to have stated seasons of prayer, but your timidity should not for a moment cause you to neglect a known duty. Others say their cares are so many that they have no leisure—no time which they can call their own. But so long as you have time for physical wants, so should you attend to the spiritual. Others are saying: 'My family is too small to have stated seasons for prayer.' You may just have been married to the object of your choice, or your family may have been snatched away, but look unto God, who will lighten your hearts and make your faces to shine with His glory. Stated seasons for prayer can be traced back to almost the beginning of time. We read in the ninth chapter of Genesis that Noah, after the flood, with all his household, worshiped the Lord. Abraham commanded his children, and all his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord. God loved him and made him father of a great nation. Job arose early every morning and offered burnt offerings, according to the numbers of his family. He was known in heaven and blessed of God. Job 42. When Israel's camp suffered from a religious dearth, Joshua cried with a loud voice: 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. Glory! Hallelujah!

"God says: 'Lay up these My words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, and ye shall teach them to thy children when thou sitest in thy house, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up, that your days may be multiplied and the days of your children, which the Lord giveth you and them upon the earth. If ye keep all these commandments I give you, there shall be no man able to stand before you.' Dent. 11: 18-25. Fathers and mothers, you may not be able to do much for God financially but, with your children, you can set an example that will fit your sons for great embassadors, and your daughters for noble workers and christian mothers. It is by

your good works and christian example that you hand down your high appreciation of Christ Jesus to all your household.

"Do not deceive yourselves, but watch and pray, for 'God is not mocked,' and His command is, 'When thou liest down and when thou risest up.' Every convert should have stated seasons for prayer and the reading of the Word. I was so reared from my earliest recollection. My father's family devotions were held immediately after breakfast and after tea. Later in the evening the family would perhaps not all be present, some attending to duties or studying lessons, and the little ones sleepy. The hired men and women were always present with us at worship. Do not allow your children to fall asleep or be out playing at family worship, for you are responsible for them and for those about you. My father often received information from persons who had been saved at our devotional services. I recall now a letter from a man who said: 'I cannot thank you enough for having me remain for your daily prayers. It was with you that I learned the need of Christ and found Him precious to my soul. I am married, and have daily devotions. I have united with the church, and am living to do good and serve God.'

"Again, who should conduct these services? I think every converted member of the family should take part. A very little girl was converted in one of my meetings who at once began praying at home, which was the means of saving the entire household. Two converted daughters read the Word and prayed, which touched the hearts of their parents and eventually brought all the family to the Lord. A little boy of seven years read, sang and prayed daily until the family were all converted. Day and night commit your ways to the Lord, obeying His teachings.

"Be baptised and unite with the church of your choice, improving every opportunity to do good. Remember, if you are intrusted with only one talent you are not required to care for five talents. The poor woman who anointed the head of

Jesus with the perfume from the alabaster box was not asked why she did no more. No, no; but Christ said, 'She hath done what she could,' and that is all, my dear converts, that the Savior asks of you. If you wait to do the big things first you will never accomplish anything for Jesus. My dear children, I want you to remember, however sad the changes in life may at times seem to you, there is great consolation in the thought that He who is the wise Father of all who trust Him is the true shepherd who will guide you into the green pastures and beside the still waters where your joy will be lasting and your pleasures never end.

"Dear converts, if I have suggested to you new thoughts, or aided you in divine things, so as to teach you to take up your cross daily and follow Jesus through evil as well as good report, then my work in the name of God, led by the Holy Ghost, is accomplished in your behalf. Amen!"

My next work was with the same pastor at Plano, where I could tarry but a short time, owing to previous calls. When in this work I was invited by the Indians to visit their reservation. I have always as far as possible complied with their requests to do what I can for their spiritual advancement wherever I find them throughout the United States. God help this wandering, benighted race is my constant prayer. Oh! what peace and comfort perfect obedience gives to my soul! The Holy Ghost constantly encourages my faith to depend entirely upon the Lord, and learn of Him who gives me rest and quietude. So, on I go, not knowing, always asking God to speak to me that I may clearly understand His meaning. Hallelujah! Glory to His holy name forever and ever. Amen! It is wonderful how the dear Lord whispers in my ear, teaching me beautiful lessons which mean everything to me. Blessed be the name of Jesus who saves me now.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT DELANO.—SERMON ON REVIVAL AND RELIGION.—A WICKED WOMAN CONVICTED.—AT TRENTON, N. J.—DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN BOY. ITS RESULTS.

My next protracted effort was at Delano, with Rev. Mr. Roberts. There was not the spirituality in this work I had hoped to find, therefore my first sermon to this people was on the importance of a revival of religion, taking for my text, James 5. 20: "He who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins." "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." Acts 2. 47. This was done when the people were of one accord, being filled with the Holy Ghost, praising God and speaking as the spirit gave them utterance. If we take God's Word for our guide we must believe in revivals, which have been from the beginning of time until the present. There was a great awakening in the days of Enoch, in the time of Moses and Joshua, when all Israel cried mightily unto the Lord. In the days of the Judges there was a powerful revival, when the Almighty thundered upon the Philistines and they were discomfited. The terrible destruction of the prophets of Baal by Elijah caused all the people to cry out, "The Lord, He is God!" There was a great awakening, a powerful revival, at Nineveh under the preaching of Jonah, and also a reformation in the reigns of Hezekiah and Josiah. In the Old Testament and the New there are great ingatherings for the Lord.

Asia first received the light. Africa next raised her cry to God, then Greece and Italy were lighted by the labors of St. Paul and his successors. All Europe was enlightened by the Reformation through Luther, from which sprang the Luth-

eran church; the Methodist, from the work of the Wesleys; the Quakers, from the revival under George Fox; the Presbyterians through Calvin; and the Episcopalians claim to be Apostolic, which dates them back to Pentecost. Thus, revivals are not modern inventions, but have existed from the beginning, and will continue till Jesus comes.

The way to have a revival in your midst is, to present Christ, who says: "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." To have a lasting revival many things must be gotten out of the way. When Jesus came, John said: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." I believe the Holy Ghost is grieved today because the church is not coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. If sinners are saved here, believers must both work and pray. It is secret prayer and personal work that brings the presence of the Holy Ghost. There is no successful revival without hard work. Many of the great revivals spoken of in the Bible were attended with efforts of much minuteness. "He that saveth his life shall lose it." Christ set the example of work, and if every Christian would get the unsaved interested in the plan of salvation, they would be brought to Christ.

The longer I live the more I believe in revivals, and it is as necessary to have a spiritual harvest as it is to have a te poral harvest. I was converted in a revival in the Presbyterian church, that continued three months. In the beginning the church first got into working order when the blessed Lord came in Holy Ghost power and souls were saved constantly.

Dear Christians, you have this revival in your own hands. God is ready. Are you? Do you want a revival more than anything else? Then pray and work for it. If you are all for Jesus you are going to prepare the way for the Master to be glorified. I have never seen a successful revival where believers put their light under a bushel. Remember, dear friends, when the church and the world walk hand in hand together there is something wrong. The poet says:

The church and the world walked far apart,
On the changing shores of Time;
The world was singing a giddy song,
And the church, a hymn sublime.

"Come, give me your hand," said the merry world,
"And walk this way with me,"
But the good church hid her snowy hand
And solemnly answered, "Nay."

"I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way leads to the second death
And your words are all untrue.

"My path, you can see, is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There is room enough for you and for me,
To travel side by side."

And they of the church, and they of the world,
Walked closely, hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Oh, how sad, yet so true. It is the church that has changed and not the world. How sad it is that sin has wrought this change. "He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning." He enters every revival to tear down God's work. Hence, it must be the pure, undefiled, enthusiastic religion that touches the heart and saves the soul. It was this kind of work that made the dear saints willing to be wanderers on earth, to live in dens and caves, to be torn asunder and persecuted for the glory of God through Christ Jesus.

Look about you, dear souls, and see how many are famishing, for want of spiritual food, and will die if you fail in your duty. Perhaps you are asking: "Where shall I go?" Go

everywhere. Speak to every unsaved soul. The people where you live, perhaps, need assistance. You may be a father or a mother and have never told your children, who are waiting for you to invite them to come to Jesus. I know many persons who are very careful about their childrens' dress, manners, conduct and company, but have never spoken to them about their immortal souls. It may be the same with you, and your only excuse is, as was theirs, "How can I teach my children when I do not live right myself?" Your condition only increases your responsibility, and will never serve as an excuse for those who are now stumbling over you into perdition. If you are a true child of God, do you not seek your father's interests and try to carry out his plans? If you sent your child on an errand and it went contrary to your instructions you would correct it. Hence, the importance of realizing your heirship and always be willing for service.

Thirdly. When sinners begin to make excuses, saying: "I have bought a piece of land or yoke of oxen, or married a wife and cannot come to Jesus," do not be discouraged, but tell them to bring their wives with them, sell their incumbrances and do good with the Lord's money. The greater the wickedness and the more excuses, the greater need you have to work. "Go ye into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in that My house may be filled." His invitation includes drunkards, harlots, thieves, gamblers, merchants, doctors, lawyers and farmers. You should talk, pray, sing and do anything that will bring salvation to perishing souls. Do not be discouraged, or give up in despair, for what has been done can be done again. For the sake of the Victor, you should not let the blood of friends and acquaintances be upon your skirts. I cannot forget the sorrow depicted on the countenance of a young lady who came to see me in the city of New York. Said she: "I was converted in a protracted meeting. The minute my sins were forgiven I thought of my unsaved sister, and was anx-

ious that she should be converted, but did not have the courage to talk with her. She was taken suddenly ill, lost consciousness and died unsaved. She has been dead ten years, but I have not yet recovered from the sorrow and feel as though I never can. Oh, that I had done my duty when the Lord taught me by the whisperings of the Holy Spirit." Dear Christians, do labor to win souls for Christ. The fields around you are white for the harvest, put in the sickle and reap unto life eternal. God will help you.

It is not fine speakers, with much learning among men, that the church needs today, but they that turn many to righteousness. I have had the efforts of men and women in my meetings crowned with success, yet their talents and learning were very moderate, but they had a baptism of fire from the Holy Ghost, without which there can be no great success in bringing sinners to God. The injunction of the apostle is: "Look ye out men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we appoint over these things, and we will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word. The number of the disciples multiplied greatly." Acts 6: 3-8.

In a revival every Christian should work in some way or another, coming from their closets to the service, and returning from God's work to their knees again with thanksgiving. The leader of every revival should be taught by the Holy Ghost, whether pastor or evangelist. If the latter, pastor and people should work with harmony and prayerful energy. The leader and workers should be first and last in every service, doing their duty as the emergency indicates. The meetings should be varied, having a request or testimony meeting before or after each service. In one of my meetings a wife made a request for a husband. A very wicked man arose, saying, "I am surely the husband, for my wife prays for me daily. I ask your prayers." When he sat down another arose and made the same request. One after another arose until scores made requests, all of which were answered before the revival closed.

After every sermon there should be an invitation for seekers to come forward and be saved. Singing is of vast importance, and cannot be dispensed with, but it should be varied from the jubilant which awakens the emotions and arouses sad hearts to a sense of duty. Afterwards something pathetic would be appropriate, such as "Jesus, lover of my soul." I believe in congregational singing, in which every Christian should participate. It is important to have hymns adapted to the occasion. I have had saloon keepers, skeptics, and many obstinate men and women conquered by song service, which carried them back to their innocent and happy hours of childhood. They at once came forward and were saved. I recall now an infidel brought into the light of God by a verse sung from "The Ninety and Nine:"

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark the night the Lord passed through
Ere He found the sheep that were lost.
Out in the desert He heard the cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

He said: "Under the providence of God these words are sung for me. I am glad the Good Shepherd has sought and has found me."

A very wicked woman, who had led a miserable life, was touched by "Jesus loves me, even me." She said, "That hymn is for me." It was not long until she found peace, confessed Christ, and day by day her faith and joy were manifested until everyone said, "What a marvelous change!"

Dear souls, a revival in your midst will make husbands and fathers, who have been cruel, careless and indifferent, tender, kind and thoughtful. The heart-broken mothers and overworked wives will be revived and brought back to God with warmth and tenderness. It will change dear children from a wayward life to the fond, tender, affections of early childhood.

It will revive cold and lukewarm Christians. It will put every good worker in a way to do better. Will you be willing, dear souls, to do your duty in this meeting, that sinners may be saved and believers sanctified?

When laboring in Trenton, N. J., I spoke of the importance of every Christain working in the revival, both privately and publicly. After our return home my host said: "I think you are a little too hard on us old Christians." "How is that, my brother?" I asked. Said he, "We build great churches, and pay our preachers to work for God, and if the people will not come out and get saved, we cannot be going after them every day." "Hear me, brother," I said, "would you so reason in temporal matters? Suppose some plague should break out in your city, and you would erect buildings, and secure physicians and nurses for the diseased, and that you issued a proclamation that whoever was sick should come to the quarantine and be treated free of cost, and that the treatment never failed to heal. After all this trouble and expense, suppose they refuse to be treated, would you say, 'We have done everything possible for their restoration, and if they will not come, let them perish?' No, sir, you would be the first to say, 'We who are well are responsible for the spread of this plague, and if the sick will not comply with our terms, we will compel them to obey." He at once saw his mistake, acknowledged his coldness and backslidings, and, by the help of the Holy Ghost, went to work, and was one of my faithful helpers. In that very meeting he had many stars in his crown of rejoicing.

The salvation of souls in this place was not what I hoped to see, however, sinners were justified and believers sanctified, yet satan had the over-ruling power in every meeting. So much so, I was compelled to warn the people against his secret devices, that they might turn from darkness to light, and from his power to God. I also taught the importance of children coming to Christ, when young.

A skeptical woman said: "I cannot agree with you in the

salvation of little children." I gave her a history of my experience, also that of many boys and girls who were beautiful examples, as I thought, having their sins forgiven in my meetings, when God first called me to preach the gospel. They did not stop there but went on to sanctification and are now preaching and have had hundreds of souls as seals to their ministry. She replied: "Not one whom I have known has proved to be true that were converted when children." I told her of many little girls converted in my meetings, who are now grown; many of them married to ministers, others are workers in the church, Salvation Army, Sabbath schools and temperance work; each one true to God since their conversion. "I have never taught my children in such a way," she said, "and have not believed it really possible." I told her of different children, who, on their death beds, were the means of bringing their families and others to Christ. I recall to mind now a dear little boy but nine years old when he first asked me about Jesus. I took great delight in speaking of the nature and value of his precious soul. I also explained to him the resurrection and who it was that could take away the sting of death. There was a mildness about him remarkably attractive, although he was rather slow of comprehension and could not answer my questions as promptly as many other little ones at his age. It was not long, however, until he realized his condition as a sinner and the great danger of living without the mercy of God. He was convicted of sin and converted, when he found a true resting place on the bosom of the great Redeemer. I was delighted with the simplicity and sincerity of this young convert, and impressed upon him the importance of reading the Word and having much prayer. The next week he called to see me, I felt to inquire what he believed about Jesus. His quick reply was, "Jesus came to save me from sin; to help me while I live and when I die to take me to heaven." "What are your thoughts bout love to God?" I asked. "I love God because he first

loved me, and gave His Son to die that I might live. I love Him because He has taken my sins away and makes me happy every day. I love Him, too, because He teaches me to love everybody." My first interview with this dear, young boy, just saved, plainly taught me that he was not ignorant of faith, hope or charity. The longer I conversed with him the more I was convinced that his mind was spiritually enlightened and his soul wrought upon by the power of God.

Four years from this time I was called again to the same place and learned that my little convert was very sick and wanted to see me. His christian aunt, with whom he was living when converted, had died, and he had returned to his Godless parents. As they were open scoffers he thought perhaps I could lead them into the light of God. I went to see this dear young Christian and it did not take me long to know that disease seemed to indicate the will of God concerning him. As I gazed upon his clear countenance and pale face, it brought to my mind the silent grave that I knew only too well would, ere long, be his mortal home. Tears of affliction were mingled with the smile of satisfaction, when I was received by this dear young saint, almost ready to pass over to glory. Although the furnishing of the house was scant, yet all within was neat, orderly and clean, for which I was truly thankful and praised God. On a stand near his bed, lay his Bible, tracts and religious books I had given him. The room had east and south windows. From the latter he could look out upon the green fields. Clustered about the east window were beautiful vines, through which the sun threw a soft, mellow light into the room. I thought, even under the most trying circumstances, the blessed Lord makes a grand provision of the beautiful, and I was taught a new lesson by my visit to this home of poverty and suffering. The dear young Christian said: "I am so glad to see you, Sister Miller, and thank you for coming to my humble home." I assured him it was my duty to follow Jesus on every errand

of mercy, and I counted it a great privilege to be with him again. Sitting down by his bed, with his thin hand in mine, I could not but think that his days on earth were of short duration. I had not talked long with him about our dear Savior until he burst into tears, saying: "Oh, I am so glad, so glad to see you again, and hear the comforting words of Jesus" I asked him if he knew he was very sick and received all his comfort from Christ. I was delighted to hear his clear testimony of God's mighty power to save. He said: "I do not want to get well; my joy is very great when I think of heaven, where I shall always be with Jesus. I am ready to go when he calls, but am anxious that my parents should have a change of heart and meet me in heaven. I do wish you would talk to them about Jesus." As he spoke of this he wept, and so did I. We prayed together for their salvation and I promised to do what I could for their conversion. Before leaving I again asked God's blessing to rest upon his own precious soul, promising to visit him as often as I could. My heart was strangely warmed with joy for having been permitted to see the dear, spiritual child, who was another star in my crown of rejoicing.

Seldom have I seen in older persons a truer preparation for heaven than I found in this young boy. It appeared to me God permitted him to suffer that his wicked parents could catch a glimpse of his heavenly character and be saved. It so often came to me, "God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty." How wonderfully this son was enlightened with heavenly knowledge and adorned with perfect salvation. There was a peculiar resignation and loveliness about his character which accounts for my attempting to describe him to you.

At twelve o'clock at night, after a hard day's work for Jesus, I was called by a friend, who said, "The dear boy is fast passing to glory, and wants you to be with him." As I proceeded to the house, the stillness of the midnight hour seemed

to add solemnity to the occasion. Before entering, I had a few words of silent prayer, for God to give me words for the dying son that would touch the hearts of the ungodly parents. As I entered I heard him say, "Will not Jesus allow her to come before I pass away?" I answered, "Yes, my child of God, I am here to be with you while life lasts." Oh, what a sweet look of tender welcome he gave me as he said, "I felt you would surely come, and I am so thankful." He was very near the end, and as the physical body grew weaker, the spiritual gathered strength for flight to that blissful abode to dwell forever with God. When I could control my feelings, I asked, "Are you ready, dear?" With a strong voice he answered, "Yes, I shall soon be with Jesus." "Do you fear death?" With a beautiful smile illuminating his countenance, he said, "No! no! death is swallowed up in victory!" He asked his parents to kiss him, saying, "Will you meet me in heaven?" Turning his glassy eyes to me, he said, "My dear teacher of God and leader to the Lamb who was slain for me, come closer; I want to lay my head on your bosom as I pass over, for you have been my best friend on earth, and I shall meet you in heaven. I want to kiss you good-bye." I put my arm around the blessed child, and drew his head on my bosom and kissed his cold lips. He said, "Oh, I am so happy in Christ! Jesus is mine! Glory! Glory!" and he was no longer in the body. The Angel of Light wafted his spirit to the Better Land, where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more. As I laid him down, gently straightening the limbs and folding his hands tenderly, the tears fell fast and faster, as I realized I should never hear his sweet voice again. I then read from his Bible, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord," and admonished the parents and those present to accept Christ, that they might meet the loved one in glory.

I am glad to tell you that the death of this son was the means of saving the parents and others who saw his patient suffering and happy death. This unbelieving mother said,

with tears falling from her eyes: "I can never doubt again, but shall use my influence for the salvation of all my household. I thank God, Sister Miller, that you have removed all skepticism from my mind forever, regarding the salvation of children whom Jesus died to save." I taught her, also, the beauty of a sanctified life, which she accepted and bore witness to before we separated. She has written me many beautiful letters of the aid she has given others by leading them into the light of God. "Two of my children," she writes, "are saved and in the church. I thank you, dear Sister, and give God the glory."

CHAPTER XV.

PROTRACTED MEETING AT WILDFLOWER.—SERMON TO CHILDREN.—AT TRAVER.—VISIT TO YOSEMITE VALLEY.—DESCRIPTION OF THE VALLEY.—ADDRESS ON DRUNKENNESS.

MY NEXT protracted effort was at Wildflower, on the plains, with the same pastor. I was entertained by dear Sister Campbell, who is an earnest christian worker. She often said to me: "I could not endure all the privations of an isolated life on the plains, were it not that I put my entire trust in Christ." This dear sister and her lovely family did much for my happiness and daily comfort. May the Holy Ghost abide with them always. There was work done in this place which I feel will tell in eternity. Before closing these services I felt led by the Holy Spirit to speak especially to the children, from this text: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof." Zachariah 8: 5.

"What a lovely amusement for boys and girls to be pleasantly playing in a land of sunshine and flowers. But do boys and girls always play pleasantly with each other? No, not always. Not long ago I was passing through a street where a couple of boys were playing together nicely, when suddenly the largest lad tripped and fell. He began crying and calling his playmate ugly names and beating him shamefully. His conduct did not show that he was beginning early to cultivate a manly character, or put into practice the Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'

"The true way to live is not to be ugly and cross, but to make the best of life by being happy yourselves and making others happy around you. It is not best to notice small insults. God's word says: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath and covers a multitude of sins.' Ever remember, dear children, that Christ is the living water, of which you can drink and will never thirst. A little girl, of but few summers, was converted and became very fond of her Bible. She lived in the country where they had a beautiful spring of clear water. She would often go to this fountain with her little pail and get water for her father, who was very wicked. She would kneel down and thank God for the water of life so precious to her soul. One day she became so happy that she returned to the house praising God. Her father asked his little Jennie what it was that made her so happy. She answered: 'The water of life is so much sweeter to me than this water from the spring, that I am quite certain if you would taste it you would never again drink of the waters of sin.' She climbed upon her papa's knee and told him, in her childish way, how much she loved Jesus and how much he had done for her. 'I obey you and mama now,' she said, 'because I love you and know it will please my Father in heaven. I do not feel cross and ugly when Mollie keeps my doll, or Lulu calls me to wait on her. I love to be good and kind to every one, for Jesus is so good and kind to me. I will ask Him to make you good, too.' She knelt down at her wicked papa's knees and asked Christ to give him the 'water of life.' This little girl was the means of leading her father to the Savior. The great and glorious plan of Christianity gives integrity of character to boys and girls, which makes them pure and good, not desiring to swear, steal, lie, cheat or injure any one. God help you.

"The noble Mr. Pentecost, whose life and works will always be remembered by lovers of greatness, lived a life above small things. When he was a young boy at school one of his

playmates threw a crust of bread at him and put out his eye. Young Pentecost did not resent the injury, but bore all his sufferings patiently, asking Jesus to help him. Not until after he died was it known who had robbed him of his eye. The day, date, and name of the boy was recorded in his diary without a resentful or upbraiding word. His manliness as a boy grew with him, and when he became a man his life was good, his deeds kind, and he died honored and beloved by all who knew him.

"I am acquainted with a young girl who is loved by everybody, although she is not wealthy nor cultured, but is so kind that she does not live for self, but for those around her. You see, dear children, that the Lord wants the boys and girls who love Him not only to play pleasantly on the streets, but to receive His holy Word, and do good every day. 'In the morning [that is, in thy youth] sow thy seed, and in the evening [in old age] withhold not thine hand. Eccl. 11:6.

"Dear souls, never despise doing small things for Christ, if nothing more than giving a cup of cold water in the name of Jesus, and you will not lose your reward. I know a little boy who lives on a ranch in Southern California. Every morning and evening he kneels in prayer. One day he could not find his hoe. After he had looked for it a long time without success, he did not get angry or speak unkindly, but knelt in the field and told Jesus he would like to find it before going home. He rose from his knees believing his prayer was answered, and in a few moments he saw it, when he knelt again and thanked God for His kindness to him. Dear children, hear what I say in the name of Christ. You can go to your Savior in everything. In your studies, and in all your work, He will help, strengthen and encourage you.

"A young boy, who had been converted, was employed in a manufacturing establishment, to aid his mother, who was a widow. There was an extra order came in that had to be filled at a certain time and it could not be done unless they

all worked on Sabbath. All the hands consented but Jimmie Brown, who told his employer that he could not disobey God, who said, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' 'If you do not work on Sabbath you cannot have employment here any longer,' he was told. 'Will you not remain?' 'I could not do so, sir, and keep my religion, therefore I must say, no. I thank you for your kindness to me but I fear and love God, who says, 'I will supply all your wants,' therefore I shall trust Him.'

"On returning home, he told his dear mother that he was discharged and why it was. The mother and son knelt before God, committing themselves to His care, claiming every promise He had given to His children who trusted in Him. Days and weeks passed and he could get no employment. Many worldly people who could have helped Jimmie, used their influence against him. It came to a point where the son and his mother had to stand alone, but their faith in God was not shaken. Their money and valuables were all gone, but their faith did not waver. The mother comforted her boy and every night dear little Jimmie comforted his lovely mother. Their home was gone; their last cent spent for bread and still they knelt in prayer to their heavenly Father, asking for His protection. Jimmie started out again, trusting God. When he turned the corner from home he met a fine looking gentleman who inquired for his father's family. Jimmie told him the father and all the children except one son were dead, and that he lived with his mother. The gentleman requested the boy to take him to the mother, who upon seeing him, exclaimed, 'My dear, lost brother!' This fine looking gentleman was Jimmie's uncle, his mother's only brother, who had gone abroad many years before, and not hearing from him, supposed he was dead. When the loving sister told him their story and seeing their poverty he said, 'God will have a tried people. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Taking Jimmie in his arms he said, 'You are a noble boy. Christ

has brought me across the broad Atlantic to care and provide for you and your mother.' They soon had an elegant mansion to live in and again rejoiced in home comforts beyond what they ever thought of enjoying. Jimmie was sent to school and highly educated. The uncle, who loved them dearly, did not live long. Jimmie and his mother were left the sole heirs to his estate of half a million dollars. Jimmie's apparent defeat was real victory through Jesus Christ. Glory to His holy name, for always saying, 'Boys and girls come to Me in your plays, in your homes, in your various duties in life and I will help you.' Christianity is the only thing that will fit you for every calling in life. It will give you bodily and mental strength; it will raise you to heights not otherwise attainable. Parents, God wants your sons to be as 'plants grown up in their youth; your daughters to be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace.' Psalms 144: 12. It is not possible for me to narrate here the thousands of boys and girls whom I know are living all for the Lord, from my having testified that Jesus is a perfect Savior. Hallelujah to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost! Amen and Amen!"

Through the kindness of Rev. O. S. Frambes and his noble wife, I was induced to rest a few weeks at their charge in Traver. The good workers and dear spiritual children came for me to go home with them. I spent the first week at Brother Anderson's, whose kind, lovely wife was very clearly sanctified in the meetings.

I next went to Brother Morton's, who with his dear, noble wife, was made to rejoice in the fullness of Christ. I was also kindly entertained at Brother Frie's, who with his amiable wife, united with the Traver church. Oh! what a quiet, peaceful rest I enjoyed in these happy, lovely homes. My prayer is, that they may all be kept faithful and true to Christ Jesus, daily doing the will of the Lord. Amen.

July 5th, 1892, in a party of twenty-one, I was permitted to start for the Yosemite Valley. Through the entire journey

the scenery was varied and very delightful. I found the valley grand beyond description. It is one half mile to two miles wide, lying nearly east and west, being seven miles long, and having an altitude over four thousand feet above sea level, with granite walls which in many places are almost perpendicular, the highest being over five thousand feet above the valley. According to reliable reports this wonderful, grand, majestic beauty from the hand of an infinite God was not seen by the white inhabitants of America until the year 1851. We entered the valley from the west just at sunset. Inspiration Point, Cathedral Rocks and Glacier Point were on the south, to the right. On the north side is El Capitan, the great chief of the valley. Next are the Three Brothers. The largest is Eagle Peak. Further on are Yosemite Point, Indian Canyon, the Royal Arches, Washington Tower and North Dome. To the east are Grizzly Peak and South Dome. Several miles above are Clouds' Rest and Mt. Watkins. A short distance above Washington Tower, at the base of South Dome, is the "Sleeping Water" called Mirror Lake, always visited before sunrise for the mirror effect of the domes, peaks and trees reflected in its depths, producing a magnificent sight, never to be forgotten. The Bridal Veil, on the south, is the first fall of water, descending a distance of six hundred feet, causing a swaying motion of the fall, and giving it a veil like appearance. When the sun strikes the glittering spray it produces the finest rainbow in the world.

On entering the valley we had a good view of the Ribbon Falls, on the north or left hand side, which has a vertical descent of two thousand feet, after which the water bounds in a curve one thousand feet to the valley below. Two miles farther on is the Sentinel Fall, taking its name from the rock near by. Next on the north are the Yosemite Falls, the most beautiful flow of water on the globe, comprising upper, middle, and lower falls, with a descent of two thousand five hundred and fifty feet. The upper one has a fall of fifteen hundred

feet, the middle a series of cascades, descending six hundred twenty-six feet, the lower one a leap of four hundred feet. There is nothing in the scenery of the world to equal this queen of waters as you behold it by the soft, silver rays of the full moon on a clear, still night The roar of this beautiful, grand fall of water is heard all over the valley. The Royal Arch Falls take their name from the arches framed in the wall near by, and have a descent of twenty-five hundred feet. On the south side of the valley, north of the Merced river, are beautiful cascades four hundred feet high, called the Toolodawrack Fall, seen from Anderson trail, on the way to the Vernal Falls.

At Register Rock the trail divides; the right leads to the top, while the left courses up the Merced river to the falls, ascended by ladders. The brilliancy of the great river eighty feet wide, leaping over the stupendous precipice three hundred and fifty feet high, suggested the name given it by the Indians, "Cataract of Diamonds." As the trail ascends Lady Franklin rock lies to the left and the Captain of Liberty a little farther on, two thousand feet above the rushing, foaming waters below, throwing sprays of rainbow tints a great distance into the air, making a scene of splendor never to be forgotten.

From Clark's Point, named for the guardian of the Yosemite, above the valley, there is a grand view of the widened river called "Emerald Pool," which makes a sudden leap over a precipice six hundred and thirty-nine feet high, called the world renowned Nevada Falls. They are one mile above the Vernal Falls and fed by the main branch of the same river. Half way between the two falls are the Diamond Cascade and Silver Apron, lying in the bed of the stream of bright, smooth, polished granite. Near the Nevada Fall is Casa Nevada, Snow's home, now not occupied as the family are dead. Three-quarters of a mile above this the trail divides, the left leading to Little Yosemite, Cloud's Rest and other points o

interest; the right to the top of Nevada Falls and Glacier Point. At the lower end of the valley is the beautiful Cascade Fall, having a leap of five hundred feet. The road leading to these falls lies along the lovely, green waters of the Merced river, which rushes along rapidly turning and twisting, through underbrush, over trunks of fallen trees, widening out into pools, tumbling over high rocks and stones in a perfect rhythm of jingles, singing the same sweet song as it moved along below us.

I have traveled by the brook-side; through green meadows; over the hills in their shadowy beauty; through woodland solitudes, with their varied shades of green; rested between rocks and grottos covered with tall ferns and tinted flowers; rambled over mountains, gathering lovely blossoms and beautiful crystals, clear as diamonds; moving on and on, not knowing whither, until I came to a delightful place where I beheld scenes never to be forgotten. But such heights and depths, with picturesque views; the wild foaming waters of the different falls; majestic mountains, separated by such a river and landscapes interspersing in enchanted spots, taught me that this is Nature in her most imposing grandeur. As the glowing rays and varied tints of the rising and setting sun fell upon the different peaks and gushing waters I felt that there was something supreme giving forth divine intelligence in this paradise of God. As my mind was carried up by such lofty heights and majestic surroundings I wondered why God gave such magnificent views in such an isolated place. Never in all my life had I such strange, peculiar feelings as when looking upon this beautiful display of nature in the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains. At the first sight of its sublime grandeur I felt crushed and heart-stricken. Bowing my head low upon my breast, I cried, "Glory! Glory! Glory to God!" As I raised my head the first exclamation that burst from my lips was: "Praise the Lord!" which I continued saying many minutes, the tears falling fast from my eyes. Glorious rever-

ence and wonder filled my soul. I felt as though suddenly the holy Father had permitted me to behold His blissful abode where I should love to dwell forever. When I alighted from the carriage I bowed low upon the ground, covering my face with my hands, which were buried in the thick dust beneath me. With sobs and groans that cannot be described, I praised, honored and magnified Jehovah as never before. Oh! how little and inferior I felt in the presence of this wonderful work of the great Creator. The Yosemite valley can never be adequately described. It must be seen to understand its sublimity.

From recent geological investigations it is concluded that the valley is of glacial origin, and even at this late period the glacial polish can be seen in the Little Yosemite, two thousand feet higher than the larger valley, which contains a beautiful meadow four miles long and from one-half to one mile wide, which is private property. The next great wonder was Wawona and its environments, twenty-six miles from the Yosemite, with an elevation of four thousand feet. Near by are many points of interest, among which are Chisholm Falls and Capital Dome, of granite. Signal Peak, about seven miles west, is three thousand seven hundred feet above Wawona, with a radius of two hundred miles and commands a view of twelve hundred square miles, including the San Joaquin valley and the Coast Range in the distance, with the towering heights of Yosemite and the elevated peaks of the Sierras. The nearer mountains are covered with heavy timber, having a thick undergrowth of chaparral, with ferns, flowers and mosses. The Mariposa big trees are nine miles from Wawona, being one of nine other groups found on the western slope of the Sierras, laying in a range of one hundred and fifty miles between Tulare and Stockton. These trees are found in high altitudes only, from five to seven thousand feet. The Mariposas cover four miles, including the upper and lower groves. Grizzly is the largest tree, ninety feet in circumference. One

hundred feet from the ground are the lowest limbs, two of which are over six feet in diameter. The upper grove contains three hundred and sixty-five trees, one of which is Wawona. Being hollow it forms a tunnel twenty-seven feet long, through which carriages are driven. These trees are supposed to be from one to four thousand years old. The highest is two hundred and seventy two feet and the lowest one hundred and eighty-seven feet high. One mile from this is the lower grove, containig one hundred and eighty trees. After leaving Fresno Flats we began to rapidly ascend the Chuachilla mountains in a zig-zag course to Oh, My, Point, nearly six thousand feet high and commanding a sweeping view of the valley below. Tourists on reaching this point exclaim with astonishment, "Oh, my!" hence the name. At quite a high altitude in the mountains I was only too glad to leave my party, which God permitted in answer to prayer. Oh, how I love to praise God for His goodness to me Hallelujah! On the first Sabbath I preached in a school house to a very intelligent congregation. The second day I addressed a large audience on temperance, from the text. "The drunkard shall come to poverty." Proverbs 23: 21.

"With the true love of God in the heart, Christians have been enabled to endure poverty with songs of rejoicing, but the poor drunkard owes his misery to the cause which brings sorrow, agony and the greatest wretchedness wrought by sin in the soul.

"I feel, as we stand to-day, that every intelligent person should be on the alert to save the fallen and lift up the degraded. I once knew a minister of the gospel from whose heart flowed a living fount of goodness and purity towards all mankind. He was successful as a preacher and esteemed as a citizen. His work prospered, and the years moved along with no apparent friction in the Master's cause. The pure and holy feelings that inspired his soul became chilled and frozen by the polluting influence of ardent spirits. He left

his charge as a minister of Christ and entered the practice of law. His appetite for spirituous liquors constantly increased, and the love that once went out to the sorrowing and suffering no more extended its offering of mercy to lift up the fallen and care for the dying. Intemperance destroyed the pure and holy fire that had filled a noble and manly heart. The tears of his unhappy wife, the beauty of his children found no response from his chilled affections. Do you ask the end of such a man? Come with me to the burying ground, and see the marble slab that marks his resting-place. There, you will be told, 'lies the remains of a drunkard, once a noble gentleman with a heart filled with love for suffering humanity. His youthful years were filled with high aspirations, his early ministry crowned with success, but his setting sun was clouded with sorrow, misery and degradation.'

"I knew this man well; have been at his home; heard him preach the gospel, and he was entertained often at my father's. When he departed this life he could not say to his family, 'I leave you all in the hands of a merciful God who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow, and a friend to his followers.'

"Intemperance breaks up the home circle, mars parental government, destroys the influence of the father, and makes him a source of unhappiness to all with whom he is connected. Intemperance has made wrecks of brilliant youth, fine minds and glowing intellects. When we see the intemperate habits of parents we know that the effects upon the offspring will be injurious, mentally and physically. The habit of drink in a few years will entirely change the personal appearance and manners of men and women. Could such parents produce other than imperfect children? I will cite you to some facts under my personal observation. A young boy attended the school in which I taught, and in two years he did not learn the alphabet. The hapless child always had the appearance of a drunken man. His mother told me, with

tears in her eyes, that the father was a drunkard, and died in the gutter. Another little fellow could not walk straight, and had a very silly expression. His father was a habitual drunkard. A little girl of eight summers, who hung her head to one side, and had a foolish countenance, was the child of a man who died with delirium tremens. I never succeeded in teaching them anything, though I tried very hard for the sake of their mothers. These are facts, dear souls, we cannot ignore.

"Oh! Intemperance! Intemperance! What art thou not doing to rob the innocent of their happiness and remove the crown of rejoicing from the pure and upright?

"The true prayer of every Christian should be: 'Lord Jesus open the blind eyes of unbelievers to this monster intemperance.' Just in proportion as we strengthen and encourage those who are weak so are we assisting them to rise above a degraded life.

"When in the city of New York, I was called into a very desolate, dreary home by the Spirit's teaching, where I found a wife and three little children, who were ragged, hungry and very cold. The wife was exceedingly sick, having neither fuel nor fire in the house. The husband was a drunkard, being seldom at home, and when he did return his treatment of wife and children was brutal. I visited the saloon where he spent most of his time and he was pointed out to me. I spoke to him in a low tone of voice, saying: 'Do you know that your family need you?' He replied: 'You mind your own business.' I turned to the saloon-keeper and said: 'You, sir, are causing this man's family to freeze and starve.' 'That is my business, madam,' he replied. I saw it was useless for me to remain longer, so I returned to the destitute home again, and took the youngest child to her father, who was so intent on his gambling that we entered unobserved. The dear little girl cried as though her heart would break. He arose and took her in his arms, saying, 'Lulu, this is papa. What is the matter?' 'I am so cold and hungry. Why don't you

come home to mamma, and Jimmie, and Paul?' she asked. 'Don't you love us any more?' By this time I saw the big tears falling down his red, bloated face. He left the saloon without a word. I followed in silence, and as we entered the house, before a word was spoken, I said: 'Let us pray.' As I pleaded with God to make the soul in that degraded body fit for the Master, he wept and moaned aloud, saying: "I am so wicked and sinful.' I told him that righteousness belonged to God and just such sinners as he Jesus came to save. The wife in great agony of soul prayed. Dear little Lulu prayed. The two little boys prayed for papa to be a good man and help mamma. I told him that Jacob endured the heat of summer and the cold of winter for his wife's happiness, and that he ought to be true to his family. I read to him from the Bible how Christ manifested His love in dying for his salvation and there was no friend so unchangeable as Jehovah. He was blessedly saved before another day dawned and praised God with the same tongue that the day before he had blasphemed His holy name. He left the city and his old companions, signed the pledge, united with the church and is today in respectable business, a fine Christian gentleman, and his family are happy.

"The lover of pleasure little suspects that the glass taken to give brilliancy in conversation will finally lower him below the level of the brutes. The happy youth is blind to the fact that though the first glass gives buoyancy and light spirits, it leads to heaviness of heart and ultimate ruin. The invalid little suspects that the wine taken to tone up the system will leave an appetite for stimulants too appalling to contemplate.

"A respectable, well educated orphan girl, an only child, who had been tenderly reared and cultured, became attached to and married a man of low birth. After marriage he started a first-class drug store. Being incapable of carrying on business, he hired help, and this gave him leisure at his own disposal. It was not long until he began drinking, and was

obliged to leave his beautiful home in the city to live in a country village, where intemperance and poverty ended his earthly career, leaving wife and little children. This woman, with a broken heart, in poverty and rags, without food or shelter for her little ones, lost her mind and died suddenly. Her body was laid by strangers in an untimely grave and her children left upon a cold and careless world.

"Intemperance is not only alarming, but is woeful and destructive, bringing loss of self-respect, shame, fear, sorrow, and every other grief in life. It should be shunned by all classes of society, whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, male or female. Will you not take part, dear brothers and sisters, in this work of the Lord, that sinners may be saved in your midst? God help you! is my prayer."

In this part of the country I met with many skeptics and infidels who were always opposing the work of the Lord, and finding fault with His true followers. The Christian people wanted me to preach on the subject of giving to the Lord, and prove from the Bible God's command to his children. My text was, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of thy increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty." Prov. 3: 9, 10.

"The Lord is just, and does not require us to give what we have not; but we are to honor Him with a certain per cent, if we love Him and are true to His cause. 'Will a man rob God in tithes and offerings?' No, sir. Malachi, 2: 10, says: 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' Four hundred years afterward Christ said: 'Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin [the seed of the land], and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment,

mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' Math. 23: 23.

"Hear me when I say, dear souls, that giving is God's command. Paul, in speaking to the Gentiles concerning the saints said: 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in store, as God hath prospered that there be no gatherings when I come.' 1 Cor. 16: 1,2. 'Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure pressed down, shaken together and running over, shall men give unto your bosom, for with the same measure that ye mete withal, shall it be measured unto you again.' Luke 6:38. Israel was required to give according to law, but under the new dispensation we give from principle in the name of Jesus. We should ask ourselves the question: 'Am I doing all I can to save perishing souls? Am I giving of the means that God has given me to care for the dying, relieve the oppressed, build up the cause of Christ and extend his kingdom?' Have you, dear friends, heretofore given of your means or time to the Lord? If not, commence now. Should you not know your duty, ask and it shall be shown how much to give and what you shall do. As you do good to others, so will your own heart be comforted. A young boy, very desirous to aid foreign missions, not knowing how to carry out his good intentions, went to God in prayer, when it came to him to deny himself luxuries for a while, take his pocket money and buy onions, plant them, and give the proceeds to the work. From that time it appeared as if everything he did prospered, and he became a cheerful giver and a true worker for God.

"As Christ did the will of the Father, so is He pleased with us when we do His bidding, not only working for Him, but also returning Him a portion of what He has enriched us with abundantly, realizing that it is of His own we have given Him. 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given He will pay him again; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted, then shall

thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday, and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in draught, and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be watered like a garden and like springs of water whose waters fail not.' God requires His children to do what they can, not grudgingly. We are required to give one-tenth to the spiritual exchange, and if we do not, are called to account here and condemned for our conduct hereafter."

It is not possible to describe the many interviews I had with this class of unbelievers. God being my helper, they received more Bible doctrine than ever before. One old man, full of controversy, who did not believe in Christ, or in God's Day, asked me to give a discourse on "The Sabbath," to which I gladly consented, speaking from the text: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"Jesus says: 'The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Therefore, the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.' Mark 2:27, 28. From the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations the Sabbath is a day set apart for God, a rest day from all secular, worldly affairs. The Lord had a day of rest, and we are commanded to accept it that we may follow the example of our Father, who 'blessed the Sabbath day and sanctified it.'

"The Sabbath is mentioned over fifty-nine times in the New Testament, and not in one place does it speak of the day being set apart for work. The Christian Sabbath means a day of rest to man and animals. Christians demand and appreciate rest from all secular duties. The statistics of crime and impurity run very high where the Sabbath is desecrated and left open to worldly dissipation. France, at one time, demanded but one day in ten for rest, but the change was found to be improper and unwise. The Sabbath is not only a day of temporal rest but it is for the more noble and spiritual exercises for which the soul was created.

"Thank God I was early taught to honor and reverence

the Sabbath day, our preparation for which began on Saturday evening. In the culinary department everything was prepared, all secular business was laid aside, school books and toys were put away and not seen until Monday morning. Sabbath day dawned with a quiet calmness felt throughout the household. As children we never engaged in nor cared for week day plays or amusements. As we laid down our toys and studies so did we lay aside our gleeful propensities. We were taught to go to Sabbath school and church, to sit in our pews in quietness and to receive the message from our pastor in meekness, going home with hearts made better and a greater desire to live nearer to God. Before family worship in the evening those old enough were required to recite so many verses in the Scriptures and a number of the catechism until the smaller and larger were both committed to memory. It came natural for us to keep the commands of our parents. On the Sabbath we appeared to be a law unto ourselves.

One warm day, in the fall of the year, after several white frosts, my brother and I were sent after a pail of water, to a never-failing spring in the lower yard, where there were all kinds of forest trees, among which were beautiful shell bark nut trees. The ground was almost covered with the clean, shelled nuts. Father had put a large sand-stone and hammer under this tree for us to use in cracking the nuts. My brother picked one up, when I said, 'This is the Sabbath.' He dropped it at once, saying, 'I forgot, but we will come in the morning and have some before breakfast.' We filled our little pail with water and did not touch the nuts, because we had been taught that it was very wicked to pick them on the holy Sabbath.

The command of God appeared to be so impressed upon our young minds that we were naturally obedient. Oh! how I love to recall the early formed habits of thoughtfulness, reverence and obedience to my parents' commands of the holy Sabbath. They have always been a help to me in my

Christian life and the sure foundation on which my future usefulness was based. Hence, my soul from early childhood has been fertilized with the waters of salvation, without my understanding how, or why, or from what source it came, and for this very reason I am glad to speak of the importance of keeping the Sabbath as God has commanded in His holy Word. I think the fourth commandment should be studied today in the light that inspired our forefathers to instill it into the minds of their children from generation to generation.

Many who work on the Sabbath, giving rest to neither body nor brain, have brought disease upon themselves from which they never recovered. Others have lost their minds and were sent to lunatic asylums. What would our nation be today without the Christian Sabbath? Churches, missionaries, ministers, evangelists, Salvation Army, public and private workers, home and foreign missionaries and temperance workers would have accomplished little had God not given us the holy Sabbath. May we ever remember and obey the word of the Lord: 'Ye shall keep my Sabbath and reverence My sanctuary.' Hear me, dear souls, you who have not heretofore considered the Sabbath question, accept the truth as a lamp to guide you.

From the beginning of creation, over six thousand years, this light of the gospel has been moving on, and perhaps at this very moment the true word of God has come into your darkened mind. Oh! do hear the Master's call and know for yourselves the comfort of rest in keeping one day in the week for spirit, soul and body. A day in which you can shut out all worldly thoughts and have sweet communion with the Lord.

The Sabbath should be a day for christian culture and private devotions; it should not be a dull, fruitless day, but one filled with beauty and sanctity in Christ the Victor.

A poor sinner who was a drinker, gambler, and free love thinker, said to me: "Do you oppose free-thinking, spirit-

ualism and infidelity?" "Most certainly I do sir; free-love, spiritualism and infidelity strike at the very root of domestic happiness, by giving people freedom to find companions in others merely by mutual consent or through divorce. Instead of love to God and purity in life, free-love and free-thinkers teach benevolence to all and fidelity to none, and their favorite works are Thomas Paine, Rousseau, Voltaire and Ingersol, showing according to Scripture, that these things belong to 'Evil men and seducers, who are waxing worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. 2 Timothy 3-13. Hence, the difference in those who live Godly lives in Christ Jesus and those who are followers of skeptics and infidels, are very marked.

"Gibbon says 'Julian played the hypocrite in assisting Christians publicly, then burnt incense to Jupiter and Mars, that he might be admired by Christians as well as pagans. Voltaire was a fine scholar who wrote poetry, romance, philosophy and history. He attempted to revolutionize both church and state that they might be revived. Hume was a great writer, a fine historian, but a skeptic from boyhood and attempted to destroy all belief in a true God. Paine's notoriety was due to his boldness in substantiating infidelity, by endorsing the sayings of other infidels whose object has ever been to suppress goodness and virtue. Infidelity and free loveism have never promoted virtue, reclaimed the fallen, liberated the prisoner, cheered the sad, or lifted up the broken hearted. But the name of Jesus has opened wide the heavenly gate, through which souls can enter the portals of glory and take with them their myriads of Saints into the kingdom of God. I should rather be associated with the pure and good, using my time in gathering souls for heaven, than have all the world at my command. Hallelujah to Jesus the Victor! Amen and amen.

"What you need sir, is to put away your ungodly notions and take Christ Jesus. It is religion that teaches men and

women their dependence upon God and opens their eyes to duty. It was religion that gave our forefathers courage to endure the perils of the wilderness to found the greatest, most free, and best government the world has ever known." "How do you know the Bible is God's word and teaches perfect salvation?" he asked. "By the instructions of the Holy Ghost who carries His own evidences on every page of the written word," I answered. "If the Bible does not stand upon its own merit, without human aid, it is not the word of God. However weak your conviction may be concerning its authorship, it is the Spirit of the Lord that gives the certainty in your soul that it is from God. 'Continue then in the things which thou hast learned,' is his command in 2 Timothy, 3 chapter."

I want to say right here, my dear souls, that it is skepticism, infidelity and free-loveism, prostitution and Sabbath which are undermining pure and undefiled religion and sending our nation into heathenism.

O God, do help me to be wise for Thee in winning precious souls through Jesus Christ and I will give Thee the glory.

CHAPTER XVI.

STILL IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.—A SICK WOMAN.—FRESNO FLATS.—AT SOKELL.—ABOUT WOMEN PREACHING.—DISCUORSE ON SAME.—AT SABBATH SCHOOL—ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.

On descending to an elevation of two thousand feet, I visited a lady who was very sick. When referring to her soul's salvation I read about healing the body, also. "Did not healing end with the apostles?" she asked. "Not by any means," I answered, "others were endowed with like power afterwards; to preach the gospel and heal the sick." "It was miracles that ended then," she remarked. I said: "You are mistaken, dear lady. We are living in an age when miracles and the gift of healing are known all over the land. There have been miracles from the creation of the world and will be until Jesus comes again. In the beginning of time God said: 'Let there be light, and there was light,' which was a miracle, also the blood; the ten plagues; the parting of the Red Sea; dividing the waters of the Jordan; the burning bush; the brazen serpent; the translation of Enoch; the ascension of Elijah in the chariot of fire; the son given to Sarah; Jesus, God's only Son, born of woman; the healing of Naaman and Hezekiah; these and hundreds I might mention were all miracles.

"Miriam's leprosy was healed through the prayers of Moses, who cried unto the Lord, saying: 'Heal her now, O God.' When the Israelites rebelled and fiery serpents were sent

among them they were healed by the look of faith at the serpent of brass. The man who lay at the gate of the temple called Beautiful, was lame from his birth; Peter said: 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise and walk.' At that moment he was healed. Ananias put his hands upon Saul of Tarsus in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and scales fell from his eyes and he received sight and was filled with the Holy Ghost." She said: "I did not know there was such teaching in the Bible. Will you pray for me?" I presented her case to the Lord and she prayed for the work to be done now. Before I left she was saved from sin and healed in body. Hallelujah to Jesus!

I was next directed by the Holy Ghost to Fresno Flats and was a guest of Mrs. Nichols, in whose house I felt at home and spent many happy days with this precious child of God.

In that small town there were many skeptics, infidels and scoffers. I want to say here, it is only those that are called to the mountains to labor who understand the need of a daily effort with this class of people.

In company with dear Sister Nichols, whom I dearly loved, we ascended the mountains to an altitude of six thousand feet to the Sokell and California lumber mills. I preached to an attentive audience on Sabbath, and talked and prayed with many anxious souls privately who admitted that they had not lived before God as they should. Others took exception to women preaching saying "it is contrary to the Bible." I was called upon to explain this scripture. 1 Corinthians 14: 34, 35 and 1st Timothy 2: 12. "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak, but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." The apostle says for women not to teach, speak nor usurp authority. Is

he speaking about the business meetings in the church, or preaching the gospel? Is he alluding to the government and discipline of the church, or is he referring to prayer, singing, preaching and exhortation? If he refers to the latter he contradicts the Bible and condemns God's work. In the same book he recognizes prayer and exhortation by women, and commands them to keep their heads covered when in Christian service. 1 Cor. 11: 5–13. It was lewd women, only, who were seen in public assemblies with uncovered heads. Paul says: 'Every woman who prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth her head.' 1 Cor. 11: 5.

The Bible does not teach anywhere that women were forbidden to work, privately or publicly for the suppression of sin and the building up of God's kingdom. The prophetess Anna was not rebuked when speaking of the infant Jesus, in the temple. The woman of Samaria was not condemned when she said publicly: "Come see a man who told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" The woman of Canaan came into the public assembly and cried aloud unto Him. Jesus answered, "O, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Women not only spoke and prayed in those days but were valiant soldiers. Bhardh was a prophetess, poet, and a military leader. She aroused the dormant feelings of her people and led them to battle triumphantly. We also read of the interviews Jesus held with the daughters of Jerusalem, and the message he sent by them to strengthen the disciples after his resurrection. Women were witnesses and messengers of the greatest miracles of Christianity. Honors were constantly conferred upon them. The Savior of mankind was born of woman and was bedewed with tears that fell from her weeping eyes. Sarah through her piety and loveliness became a blessing to nations. Also Ruth, Louis, Eunice, Rebecca, Rachael and Hannah, whose lives stand without blemish or a rival. The women who were with

Jesus the greater part of his life when on earth, were last at the cross and first at the sepulchre, when the angel of light told them to tell the disciples that Christ had risen from the dead. Women were first to be greeted by Jesus after his resurrection and sent by him to the disciples, whose faith had failed when they saw him expire on the cross. Peter at Pentecost, gave that which was spoken by the prophet Joel centuries before: "And it shall come to pass that I will pour out my spirit upon your daughters and they shall prophesy." Joel 2-28. Peter declared Joel's prophesy fulfilled that day; Acts 2-17. The four daughters of Phillip the Deacon also prophesied. Paul makes special mention that women should speak with their heads uncovered. 1 Cor. 11-5. What is prophesying? Paul says: "He that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification and to comfort." 1 Cor. 14-3. According to the Bible if you exhort, comfort or edify mankind, you prophesy to them. Prayer is an address to God. The apostle makes public prayer and prophesy equal, to both men and women. "Man shall not speak publicly with his head covered nor women with their heads uncovered." According to the New Testament, women have the same authority to speak publicly as men. The first Gentile woman converted through Paul, was Lydia, who spoke in public assemblies and entertained Paul in her home. Acts 16: 14, 15. He also calls Priscilla his fellow laborer in Christ Jesus, who laid down her own neck for his life. "He gave public thanks through the church at Rome to her and commanded all the churches of the Gentile's to give thanks likewise." Romans 16: 3, 4. In Christ there is neither male nor female, both are one. It was a woman who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, proving her love for Him. Jesus did not oppose women in speaking, praying nor in almsgiving and when they brought their children to Him that He might bless them, He rebuked them not

but said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." In the very beginning of the Jewish church, women were associated with the public work. Moses was lawgiver, Aaron priest, and Miriam the seer. Josiah in his reign, consulted the prophetess Huldah on matters of vast importance and her judgement was considered hy him equal to Jeremiah and Zepheniah. Deborah was a prophetess and judge, and at one time the chief ruler of Israel. It was to a woman that the Redeemer gave the only promise to the world at large that should never be obliterated. When He was at Bethamy she annointed his head with precious ointment, and when the people murmured against her Jesus said, "Let her alone, why trouble ye her; she hath wrought a good work and hath done what she could. I say wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of her." Mark 14: 3-10

It is only in idolotrous nations that women are cast down in shame and infamy, therefore it is not surprising that the apostle points out the disorder and contention in the Corinthian church. When heathen women were converted they would ask questions in the congregation on account of their ignorance. Paul admonished them not to do so, but if there were points they did not understand to be informed at home, and not interrupt the public speaker. Hence, Paul did not condemn women speaking for Jesus on account of their sex, but because of their heathenism and ignorance. There is not the least resemblance between their speaking and that of the Christian women of today. Christianity has been honored with its female Fletchers, Palmers and Crosbys, who were not only public ministers of the gospel, and also holding services in their homes, but prepared songs of praise that will be sung until Jesus comes. Heathen woman are not so employed, but are degraded, dishonored and treated as beasts of burden. History tells us that the women of Greece

and Rome had no liberties, and could even be cast off by the husband for any reason he might assign. Confucius placed women on the same level with the most inferior slave. The Mohamedan woman are, almost universally, bought and sold like animals, and in India none are so degraded as the heathen women. Thank God for Christ in the christian home where woman is not man's inferior, but his equal.

My dear friends, if you have received any light on this very important subject through the scriptures, I hope you will give God the glory and no longer find fault with his work, or co-workers in the Lord. From this hour take the word of God for your rule of action, giving your hearts to Christ, submitting yourselves to His will and trusting in His grace for your salvation. At the close of this service a dear old christian lady shouted aloud, saying: "Oh, God, how I praise Thee for calling women to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I remember of hearing a lady speak in Philadelphia, who was so filled with the fullness of God that sinners fell in the congregation as dead, not coming to consious ness until they were truly saved." The following morning she called upon me and asked if I had ever been present at such a meeting during my work for the Lord." "I have often held services where such things occurred," I replied. "Many have fallen under the Spirit's power, lying insensible for hours. Others have fainted at the altar and upon recovering have been soundly converted. In the autumn of 1878 at one of my meetings, I saw many fall down at one time, who were all afterwards saved and proved true to God. A beautiful young lady fell at the altar and lay insensible two days. Upon recovering consciousness her first exclaimation was: 'Jesus; blessed Jesus, I am entirely Thine forever!'" Many were justified, sanctified and reclaimed in this meeting. Hallelujah to Jesus the victor!

When in this place I was called to attend the Sabbath school held in the schoolhouse, where unconverted men and

women were teaching the children. In my next discourse I felt led of God to speak about teachers being Christians and understanding the Bible, in order to explain it to the scholars in such a way that they could grasp the truth and retain it. Therefore, if teachers are not Christians, and do not understand the plan of salvation they cannot impart it to others, and can never succeed in interesting their scholars. However intelligent people may be, they should never attempt to give Divine instruction, without first knowing Christ in the salvation of their own souls. Every teacher should have faith in religion, if they desire to successfully impress it on the minds of others. As teachers we should imitate our Savior's example, which is of vast importance. "They that be wise to win souls shall shine in the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

To be successful as teachers we should not only be truly saved, but so understand the life of Christ as to be able to impart the lessons correctly. Children at first must rely upon the parent, or teacher, for what they cannot comprehend or understand. Religion should never be intricate for the child, but made so plain that it can be grasped by the youngest or dullest mind. God's work of salvation should be so illustrated as to carry its evidence with it, which is of more importance than history, science, culture or refinement. The misery breaking many hearts today comes not from unbelief, but from a false representation of the Bible. The Lord Jesus Christ should be given in such strength, might and power, that the least child in the class would be able to accept it as coming from God. Hence, the need of being a sound teacher, given to much secret prayer and study of the Bible, that we may impress the hearts of those we instruct. Since my call to evangelistic work I have not had time to be a regular teacher, but always assist in and address the schools. In one church, that was in a prosperous condition, the school con-

tained many parents. young men and women, as well as bright eyed, lovely children. Glancing over the room I took in the situation, and thought I would question the little ones as to their future prospects. To my right were many sweet faced little girls, one particularly attractive. I spoke to her first, asking: "Do you like to come to Sabbath school?" "Yes, Ma'am," was her ready reply. To another I asked: "Who is Christ?" "The son of God," she replied. "When you become a yonng lady what are you going to do for Him?" "I am going to be an evangelist," she answered. "Beautiful work, my dear. You will speak for the Lord, and lift up the fallen." The third said she was going to be a teacher. "That is very good," I said, "you will instruct the ignorent and benefit society." Another said she was going to be a dressmaker. "I am glad of that, sweet girl, if you are a neat workman." One little boy said he intended being a lawyer. I said: "All right, my boy, only be true to your calling." The next one had made up his mind to become a physician. "That is a noble profession, you will relieve the suffering in both body and mind, if you are a man of God." Another said he was going to be a farmer. "A busy life, my boy," I said, "and if you are faithful you will succeed." "I am going to be a stone mason," said another. "That is a good trade, son, if the foundation is built right" "I am going to be a preacher," spoke out a very little boy. "How very responsible to bring the lost to Jesus." The last one said he he was going to be a saloon-keeper. I said: "Your choice is a poor one, my lad. You will not only be miserable yourself, but bring sorrow to others, and be the cause of much evil in the world." I am only too glad to say that he was converted, and desired to live for Jesus. By the help of the Lord I succeeded in bringing many sinners to Christ before leaving the mountains. Glory! Hallelujah!

On the following Sabbath I was requested by the superintendent to address the children in the Sabbath school. I felt

led by the Spirit to speak from this text: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

"You should be glad to know, dear children, that Jesus loves you, and so does your parents, superintendent, and teachers also love you. There are many children in the world who can truthfully say: 'No man careth for my soul.' I feel sad when I think of the many dear children who are going to eternity, not taught to give their young hearts to Jesus. I want you to know, children, that you are sinners and need a Savior, who will lead you in the way you should go. Youth is the time to serve the Lord and you should begin now, and if you desire to be wise, noble and useful you must not be selfish or indolent, but kind, generous and obedient to those who have the care of you. A noble gentleman said, 'when he was a little boy his mother always put her hand on his head when they bowed together in prayer, and before he was old enough to value his mother's example she was taken to heaven and he was left an orphan. When very young he was converted and began doing something good every day. After he was grown to manhood he traveled all over the United States, meeting various temptations, sometimes almost persuaded to yield, but the gentle pressure of his mother's hand was always felt upon his head, which kept him from sin and near to God.'

"One of the dear souls who was converted in my meetings and began to work for others, said: 'Had it not been for my praying mother I should not be in this service, Sister Miller, and perhaps could never say, 'Jesus is mine.''

"Little boys and girls can do noble things as much as grown people. A young boy, whose parents were very poor, attended the public school, and all he had for his luncheon was dry bread. A bad boy told his companions that he had taken the bread from the basket and put a snow ball in its place. A beautiful Christian girl heard the conversation and took her bountiful supply and put it in the poor boy's basket and went

to her studies cheerful and happy. At noon the unkind lad and his companions watched the poor boy as he retired to eat his bread. On finding such a rich luncheon he clapped his little hands with joy, crying: 'Oh! do come and see what I have in my basket.' All the school gathered around him, when he said: 'Some kind person has given me the nicest food I ever saw.' Every scholar rejoiced with him but the one who did the mean act. Through all eternity the boy who ate the good dinner and the noble girl who gave it will remember the generous deed with joy and satisfaction.

"It is your thoughts, words and actions that form your characters, children, which if good will always make you happy and useful. If you accept Christ and choose the better part, you are on the highway that leads to happiness here and heaven hereafter. I want to tell you, children, about a little boy whose father died, leaving this injunction to his son: 'Give your heart to God while young and remember that all things come from above.' After returning from his father's funeral Johnnie went to his room and with a very sad heart said: 'Jesus, my papa told me to give my heart to You and be good. Oh! dear Savior, do take me as Thy child.' God heard his prayer for Christ's sake and took his poor little heart while he was young. He and his mamma were rich in Christ, but very poor in the things of this world so Johnnie wanted to do something to help his mother and tried diligently to get into different places but was not successful and though he felt sad and disappointed he did not get angry nor use ugly words, but would always say: 'It is all from above. All from above.' Jesus was looking upon Johnnie and his mother because they had asked Him. The next effort made, he told his story to a wholesale merchant who became much interested in him as he looked into the boy's bright but sad face. The merchant said: 'I will give you three dollars a week as an errand boy.' Johnnie left the store with a light heart and quick step, saying as he went home: 'It is all from

above. All from above.' He was punctual and faithful in his first work. At the end of one month the merchant handed him a package of letters, saying: 'Take them to the ship about to sail for Liverpool and do not fail to hand them to the captain. If they do not go on this vessel I shall be the loser.' Johnnie took the letters and ran most of the way, but suddenly he came to a cut he had often leaped over before, and fell into the mud and water. His hands, letters and clothes were covered with the dirt. When rising to his feet he said: 'It is all from above. All from above.' When he returned to the store with his errand not done, the merchant was very angry, ordering him to leave the house and never return. With tears streaming from his eyes he repeated the words: 'It is all from above. All from above,' in the presence of the merchant and left the store. When he told his mother what had happened they knelt before God and told Him all about it. Johnnie said: 'I do not understand, but I am sure it is all from above.' Weeks passed and every day he would repeat his father's words. One evening when mother and son had just risen from prayer there was a loud rap at the door. On opening it who should Johnnie see but the merchant that had driven him from his store. As the wealthy gentleman walked in he took the mother's hand and said: 'Are you not thankful that you have a good son?' Before she could reply, he said: 'I have not had any peace of mind since I sent the boy from my presence. He said, 'it is all from above' as he left and now I believe it was, for had those letters gone on that vessel I should have been bankrupt today. It went down in a storm and has not been heard of since. I have now come to take him back in my employ and shall double his salary to start with. With tears of joy Johnnie cried out: 'It is all from above, mamma, it is all from above.'

"You see children he was a true Christian and took his mistake to God, believing in his father's admonition that 'everything comes from above.' If, like Johnnie, you will give

your hearts to Christ you may be happy and useful every day. And you older boys and girls, fathers and mothers who are not saved, give yourselves to Jesus and ask the Lord to help you by the power of the Holy Ghost and you will realize as never before 'that everything comes from above.' " I was glad to see many children accept Christ and know for themselves that "everything comes from above."

CHAPTER XVII.

WITH A MISSIONARY—A BACKSLIDDEN SISTER.—IN THE FOOTHILLS. — CONVERSION OF A MOTHER.—A BACKSLIDER RECLAIMED.— ON THE SIERRE MADRA MOUNTAINS.—ON LOVE. —A MAGDALENE SAVED.

Feeling impressed that my work was done in this place, I was directed by the still small voice to descend the Sierras to a lower altitude, where I found many precious seeking souls, who were anxious to accept Christ as a perfect Savior. A sad, dejected, backslidden sister said, "I have been in doubt for over three years, trying to love and serve God, but could not find peace of mind." I said, "suppose you cease trying and let Jesus save you. Not until you are willing, dear sister, can you be free in the Lord." "I admit all you say," she replied, "but there is so much in the lives of christians that is not right; my neighbors have not treated me as they ought and some of my best friends have proven false, and betrayed me. My money was all taken from me in a moment's time and I am left penniless." I said, "If all this has occurred in the last few years, you must be willing to follow where Jesus leads, satisfied that He knows." "How can I be cleansed from sin?" she asked. I read, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him." Isaiah 55: 7. Christ says,

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." The chief magistrate, kings, queens, nor potentates do not possess the power to use such words. It is only King Immanuel who loves you with an everlasting love, that can issue such a message to your unhappy heart. Whatever your sins, sorrows, or discouragements may be, if you only exercise faith, Christ will give you peace, pardon, and joy. She replied, "I am so covered with rust and stained with sin that it will be hard for me to be cleansed." "Dear lady, you remind me of a story I once read of an Arabian princess, who was presented with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the injunction that it was not to be opened for a year. When the time arrived for the jeweled key to disclose the mysterious contents, the maiden went off alone and with trembling hand unlocked the lovely treasure, and to her utter astonishment there lay on the delicate satin lining nothing but a shroud of rust. She discovered the form of something very beautiful, but it was gone forever. She wept long and bitterly over her disappointment until she beheld these words on a slip of parchment. 'My dear, pure girl, may this in your future life, prove a useful lesson. The very lovely present when encased in this jeweled casket had on but one small spot of rust, which could have been removed in a moment, but by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on the pure surface.' So has it been with you, my dear sister. By neglect, inattention and failure to be watchful, you have now only a dark record of what might have been. If you put a jewel in gold and seek it after many years, you will find it still bright and sparkling. So it is with yourself; had you been good and useful in the cause of Christ, you would not only be happy now, but a bright sparkling gem shining for Jesus." Weeping and moaning aloud, she said: "I do want to be saved, I must be saved now. Will you pray for me, lady, that God will forgive my sins and accept me as his

child?" We knelt together in prayer, believing God only could do the work. It was not until she said: "Lord, I forgive every one who has injured me. Will you forgive my sins and accept me now?" was she set free and found rest in the Savior. Praise God!

During the autumn I spent a few weeks with Mrs. Oliver, who had been a missionary worker in Fresno Flats, under the auspices of the Episcopalian church. Much good had been accomplished and the way opened for services in the schoolhouse every fortnight. My last stopping place in the mountains was with dear Mrs. Crooks, formerly of Oakland, California. She is a very hospitable lady, ever ready to extend a helping hand to the needy. Her home commanded one of the most imposing views of any in which I was entertained during the six months I was in the mountains. She accompanied me on stage, to Raymond, where I boarded the cars for the city of Fresno. After resting a short time, I accepted a call to the foothills.

In my first discourse I proved: "Without Christ no man can see God." With him, there is freedom from sin, perfect love, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. "I know that I am lost," was the answer of a man who had been to all my meetings. I urged him to call upon the Savior now. But, said he, "you do not know how wicked I have been; I have read Ingersoll, Tom Paine, and am now reading Nelson on Infidelity." "Are you made happy and satisfied with such reading?" I asked. "I am not," he replied, "but I have been trying hard to persuade myself that there is no God, no heaven and no hell." I said "Your soul is too precious, sir, to run any risk in the great plan of salvation! You are in darkness and bondage today, because you are not willing to turn from your sins and confess them before God." Opening the Bible, I read, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." "You can repent now, and have this awful record of infidelity blotted out! Will you let God

for Christ's sake, forgive your sins?" As the tears fell fast and faster, he said, "Will you pray for me, lady?" I assured him the Holy Ghost would teach him, if he would accept. My infidel friend did not keep his seat any longer, but as I knelt in prayer, he fell upon his knees, and when I ceased praying he called aloud upon the living God, and before we arose from our knees he thanked the Lord for peace, through the blood of Jesus. I mingled my tears of thankfulness with this dear soul who was exceedingly happy.

Dear reader, would you know how to get into God's presence? "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." John 3: 3. Let me tell you how to be born of God. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God. John 5: 1. Hear how your requests can be granted: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." Would you like to know what the Lord has done for you? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16. Hear how to be made clean, happy christians: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

The misunderstandings and confused ideas of so many unbelievers in regard to being saved and kept through Jesus Christ, has led me to bring this very important thought before your minds at this point in my narrative.

A dear mother, who came over thirty miles to see me, said her heart was so hardened in sin that she could not weep if her family should all die. I knelt in earnest prayer to God and then left her alone to reflect upon her sad condition. In a short time she grew very earnest, crying aloud for mercy. I told her Jesus desired to cleanse her with his blood. "How can I believe?" she asked. "Just take Him at His word," I answered. "Oh! I do not feel right," she cried. "I know

that you do not," I answered, "but if you are to be saved by faith, you must first believe and be saved afterwards. She continued in this state of darkness over three hours before she could understand what it meant to be saved by faith. When she came into the light, oh! what a beaming countenance as she sprang to her feet, clapping her hands and exclaiming: "It is so plain; so easy to find Christ." I shall never forget the scene as she clasped me in her trembling arms, saying: "I am so glad, lady, that God sent you to this place for me." The covenant made that hour with Christ Jesus has been sacredly kept. Glory to God!

As I was going out one morning for a walk, a young wife met me, who had attended the meetings but apparently unconcerned about her salvation. She said: "I feel that it is not right to take your time but I want to talk privately with you. I love to go to your meetings and believe everything you say to be of God, but it does not make any impression on my mind." "Do you know that you are a miserable wicked sinner and that God wants you to return to Him and again be a free child of His mercy through the vicarious sacrifice of His Son." She did not answer, but was weeping bitterly. When I was pleading with God in prayer, great anguish came to her soul and she cried aloud, "Oh, Jesus! do come back to me; why can I not believe in thee, as in former days." She continued pleading with God to forgive her but not until she said, "I will, I do believe" did light begin to dawn. She remained upon her knees over four hours. She said when rising from prayer "I have great rest and peace, I can say that Jesus has saved me, and now I desire God's will to be done in me."

Through the kindness of Mr. M. J. Church and his lovely wife, of Fresno, Cal., I was permitted to rest at their famous springs in Stanislaus county, thirty-five miles east of Stockton in the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, at an elevation of one thousand feet above sea level. The water con-

tains eight different minerals; is cold, clear and pleasant to the taste; a full appetizer and blood purifier, giving relief to many chronic diseases where other remedies have failed. These springs are situated in a beautiful place, surrounded by hills and dales, dotted with oak groves, having the noted copper mines of Calaveras county on every side; they are one of the many rare and grand scenes of California.

Having spent several months at this noted place, I can truthfully testify to the efficiency of the water for the invalid, and a quiet resort for all pleasure seeking parties. God bless brother and sister Church who made my stay with them so pleasant, for which I was truly thankful. When in this beautiful garden spot I did much personal work for Jesus, having an opportunity to speak with different anxious souls every day. A very sad, unhappy young man said to me, "I do want to be saved but do not know what God to worship." I told him not to abide by the words of wicked men but hear the true God. Opening the Bible I read: "Look unto me and be ye saved, for I am God and there is none else." Isa. 45: 22. "The earth and everything contained therein teaches there is but one God; the lofty mountains and wide seas; the mighty rivers and running streams; the beautiful brooks and rippling waters; the warbling birds and tiny ants; the smallest insect to the great structure of mankind proves there is but one God. Were there more than one God we would not know which God to serve.

"If we do not accept the love of a just and holy God, we will suffer through condemnation and be separated from Him forever. Just think of it, dear soul, how very terrible it must be to fall into the hands of a God who is angry with the wicked every day. Psalm 7: 11. "What shall I do?" he asked. I read, "Before ye call I will answer; and while ye are yet speaking I will hear." Isaiah 65: 24. "If you call now, the Lord will hear and bless you." He answered, "I am such a sinner, your God would not hear me." "The

only way," I said, "for you to rid yourself of sin and self is to repent, and call upon God for mercy through Jesus Christ." "I did not know there were such promises in the Bible," he said, "I shall read for myself and learn its teachings." One year afterward he wrote me, "I have accepted your God of the Bible, and know from experience that he is my God, through his son, Jesus Christ."

A very wealthy lady, under deep conviction, called to see me, saying, "I will give you five thousand dollars if you will lift my burden and give me relief." I told her it was not in my power to set her free, that it must be done through Jesus Christ. She left with a sad heart, saying, "will you pray for me?" Finding no relief she came the next day, in great agony of soul, saying, "I will give you all I have if you relieve my sad heart." I answered, "If you are ever saved, sister, it must be in the name of God." The third time she came, still very sad and dejected, taking hold of me so firmly that I could not move. She said, "If you can save me I will give you my houses, lands and all my money; I must have the peace I believe you enjoy." I wept with her, but all I could do was to give her the words of the Holy Ghost. She fell again upon her bended knees, the tears streaming from her blood-shot eyes, she cried, "Oh, Jesus, I come to Thee with myself and all that I have, to be delivered from this grief now." Her prayer was answered, she rose to her feet, clapping her hands in praise, saying, "I see, I see, it is nothing in me, but Christ Jesus has taken all my grief. I have been a great sinner from childhood and thought there was no salvation for me. I first attended your meetings, lady, to find fault with you, scoffed and mocked you secretly. The first night your text was, 'Whosoever will may come.' I thought your words were all for me. Oh, what a miserable time I had. The second night I was even more miserable and so continued until the third night. When I offered the money I felt that you

could get the power from God for my salvation. Oh, how thankful I am that you had faith and compassion for my ignorance and shortcomings." It was but a few days until she called again, and was sanctified. She picked me up in her arms and carried me all over the room. I wept and praised the Lord with her. Glory, Hallelujah!

Will you, dear souls, who read these pages, commit all to the Lord, not waiting until you can pray better, or have a brighter experience? Such thoughts are from the enemy of your souls, to keep you from the Savior. Dear reader, have you had the finger of scorn pointed at you? Have you met with reverses of fortune and do not know what to do? Go to Him who is able to supply all your wants and you will be made happy through Christ the Victor. God help.

A dressmaker attended the meetings, who had been in darkness many months, but not until she was willing to get out of self and accept Christ, was she brought into the liberty of the gospel. Having no work she was sorely pressed, and requested me to pray that God would help her. The following morning a very wicked girl wanted her to make a dress, for which she would pay a liberal price. But she could not accept the work until directed of the Lord. Kneeling before the young girl she asked for guidance in such a trying hour. Before she ceased praying this public character was also on her knees. The dressmaker prayed for her conviction and conversion, keping her all night. In the morning they came to see me desiring my prayers. I asked her if she wanted to be saved. She answered, "I do, but I am too wicked for God to forgive my sins." We knelt in prayer and asked that God would look upon her for Christ's sake? She also cried for mercy, willing to give up her life of sin and shame. At that moment she embraced Christ as her life and light. Before leaving my room she wrote a note to her mistress, saying, "I am saved in the name of

Jesus, and shall pray for your salvation." These two girls worked together for their Savior, thank God.

The mistress, in a short time afterwards, called to see me, saying she was tired of her life of sin and misery. I asked her what she wanted me to ask of Jesus for her. "Oh, tell him I am such a sinner," she answered. I said, "If you accept Christ now, you need not fear in this life nor in the life to come. There will be springs of love welling up so deep and broad that it will take all eternity to sound their depths. Do you want such a Savior?" "Yes, I do, lady, but I am so ignorant of my duty before God." Her sorrow became so great that I asked the Lord to teach her what I could not. At last she cried aloud for mercy and we did not arise from our knees until she found favor with God, through Jesus Christ.

Oh! I so often think we do not know each other as we should or we would look differently upon fallen humanity. This woman is truly saved and working for Jesus.

A very wealthy, backslidden church member who was in great sorrow called to see me that I should pray for her. I asked if she was willing to give up all for Christ? She replied, "I do not know what to do, my soul is exceedingly sorrowful." I explained to her the importance of taking every sorrow to the Lord and not trusting in self. As we knelt before God she cried mightily and would not arise until her burden was gone, when she said, "I believe that the blood of Jesus Christ saves me now." Returning to her home in the city of New York, she became a teacher in the Sabbath School and an exemplary worker in the church. She visited the poor and sick carrying each one little dainties as they required, and when their temporal wants were supplied, she brought to them the bread of life.

Oh, that more converts were willing to do good deeds and carry the gospel to every living creature; as does this noble girl. Great and glorious Victor, do give every reader

of this book clear minds and warm hearts to do thy will; and with thy assistance I will praise Thee forever. Amen and amen.

My work being accomplished in this part, I greeted the dear friends and spiritual children in former charges, stopping over one Sabbath at Traver. I was invited to preach by Rev. O. S. Frambes, in whose church we had such a glorious revival the year previous.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT LONG BEACH.—PERSONAL WORK.—AT SAN PEDRO.—FUNERAL SERMON.—SERMON ON EXCUSES.—OTHER WORK.

IN AUGUST, 1893, I went to Long Beach, where I again did much personal work, speaking on the beach, holding cottage meetings, teaching sinners the way to God, strengthening believers and encouraging saints. When I had been there about two weeks I was called upon by a beautiful young lady in the first blush of womanhood. She had a clear complexion, large blue eyes, a winning face and a fine figure. Her manner indicated that she had something to ask, as I found her eyes fixed upon me with an absorbed intensity. With a quaint smile on her lips she betrayed a sense of humor in the situation, despite her embarrassment, making her still more charming in her confusion. With bright eyes, flushed cheeks and parted lips she whispered in my ear her sorrow and suffering from a violent temper. I assured her such conduct, if continued, would forever destroy her peace and weaken her intellect. I read from the Word; "Be not given to anger, * * * A stone is heavy and sand is weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both." With tears falling from her beautiful eyes, she said: "Why am I subject to these fits of anger? Oh, do tell me why it is?" "My dear child, it is a violent emotion of the mind, caused by an injury, real or imaginary. The effects of anger are often productive of dreadful consequences, impairing of the nervous system weakening the energies and sometimes followed by death. By

being watchful every day you can control this anger, the Lord helping you," was my reply. "But," she answered, "I know of professed Christians who often get angry." I said: "There are church members who become very angry when things do not suit them, and at such times they will abuse their family and friends most shamefully. But this conduct is not of the Lord. It only shows that the root of carnality has not been removed." Opening the Bible I read: "Be not hasty in thy spirit to anger, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools." "But how can I control such a temper?" she replied, the tears falling over her beautiful face. "You cannot do it yourself," I answered, "Jesus is the only Victor, my child." She said: "When recovering from a fit of anger I am often in despair, feeling that I do not want to live and can never be happy again." "Yes you can," I replied. "Gloom and shadow makes you miserable, while cheerfulness comes like a pleasant breeze, making you happy. It is cheerfulness only that will remove the darkness of passion that is keeping you in despair. This is the time above all others, to be strictly honest with yourself, which will enable you to love God with all your heart. With cheerfulness and contentment you have all things added. Nature seems changed, the air balmy, the sky clear and the sun bright. The Lord help you, my child." "Oh, Sister Miller," she answered, "I am sure the Holy Spirit led me to you personally. God being my helper, I shall live a very different life." In her last letter to me she said that she could never thank me enough for the good I had done her. She is now doing efficient work in the Presbyterian church, at her home in Philadelphia, Pa.

My next work was in the seaport town of San Pedro. I spoke in the mission, marine hospital, tent work, and assisted at a funeral service in the Presbyterian church, the pastor being absent. I would say here, that I am often called upon to preach funeral sermons, and perform the marriage ceremony

for dear converts. I will leave with you my first funeral sermon. "We shall all be changed," was my text.

"With what great solemnity do we meet each other today. A mother, a wife and dear friend has fallen in our midst. We are not saddened at the change that has come over her, for our loss is her gain. While the lovely form is here, the soul has gone to the spirit land. As there are sad hearts, and eyes suffused with tears, around this body, there are songs and anthems with the tearless multitude, who have welcomed the spirit from earth to heaven. In an instance such as this, many questions present themselves to our minds. Why was one so noble, with such a fine future and glowing anticipations, taken suddenly? Why at such a time and under such circumstances? They who die in Christ hath sure hope of eternal life, and Jesus will bring them to Him in His own time. Then the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal, immortality. The natural shall be changed into the spiritual and be forever with the Lord.

"It seems to me eternity was never so close, as when taking the hand of a loved one, seeing the light of the eye go out, consciousneess stopped, the mind beclouded and the soul take its flight. But He who wept, while upon earth with the sorrowing ones, still sympathizes with the bereaved. This mother was not only useful in the church and community, but her private life was one of tenderness and love. Those who knew her intimately, understood the affection she had for her family, how gentle and loving a neighbor, how faithful a wife and how tender a mother. She was held in high esteem for her faithful, consistent christian life, being 'instant in season, out of season,' abundant in labors and great faith through Christ, the Victor. Her cheerful disposition, sanctified by grace, made her life a true benediction to every one. Her last words were: 'All is well, heaven is sure; I shall soon be there to dwell with Jesus, and the happy throng who have gone before. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!!'

She passed away without a struggle. May we all take warning and be prepared to meet God and reign with him forever. Amen."

The following evening I was directed by the Spirit's power to speak about vain excuses, selecting for my text Luke 14: 18. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

"The scriptures of the Old and New Testament may be truthfully called the word of God. In this text Christ has made a feast, giving an invitation and making provision for every one to be partakers with Him, without money and without price. 'Eat, drink and be satisfied. I am the bread of life and the well of salvation. My flesh is meat and my blood is drink, indeed. I am no respecter of persons but giveth liberally to all who will accept.' When partaking of the feast, you will have peace, joy, happiness, communion with God and fellowship with the Holy Ghost. In a material feast we expect to have a good time and partake of the best gratuitously. But Christ gives us more than we can think or ask and there are never so many but that there is bread enough and to spare. Christ Jesus giving such a gratuitous feast we would naturally suppose that none could refuse. But they all made excuses, being blind, deaf and dead in sin. They were given up to luxury, lasciviousness and uncleanness and having carnal minds they were alienated from Jesus and at enmity with God. The first excuse was: 'I have bought a piece of ground and must go and see it. I pray thee have me excused.' This was the answer of the rich man: 'It is not a sin to have wealth if it is used to the glory of God, but many who have great wealth are tempted to love it too much.' The pride of possession and the deceitfulness of riches prevent sinners accepting the Master's call to the spiritual feast. The second excuse: 'I have bought five yoke of oxen and I go to prove them. I pray thee have me excused' This man permits the world to so occupy his mind as to endanger his soul's salvation. The former was taken up with the pleasures

of life; this one with care and responsibilities equally as dangerous. He could have looked after his oxen another day had he desired to accept Christ's doctrine.

"Let me urge you, dear souls, to become intimately acquainted with Christ and learn that Godliness is profitable for all things. The third excuse: 'I have married a wife and therefore cannot come.' A very poor excuse indeed. If married, could he not have taken his bride to such an elegant feast? Or if she would not accompany him he could have gone alone and obeyed God who says that 'houses, lands and wives, too, must be left, rather than Christ forsaken. It is for this purpose I am sent here of God with the command to urge you, insist upon you, to beg of you and compel you to come, when all your excuses may be removed whether they be houses, lands, cattle, wives, children, poverty, wealth, sickness or what not. Oh! that I could persuade you to have no more excuses but accept the feast of the Lord, where you can eat, drink and live forever. Hallelujah to Christ the Victor!

"But some of you are saying: 'There is no use for me to try. I cannot serve God.' I ask you, why, friends? Is it not the vain excuses of the world that is keeping you from this feast? You who have lived in sin and said, 'what harm is there in it?' come with me to Calvary and look at your Savior, dying in agony on the cross, that He might bring you to your heavenly Father. Dear souls, do let His great love constrain you to give up every excuse. Some of you object to religion saying there are hypocrites in the church, but let us hear what the Lord says about them. 'An hypocrite destroyeth his neighbor, but the just shall be delivered.' Judas was a hypocrite and proved false to Christ, which did not destroy religion but himself.

"If there were not genuine bank notes they could not be counterfeited, so do not have this for your excuse any longer, but repent of your sins, unite with the church and teach false professors what it is to be a child of God. But a third one is

saying: 'I am too old to give up my sins.' The Lord says: 'Now is the accepted time and now is the day of salvation.' Then will you not accept now, fearing you may not have many more calls? Hear, dear souls. I hear others saying: 'I am as good as my neighbors and if I perish God pity the rest.' But that will not excuse you, dear friends. 'Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction and many there be which go in thereat, but narrow is the way that leads to life everlasting.' Should you reject this noted feast for the pleasures of the world you will provoke the Lord to say: 'Because you have refused when I stretched out my hand I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.' Some of you are saying: 'I hope to do better than many I know, for I am not so bad as they.' You should look to Jesus as the foundation of a better life and not compare yourselves with any human being. Others are saying: 'I do try to do some good and that will atone for my sins.' God's word says: 'Not by works, but by grace are you saved through faith and that not of yourselves. It is the gift of God.' If you are given a new heart, a new nature, and new affections, it must be through Jesus Christ.

"Dear Souls: Are there many among you, whom my Lord has sent me to call, who have such vain excuses keeping you from this gospel feast? A sad, unhappy sinner said: 'I do not understand how to seek that I might find the Lord.' I said: 'Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss; God is the same yesterday, today and forever.' Said he: 'If God is unchangeable what is the use of prayer?' 'God does not change, friend,' I answered, 'but our impressions of God change. A great philosopher once taught that the earth is immovable, and all the planetary system revolved around it But it is now known that the rising and setting of the sun is caused by the earth's daily revolutions. So when Jesus appears to our minds to have been moved by our prayers, it is

not God, but we are moving toward Him because we have received new impressions, new views and new ideas. God is willing for you to have His presence now.' 'How can I have Him?' he asked. Opening my Bible I read: 'Ask and ye shall receive.' * * * Do you not see, dear soul, the importance of having your sins forgiven? Christ can see you as plainly as He saw Nathaniel hidden under the thick branches of the fig tree.' We knelt in prayer and did not rise until he was filled with glory divine. His last letter stated that he was happy and working for Jesus."

The following morning a gentleman wanted to know if I would be willing to work in a more private way, and do little things for God. I had not time to answer when he continued: "Do you believe in immediate answer to prayer?" I told him my work had often been private, going from home to home, or speaking to individuals on the street, as the Spirit gave me utterance. I have held cottage meetings in tenement houses and with private families, requesting every one to make known their desires before prayer. Parents have made requests for their children, husbands and wives for each other, all of which were answered. When in New York City there was a poor family that had a very sick boy, whom the physicians had given up to die. I was asked to visit the dying sinner, who appeared to me as though he was dead. I knelt and prayed for the Spirit to seal the truth upon his heart, and slowly read: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "Sin is the transgression of the law" "Come, let us reason together," saith the Lord, "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." Again I prayed for God to use His own word for his salvation. Bidding the sorrowful, filthy family adieu, I was never again permitted to visit their miserable abode. That, with many other scenes of a similar character passed out of mind. Ten years afterwards, while laboring in San Francisco, a very nice young man came to see

me, saying: "I have come many miles to hear your words about Jesus, and to thank you for teaching me the way to God, when I could not speak." Giving time and place it all came back to me. I was surprised to hear so fine a looking gentleman say he was the miserable boy of the past. He said: "I was saved when you prayed for me, and have been the means of leading my family and hundreds of others to the Lord." This is but one instance of thousands who have been saved by my private work in the open streets, on the ocean and rivers, in jails, prisons and workhouses, up in garrets, down in cellars, in missions, temperance work in families, where the whole household has been brought to see the beauty of holiness. Praise God. "Do you enjoy this work as much as in the public congregation?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "I often think I enjoy it much more. I am indeed, exceedingly happy in all my work, and make no plans for the future, but follow where He leads, trusting Jesus for everything. Entering the cars the following morning, for a new field of labor, I was deeply impressed to pray that I might have an opportunity to speak to some soul about salvation. At the first station a lady came aboard. She was very communicative, well educated and refined, and I became interested in her conversation, especially when she referred to the Lord, feeling this surely was my personal work in answer to prayer. She asked me the meaning of this scripture: "The desire of all nations shall come." Opening my Bible at Haggi 1, I read the chapter, which is a reproof to the Jews, who delayed the building of the temple, and run every man into his own house.

In Solomon's days the nation was rich, now it was poor, so there would be no comparison between the second and first temple. To this discouragement the prophet gives assurance that whatever might be wanting in external pomp would be more than recompensed by the presence of Christ in the second temple. She replied: "I am not so sure about the Christ." I said: "Suppose you were at the judgment-seat of God,

where you must stand sooner or later, and saw the condemned pass by the great Judge, would not Christ be desirable then in your eyes?" "I never thought of that," she replied. "Do you ever ask the Lord to save you?" I asked. "I have prayed, but never felt any better afterward," she answered. I said: "Do you believe that whatever things you desire when you pray, that you receive them?" She replied: "I did not know there was such a passage in the Bible." I opened the book and read to her many promises. She asked me if I took Jesus in everything? How great was my delight to again read from the Bible: "I know in whom I have believed and am sure that what He hath promised He is able to perform." I said much that space does not permit me to narrate and our conversation was cut short as the next station was her stopping place. Thanking me kindly, she said: "You shall hear from me again. If what you say is of the Lord I am determined to be a Christian." Oh! how I thanked God for hearing and answering my prayer. It was over six months before I received a letter from my friend whom I met on the train. She wrote me: "The first thing I did after leaving you, was to get a Bible, blessed book to me, and with it open I knelt before God praying, 'if what that lady said is true and the contents of this book are from Thee, teach me Thine own word.' When I arose and looked into the book the first words I saw were: 'Whom not having seen ye love. Faith cometh by hearing.' Oh! how thankful I am, dear Sister Miller, that you so kindly led me into the presence of my God, who first loved me. My life is now devoted to His cause. Pray for me." Oh! how thankful I am for such precious letters in Christ, that I am used of God everywhere and at all times. Glory to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost?

I was next permitted to stop over at Los Angeles and give a greeting to dear friends of former years which proved a great blessing to my soul. Hallelujah to the Victor! According to the will of God Dr. Whistler had his second wife, I believe,

for which I was truly thankful. I found her to be an estimable lady of culture and refinement. Her marked kindness and generous hospitality removed all embarrassment which made me feel welcome and free in their beautiful cottage, which she kept so neat and orderly. I do thank God for knowing her, and that she does not live for self, but to do good and make others happy. I spent some time with my dear Sister and Brother Curtis, who have had the baptism of the Holy Ghost, doing efficient work in the Master's cause, keeping true to the Trinity. When kneeling together in prayer we often felt the Divine touch as the Spirit revealed the greatness of the atonement through the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Jesus Christ. Hallelujah to the Victor! God bless them! I also met many dear converts, and spent a little time with my dear spiritual daughter, Mrs. Oharra, who is taught of God by the Holy Ghost, to do His blessed will. I also had the privilege of being sumptuously entertained by dear Sister and Brother Jaynes. He was one of the organizers, and for years gave gratuituous service in the first Mission held in Los Angeles, now known as the Peniel on Main street. Oh! how often we received fresh draughts from the inner fountain as we knelt together in prayer. May they ever be kept in green pastures and beside the still waters is my prayer. Glory to God! Amen.

Oh! how often the Trinity delighted my soul with divine peace, when hearing my dear converts acknowledge they had received the second touch, and no longer saw "men as trees walking," but could see every one clearly. Dear Jesus, I thank you for the true light, along the shore, that never grows dim. Glory Hallelujah!

Before leaving for my next protracted tour I spoke in the Hilton Mission. At the close of the services, a young man said: "I should like to be fitted for the Master's work, but have always feared to become a Christian. Will you tell me, Sister Miller, what this fear means?"

"It is from the enemy of your soul," I answered. "Should you yield to this fear it will produce such cowardice in after years that you cannot easily overcome it. I have known persons who could stand firm in great danger, but would turn pale with fright when I spoke to them about their unsaved condition. There can be nothing more dangerous nor fatal in its effects than great fear."

He said: "When I think of death and eternity, such fear takes possession of me sometimes, that if I did not rush out of the room, I should die in a moment." "A young girl," I said, "under deep conviction, was determined not to yield, saying: 'I should rather die than obey God.' She rushed from the house, and what beset her pathway was never known but on entering her home she was screaming, 'I am lost, I am lost!' and thus passed away. May God help you, dear soul, to no longer fear and tremble, but accept Christ now by obeying the promptings of the spirit, when you will have joy instead of fear." "But, I have known persons who have died of joy," he replied. "Yes," I said, "sudden joy has been as hazardous to life as sudden grief. Chilo, a Spartan philosopher, one of the seven wise men of Greece, seeing his son obtain a victory at Olympia, fell into his arms and expired. A wealthy family were reduced to poverty and all died of grief but one daughter, who received a fortune suddenly and died from joy. But God wants you to give yourself to him now, and he will destroy all fear, overrule all doubts, joys and sorrows for you." I was not surprised when receiving news of his being justified, sanctified and in the work of God.

At the close of the services a young man who could not understand sanctification, asked me if the carnal mind represented Egyptian darkness. I told him Egyptian bondage was a type of sin; Pharaoh was a type of satan; the Egyptians, our sins; crossing the Red Sea, deliverance from the enemy, a type of pardon; crossing the Jordan and entering the promised land, a type of sanctification. From their bondage they

were first led to Kadesh Barnea. Kadesh means sacred, and Barnea, desert of wandering. "Then what did they do?" he asked. It was from Kadesh the twelve spies were sent out to view the land, where they saw giants, fenced cities and walled towers. Through fear and disobedience they failed to enter the promised land, but went backwards for thirty-eight years, until all who came out of Egypt died, except Caleb and Joshua. So you see, my friend, that you have only come out of Egyptian bondage and are afraid of the enemies of your soul, allowing yourself to wander away until you will get to Zalmona, where the Israelites wandered to because of disobedience. Do not look at the difficulties any longer. The promises are yours if you will accept them. After justification, if you refuse to go on to perfection, the result is you backslide, lapse into doubt and continue in darkness. If you are ever truly saved and permanently benefitted you must wait upon the Lord and not shrink from his discipline. Justification is a work of faith wrought through Jesus Christ, sanctification is wrought within us by the same power. "Sanctify them through the truth, Thy word is truth." He saw the light, accepted Christ and left me praising God. Glory!

I had a conversation with a lady from Portland, Oregon, on my way to San Jacinto, Cal., who had attended the Salvation Army meetings, and thought it a slander on God for them to be soldiers of Jesus Christ. I read from the Bible that the work of the Lord was given as a battle or harvest and as these people were owned of God I could not condemn them. "But I am not a Christian," she said, "and do not look at religion as you do." "If your sins were forgiven you would not find fault with Christ and His workers," I answered. "There is so much hilarity in their meetings," she said. "True, there are remarks that may appear frivolous, but when the soul finds itself in the presence of the Lord there should be joy and gladness as well as peace and rest," I said. Opening my Bible I read: "The sword of the Lord and Gideon."

Judges 7: 20. She said: "I did not know there was such a book," and asked me to explain the passage. I told her that a battle was pending between the Israelites and Midianites. The enemy greatly outnumbered the Lord's chosen people, led by Gideon, who had an army of thirty-two thousand men whom God knew were not fit to stand against the enemy. When testing the army he only found three hundred men who had faith, courage and zeal to follow their leader unquestioning. Their method of attack was a simultaneous movement, every man in his place, looking to the leader and trusting in God. Breaking of pitchers, shouting and blowing of trumpets proved it was the "sword of the Lord and Gideon." Hallelujah to the Victor! The enemy was conquered and they gained the victory in the light of God's glory. Amen and amen. She said, with tears falling from her eyes: "Is all the Bible so beautiful?" "Yes," I answered, "and full of promises to the believer." Our conversation stopped, as we had to separate. Twelve months afterwards, while sitting with a friend in her drawing-room, the servant announced a lady in the parlor who wished to see me. On entering she asked me if I remembered her. "No," I said. "Have you forgotten the lady to whom you preached the sermon?" she asked. "I preach so much that it is difficult for me to recall sermons," I responded. "Do you not remember on the train you explained 'the sword of the Lord and Gideon?'" "Yes, perfectly," I answered, "and have been praying for you ever since." "I have come to tell you that the Holy Spirit taught me how to live for Christ. I do praise God for ever meeting you, Sister Miller. Satan tempts me very often, but I tell him the sword of the Lord is my shield. I am in the Salvation Army, loving the people I once despised." She asked me about many beautiful characters of the Bible, and to explain more fully the life of Dorcas. I told her, "she was a disciple of Christ, partaking of His spirit and was therefore a Christian." "What does the name Dorcas mean?" she asked.

"Dorcas is a Greek word meaning gazelle, a very beautiful animal. She was also called Tabitha, a Syriac word, having the same meaning. Disciple means learner, therefore having learned the life of Christ she sought means to relieve the distressed and unfortunate. She went on missions of love and mercy, to homes of sorrow and poverty. Hence, her name is handed down to us, fragrant with the good deeds which adorned her character. When Peter arrived, all the poor were recounting her generous acts and exhibiting the garments she had presented them, which were proof of her generosity and self-sacrificing life. Her example should encourage every female to do the will of God both temporally and spiritually. God help you, my child." When bidding her adieu, she said, with tears in her eyes: "I shall, with God's help, do something for the poor and needy." In her last letter she stated: "I am truly an imitator of Dorcas." Oh! how I praised God for another true worker for Jesus. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!!

On Sabbath morning I preached from John 3: 16. "For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"The first gift of God to mankind is His love, which is as high as heaven, deeper than hell, broader than the earth and wider than the ocean. Oh, that every one might comprehend with all saints the breadth, length, depth and height of the love of God, which passeth the understanding. The effect of this love was the gift of His Son, and the great gift of the Son is faith, and faith is the root of all graces—the key that closes hell and opens the gates of heaven. We love those who feed the hungry and give to the poor, but who has ever suffered so much as did Christ from glory? Oh, what humility to leave such an abode and dwell upon earth to save sinners. When man suffers an injury he resents it, but not so with Christ, who loves all mankind, and will save those who believe.

He loved Judas, who betrayed Him, Peter who denied Him and the disciples who forsook Him in the trying hour. Behold Him in the garden, see Him in the wilderness repulsing the foe and casting out devils. See Him despised and rejected of men, persecuted, scoffed and ridiculed by those He came to save. Persons who fear God can hardly endure a few hours with the ungodly, but Jesus Christ spent over thirty years in such company. The Lord tested Abraham when He said: 'Take thine only son, whom thou lovest, and give him as a burnt offering.' When he obeyed, the Father said: 'I know that thou hast not withheld thy son from Me.' What Abraham did was done in faith, through love to God. Can we not appreciate what the Father has done through love for mankind? The angels are sons of God by creation; believers are sons of God by adoption, but Christ Jesus is the only begotten Son of God, whose humble birth was celebrated by the heavenly host. When submitting to a shameful death on the cross, heaven and earth became mourners. The sun was in a darkness, the earth trembled, death and the grave submitted to that great personage. 'Whosoever believeth in Christ shall receive remission of sins; and whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do' Whatsoever is the request, whosoever the promise, which proves that salvation is not only free but full. I think some of you are saying: 'Salvation is not for me.' But does not 'whosoever' include you? which is far better than being personal, as there might be other individuals of the same name as yourself, which would make it uncertain whether Jesus meant you or not. Therefore, in the Master's call, 'whosoever,' includes you without a doubt. Suppose you were confined in prison for some crime, among other convicts, and the governor of the state should issue a proclamation that 'all who confess their guilt shall be pardoned.' You would say at once: 'That is for me; I shall confess all and be free.' Let us look at it in another way: Suppose you were in great need of money to save your property,

reputation and perhaps to save your life, and some friend should tell you to go to the bank, and keep on trying until you got it. Could such a proceeding obtain the money? No. The more you sought it in that way, the more surely the officers would have you removed, and not until you presented a proper check could you get the amount desired. Suppose you were unable to get the money, and a friend should offer you a check and urge you to take it, that you might be free and happy. Would you refuse? No, my friends, you would accept the check and be freed from your troubles. Do hear me, dear people in behalf of the Lord, who is offering you a free salvation, but not until you give up your own way and accept Christ, can you be set free. God help you to realize that 'whosoever' means you, and that 'procrastination is the thief of time.' Before slavery was abolished a wealthy northern gentleman was in a southern city, where his attention was called to a group of slaves being sold One poor woman was crying as though her heart would break. He asked her what was the matter. She said: 'I am to be sold but do not know where I am going.' The noble gentleman bid the highest price and she became his property. But her grief was not allayed, when the gentleman said: 'I have paid the great price demanded and have set you free!' She realized what the words meant and looking up with her tear stained face said: 'Please, Massa, let me go with you and I will always serve you.' What made this poor creature so happy? She was no longer a bond woman, but was free indeed. What you want, dear souls, is to believe in the Master who has set you free, then follow after and live forever with Him. God help you to decide now."

When in New Mexico I was invited to a neat cottage in the country for rest and refreshment. Near by I perceived in a small grove of trees, the ruins of an old house, which I entered. To my surprise I found a woman lying on a miserable bed, with two weeping daughters bending over her. I

remained until she recovered, when I commended her to God, having a melancholy curiosity in my mind to ascertain the cause of such an act of brutality. I learned that it was her husband who, through jealousy, raised the weapon that laid her senseless before her children, the bitter consequences of which can never be measured. It is the lurking fiend that destroys the happiness of a faithful wife, and makes shipwreck of the life of a confiding husband. Dear souls, vanish forever from your minds all jealousy. Accept Christ which will enable you to govern every passion, and not let passion govern you. The following morning a sorrowful backslider came to me saying: "I have not obeyed the Holy Ghost, and feel that I am lost. My path appears closed up and I do not see any way into His presence." "Your condition reminds me of a scene through which I passed in the Sierra Nevada mountains three years ago," I replied. "I accompanied a party up one of the noted cañons, having no anxiety whatever. Suddenly the trail disappeared and we found ourselves bewildered in the thick chaparral, with no trace of a road anywhere. Your spiritual road was as clear and definite, but to your astonishment your pathway has disappeared and you can see no trace of it." "I do not know what first led me away from the Lord," he answered in tears. I said: "You done what you should not, or left undone things you should have done, or you would not be off the highway to glory." "Will you not ask Jesus to forgive me?" he asked. Kneeling together in prayer I asked help of the Holy Spirit, for him to give up for Christ's sake. Before we arose he was forgiven and left me very happy. While waiting at the station a lady asked me if the railroad train was a fulfilment of prophesy. Opening my Bible to Nahum 2:3-5, I read: "The chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of His preparation, and the fir trees shall be terribly shaken. The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broadways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like

lightnings." "I never knew there was a description so definite," she remarked. "I cannot but refer to this," I said, "as there never had been conveyances on wheels propelled by fire before. 'The chariots shall rage in the streets.' To rage is to move rapidly with great noise, so that windows in houses shake, the earth trembles and the whistle is deafening. 'They shall justle one against another in the broadways.' If you have been in large cities, where many trains come in almost every hour, switching, backing and coupling together, you will understand this prophesy, that they shall justle one against another, which proves the truths of the scriptures. I have been in the lightning express that seemed to verify the teachings of the prophesy. When the conductors passed through the cars looking for new passengers, I have said: 'Is not this the proof of God's word: 'He shall recount his worthies,' and when attempting to walk in the rapidly moving train I was forcibly reminded of this passage: 'They shall stumble in their walk, shall make haste to the wall thereof.' You have noticed the train approaching at night, when the headlight reminded you of a torch, hence the true word of the scriptures: 'They look like torches, run like lightnings, rage and justle against each other, shall recount His worthies.' In every sentence you see how plain are the prophet's teachings, which is to be in the day of His preparation. "What do you understand by that?" she asked. "I think it means in the last days to which this prophesy refers," I answered. "Do you think the time of Christ's return is near?" she asked. "It is not for me say when," I answered, "but I am sure that probation will close and the end come, when Jesus will appear. God has promised that some shall live to see Him, and why not you and me as well as others? In Daniel the Lord has given a prophetic outline, that Christ will come to reign in His own kingdom. Read Matthew 24, Luke 21, and know the signs of His coming." "There is much in the Bible I do not understand," she said, "and I

never did know anything about Daniel, do you?" I replied: We first see him as one of the noble captains of Judah, in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, at the commencement of the seventy years' captivity, over six hundred years B. C., at which time Jeremiah and Habbakkuk were giving their prophesies. Ezekial came afterwards, then Obadiah, but they all finished their work before the close of Daniel's brilliant career. He was succeeded by the prophets Haggi Zachariah and Malachai, prophets who lived over three hundred years before Christ." She said: "I shall study them for myself." I urged her to give close attention and become reconciled to God and prepare to meet Him at any time, for the Lord's Christ is coming. Arriving at my destination I was met by the kind pastor, in whose home I was entertained. My first discourse was from Genesis 6: 3.

The next morning an unhappy soul came to my room and said: "I heard you preach last night and from what you say I am lost in the sight of God. I have never been married, though the man with whom I lived was a husband to me. He died while we were living together and I am passing as his widow." At this point she broke down in great sorrow. When able to speak again, she said: "Oh! do tell me, lady, what I must do to be saved." I said: "You can never be the Lord's, my dear, until you make restitution. Your case reminds me of a young girl who came to my meetings years ago, who was in the habit of picking up little things. 'Since you have shown me how wicked I am my heart is broken." She buried her face in her hands, weeping and sobbing aloud. When she could control herself she cried: 'Oh! Oh! Oh! what shall I do?' Writhing in agony, she exclaimed, taking hold of me: 'Oh! sister, dear Sister Miller, you must save me or I shall die.' I replied: 'It is not possible for me to do so but God will save you for Christ's sake.' I told her she must return every article to the owner, confessing her guilt and ask pardon. She hung her head, covered her face

with her hands, weeping and groaning in great agony. We knelt in prayer and I asked that the Holy Spirit might direct her in the right way. In four days she returned, saying: 'Some of the people were much affected, others called me foolish and many could not believe me guilty.' Through it all there was a heart searching and a keen sense of her depravity. It was not long until the inner fountain was broken up, then came joy and happiness. She became a bright Christian, united with the church, married a Christian gentleman and is living today a consistent Godly life." "Are you willing, dear, to do the same?" "Must I tell everybody about it?" she asked. "No, not by any means," I said, "but you must confess to the injured party; ask their forgiveness, tell Jesus your sins and be willing to forsake them forever." With sobs and groans she knelt with me in prayer, willing to make a perfect surrender. When leaving me she said: "I shall unite with the church and do as the Savior directs." Her last letter stated she was still happy in Christ. Hallelujah!

I ask you, dear reader, to accept God, now, and tell others what he has done for you. The story of Zaccheus was left on record for this very purpose, that honest souls might accept the invitation and with happy hearts say: "Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." In the mountains of Switzerland the Alpine horn serves another purpose aside from the even song. When the sun has set in the valley and the snow summits gleam with golden light, the huntsman who dwells upon the highest peak takes his horn as though it were a speaking trumpet and says through it: "Praise ye the Lord," which re-echoes from all the surrounding cliffs, then they kneel in prayer after which they all again repeat, "Praise ye the Lord," closing with, "Good-night," which they all repeat, "Good-night, good-night," then with hearts happy in the Lord they enter their huts for quiet slumber. So can you, dear souls, praise the Lord and in peace say, "Good-night" to each other knowing you have accepted Jesus.

The following morning I was called into the parlor and met by a strange gentleman who asked me if I knew him. I answered in the negative. He said: "Are you not the Miss Miller, who labored in the Wassaic mountains, in 1877, in the town of Lithgow?" I told him I was. He said: "I am one of the boys converted in that meeting. I entered the ministry-and have many stars in my crown. I have spent some time in getting to see you. When I went to hear you, Sister Miller, it was only to please a friend. I was giving heed to 'seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.' Many of my most intimate friends were spiritualists and we were doing our best to prove that we were right and Christians were wrong." "Did you not know," I said, "that the Bible forbade necromancy and the consulting of spirits?" "Yes," he answered. "Why, then, did you delight in doing wrong?" I asked. "Because we took great pleasure in deceiving others," he said. "Did such conduct bring you happiness?" I asked. "No, indeed," he answered, "but on the contrary we were miserable in denying the only true God. When I heard you quote so much Bible I searched to see if your quotations were correct. The result was, I obtained the knowledge to remove satanic delusions of the past." As I extended my hand to say goodbye, the tears falling from our eyes, Oh! how my heart praised God that he owned me as a soul winner.

My next sermon was on the power of the Son of God. At the close of the services a poor sinner cried out: "Oh! lady, what must I do to be saved by the blood of Christ?" I read: "When I see the blood I will pass over you." "But I shall be destroyed before the blood can reach me," she replied. "If you are saved by the blood it must be by faith in Jesus," I answered. "I do believe," she replied, "but what about my uniting with the church?" I answered: "It is not the doctrines of the church you need, but it is justification by faith which is your only deliverance." Before I could speak further she cried out: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Immediately her prayer was answered and she exclaimed: "Praise God! Praise God! I thought today I should die and be eternally lost, but I am so glad you have taught me the way to glory and that I know Jesus saves me now." She continued, "Dear Sister Miller, have you ever seen the wicked die and the righteous pass to glory?" "Yes," I answered, "and the contrast is wonderful. While visiting different hospitals I have seen souls dying in extreme agony. I recall now a dying old man to whom I held up the dear Savior. For a moment he would try to look to him, then he would shrink back and exclaim: 'Too late, too late. The flames of hell are closing around me. Oh! see. See! They are coming near and I shall soon be in them forever.' A few minutes later his lower jaw fell and he passed away in terrifying convulsions. Oh, what a sight, as if he had caught a glimpse of hell! It is not possible for me to describe the deathbed of the wicked. In the same ward I saw the sweet, pale face of a young man, whose countenance lighted up with the glad and glorious anticipations of a child returning home, as he said: 'I am going to see my blessed Savior.' His words were so joyful that I could scarcely restrain a feeling of envy that he should be so near home, while I must wait a little longer. He gave me his past history, saying: 'Please write father to forgive me. Tell sisters and brothers to meet me in heaven; and mother, dear sweet name, that I have gone to Jesus.' With his hand in mine I prayed he might not suffer in passing over. His last words were: 'Praise God. Glory! Glory!!' The work of those days in different hospitals is not forgotten, as I recall the sayings of different ones present, who said: 'I want to die the death of the righteous'" This dear soul also replied: "I do too, Sister Miller, pray for me."

CHAPTER XIX.

SERMON ON THE DEVIL.

IN MY NEXT protracted effort there were many skeptics and infidels, who said there was no heaven and no hell, no devil. One daring desperado said: "Why did God make the devil?" Another said: "What is his origin, history and destiny?" I told them that I would answer their questions publicly. On the following evening I preached from this text: "There was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels. And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he is cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." Rev. 12: 7–9.

"Dear Friends: Should I be permitted to answer your questions, I would say God did not make the devil, neither did he make wicked men, but they both exist. God made man pure, but he has made himself impure. God created Satan an angel of light, and he made himself a devil. In the beginning God's presence was manifested between the cherubims. Psalms 99: 1. God's presence was manifested between the two cherubims. 'Give ear, O shepherd of Israel, thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth." Psalms 80: 1. The first chapters of Ezekiel gives a more lengthy description of the cherubims. 'This is the living creature that I saw, * * * and I knew that they were the cherubims.' Ezek. 10: 20. According to Revelations (7: 15) God's throne is in His holy temple. This beautiful city was

lighted with the glory of God, and the Lamb was in the midst (Rev., chapter 22). The 28th chapter of Ezekiel says: 'Behold thou art wiser than Daniel; there is no secret they can hide from thee. Thou hast been in Eden, the Garden of God, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. The day thou wast created thou wast perfect in thy ways until inquity was found in thee. Thou hast sinned; therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God, and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub. * * *' In the first place he is wiser than Daniel, no secret can be hid from him; full of wisdom and perfect in beauty; has been in Eden, the garden of God. According to God's word, none but Adam and Eve were in Eden. Hence the one spoken of in this chapter was none other than Satan, who beguiled these children in the garden. 'Thou was upon the holy mountain,' which we have proven is the heavenly Jerusalem. 'Thou wert perfect in thy ways till iniquity was found in thee.' A wicked, heathen king who never knew God, to be perfcet! Who spent his time finding fault with Jehovah and persecuting His people, he perfect! The very thought is presumptuous. When Satan was in heaven what was his position? Verses 14 and 15 say: 'Thou art the anointed cherub, thou was upon the holy mountains of God, till iniquity was found in thee.' In Isaiah 14: 12-14, we have another description of Satan under the king of Babylon. 'How art thou fallen, O Lucifer. Thou hast said in thine heart: I will ascend into heaven; I will erect my throne above the stars of God * * I will be the Most High. Jesus said: 'I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.' Luke 10: 18. According to Genesis 3: 4, he fell just after God had finished the work of creation, when he told a lie: 'Ye shall surely die if ye eat of the tree of life.' Thus Satan sinned from the beginning, and is the father of sin and sorrow. 'He that committeth sin is of the devil.' So you ask why the anointed cherub committed such a sin as to be cast

from heaven? God says: 'Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty; thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness; therefore I will cast thee to the ground. Ezek. 28:17. He could not withstand his high position, when looking upon the nations, kingdoms and the other angels that were subject to him. It made him proud, haughty and puffed up, forgetting that his great ability and mighty power came alone from God. Their was but One higher in heaven than himself. God said: 'Let us make man in our image after our likeness.' Gen. 1:26. Jesus being considered by the Father to be Satan's superior, it aroused his jealousy, touched his proud heart. He was tempted, yielded and sinned. In Matthew he is called the prince of devils; in Ephesians, the prince of the power of the air; in Corinthians the god of this world. Matthew represents him as having a kingdom and the ruler of fallen angels, and the author of everything wicked and sinful. Paul says: 'Brethren, be strong in the Lord, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil, for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers of darkness in this world ' He did not lose his wisdom, strength or beauty, 'but is transformed into an angel of light, seeking whom he may devour.' Holy Spirit, help us to watch and pray.

In the beginning we are told: 'The heavens are the Lord's, but the earth hath God given to the children of men.' Psalms 115: 16. Through Satan's subtlety he deceived our first parents and led them into sin. Gen. 3: 4. His chief object in this was to take from them their innocence, happiness, home and life also. And ever since he has been seducing nations, poisoning generations, destroying homes and leaving his bitter sting in many blighted hearts. 'Man was made a little lower than the angels and was crowned with glory and honor * * * ' Heb. 2: 7. 'He was put in the garden of Eden, having a right to the tree of life that he might live forever * * *' Gen. 2: 9. When Satan fell he tempted these inno-

cent children, who turned from God and lost all He had given them and their lives, too. Hence, by usurpation, this is Satan's kingdom and the world is in rebellion against the Lord. 'Whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.' James 4: 4. 'Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, is seeking whom he may devour. * * *' Peter 5: 8. The enemies of our souls are not mere weak men and women, but they are the mighty hosts who once trod the golden streets of the holy city and tasted of the tree of life. Thus the sharp attacks of spiritualism, and every other heresy that is filling our land today, too subtle to be reached by law. 'Whosoever causeth the righteous to go astray shall fall. * * *' Proverbs 28: 10. The devil knows that his time is short, hence, he comes to some trusting souls as an angel of light and to others he says: 'You that despair and do not have salvation are forever lost.' To another he says: 'You must suffer and should pray: 'Thy will be done.' If he can deceive you, dear souls, with any advancement in Christ, he will be sure to do so, then do not fear to step out on the promise of God, who says: 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' The same devil who smote Job with boils and the afflicted woman for eighteen years is busy at work today, inducing every sinner to believe that there is not any hope for soul or body through Jesus Christ. In the third place: What will become of Satan? God's word says: 'I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. He laid hold on the dragon, the old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, cast him into the bottomless pit, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled. * * *' Rev. 20: 1–3. Satan through Christ has lost all and gained nothing. He is a criminal before a just God and Jesus whom he despised; the angels he insulted; the pure souls he persecuted and killed. How he must writhe under his punishment when he

reflects that he was once an angel with Christ for his companion.

The works of God are unquestionable for He will verify what He has spoken by His holy prophets and apostles. Hence, Jesus Christ whom the heaven receives until the times of the restitution shall come with refreshing from the Lord. Acts 3: 19–21. Wickedness shall then be destroyed and righteousness reign supreme forever. 'Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.' Matthew 25: 41. As the earth was once overwhelmed by water so when Jesus comes it will be purified by fire. 2nd Peter 3: 10. Then Satan can no longer say to his followers: 'ye shall be as gods.' He can no longer imitate Divinity through his cunning, wisdom, and beauty. Neither can he imitate God's holy worship by transforming Christianity into a form of godliness, denying the power thereof He cannot again answer the Lord, 'that he is going to and fro in the earth.' Job 1: 7. He can no longer have his thrones, principalities, powers and dominions; his armies and navies, with their secret and public allurements. He can never enter happy homes again to make families sorrowful and homes desolate. Neither can he enter public and private places with discord and contentions. He can never again tell the sad and sorrowing that they are too wicked, too old, too young, too rich or too poor to be saved through their Savior. No, no! His power is at an end, for the Son of God has destroyed the works of the devil, and he is in the lake of fire to be tormented forever and ever. When this world has passed away, when sin and iniquity have been destroyed, when the earth shall blossom as a rose and become again the garden of God—the beautiful Eden for the redeemed, let it be your's and my portion, dear precious souls, to have a part in the songs of praise to God and the Lamb forever and ever. Hallelujah! Amen! Amen!"

When I had ceased speaking a poor sinner said: "I am a

follower of Satan, and since hearing you preach, Miss Miller, have read my Bible and prayed, but do not feel happy." I said: "It is not what you do, friend, but what Jesus has done for you." He replied: "My convictions are not deep enough." I answered: "It is not convictions that saves you, but true pardon from sin is yours through faith in Christ. Do you understand what I say in behalf of your salvation?" "Oh, yes, I do, lady," he answered, the tears falling fast, "but how can I become a Christian so soon?" I read the conversion of the thief, the jailor and his family and the eunuch's conversion while talking with Phillip about Jesus. He said: I do want to be saved, but I have not faith." I read: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "Faith is that which grasps hold and receives salvation through Christ. Do you understand?" From his reply I perceived that he was in darkness. Handing him my Bible, I asked: "Would you like to have this book?" He said he would and took it from my hand. I said: "Was there any merit on your part that caused you to get it?" "No, not any," he replied, "it is mine by taking it from you as a free gift." "Just as you have received this Bible," said I, "so is salvation a free gift. 'By grace we are saved through faith.' Faith then, is the hand by which you receive and accept pardon. Ask Jesus now, to help you by the Holy Spirit to surrender." While kneeling in prayer he accepted the gift and was made happy. The first thing he said was: "I am saved!" He has been telling the good news ever since, praise the Lord.

In this meeting there were many others who forsook Satan and today are following Christ. A number of skeptics and infidels said they did not know there was so much in the Bible about Satan. Many asked me if I always had such good order in my meetings. "I cannot work where people are disorderly," I replied. In 1879 I was invited by an Episcopalian minister to hold services in his church. I was surprised at the levity and disorderly conduct in the morning

service, which was discouraging to me in holding a meeting in the evening. During the sermon many changed seats like unruly school children; others talked and laughed aloud while the minister was preaching with his eyes closedt The boys had, on former occasions, destroyed his sleigh, cu up his beautiful harness and stolen a costly carriage robe and whip. At the close of service they would yell loud enough to be heard blocks away. During the entire service I prayed God to direct the pastor to have me speak before dismissing the congregation. When invited to the pulpit I referred to their conduct, and told them how it affected me. I said such disorder would not be tolerated in my meeting. Many bowed their heads in shame during the remarks. Before the evening services the minister said: "I almost tremble for you, Miss Miller, after such a pointed rebuke." "I could not see my Savior treated as He was during the morning' service," I said, "and if I perish, I perish holding up the cross of Christ." At the evening meeting the house was crowded. Many were convicted and five professed conversion. At the close the congregation left the house with solemnity and order. Scoffers, backsliders and unconverted church members were brought humbly to the feet of Jesus. In many other places sinners and scoffers have come to my meetings for the purpose of making trouble. On every occasion I called on God silently and received Divine instruction that enabled me to govern wisely, so that those who came to scoff remained to pray, and became earnest workers for God. A young lady who had been saved in the meeting, asked me how I came to dress so plainly. "I was in the ministry two years," I said. "before anyone told me exception was taken to my dress, Going to the Great Redeemer I urged Him to make known to me His pattern, which was to the discomfort of many near relatives. From that time I was as blithe as a bird, free as the air and was never permitted to confer with flesh or blood, having the consciousness of Christ's presence. It was truly a

halcyon time to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn to do his bidding. Praise God." I did not count my life dear to me, but hastened about my Master's business with joy and peace. Though often a thousand miles from home I was not lonely, but enjoyed greater happiness than I could ask. My joy has often been so great I would priase the Lord in the night.

God's word shows us that we are to be filled with the Spirit, walk in the Spirit and grieve not the Spirit. The peace of God is true, pure and holy. The more you receive the more you desire, which will rule your minds, comfort your hearts, and fill your souls with holy joy. You may be poor in purse infirm in looks and bereft of friends, but your secret communing with God will bring contentment and happiness.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying: 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'" "Never has it entered into the hearts of men to conceive the things prepared for them that love God." "I will instruct thee and teach thee; I will guide thee with Mine eye." "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace; he will not be afraid of sinners, for the vows of God are upon him and he will render praises unto the Lord, who has delivered his soul from death, making his tongue speak of righteousness and his lips to utter songs of rejoicing to the children of men."

If, by the blessings of God, my life and teachings should be the means of bringing some dear soul to experience the true knowledge of Christ in their hearts, and encourage and keep any who are already believers in Jesus, I shall feel that my weak efforts are amply rewarded, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Hallelujah! Amen and amen!!

THE END.

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